

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 3.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

MEN, WOMEN, AND THINGS OF TIMELY INTEREST—PRESENT DAY CELEBRITIES IN THE WORLDS OF POLITICS, DIPLOMACY, WARFARE, ART, LITERATURE, SOCIETY, AND SPORT.

THE FRANCIS SCOTT KEY MEMORIAL.

A word of praise is due to Alexander Doyle, the New York sculptor, for the design of the Francis Scott Key monu-

ment. It portrays Key standing as he may have stood on the deck of the *Minden*, in the Patapsco River, on the morning of September 14, 1814, when

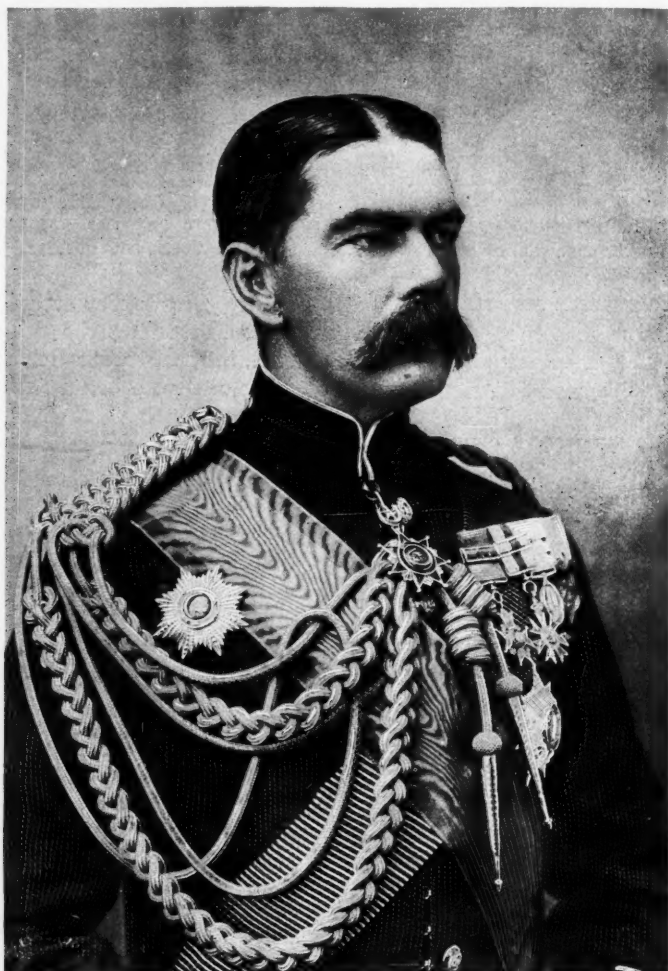


THE MONUMENT RECENTLY ERECTED AT FREDERICK, MARYLAND, TO FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, THE MARYLAND POET, AUTHOR OF "THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER."

From a photograph by Krehs, Frederick.

"by the dawn's early light" he saw the star spangled banner still flying above the walls of Fort McHenry. At the base, Liberty holds the flag before two

building, matrimony is an entangling alliance. Cecil Rhodes, as is well known, is a self confessed woman hater, and has done more to mar his won-



LORD KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM, SIRDAR OF EGYPT, THE BRITISH SOLDIER WHO HAS AVENGED GENERAL GORDON'S DEATH AND RECONQUERED THE EGYPTIAN SOUDAN.

From a photograph by Bassano, London.

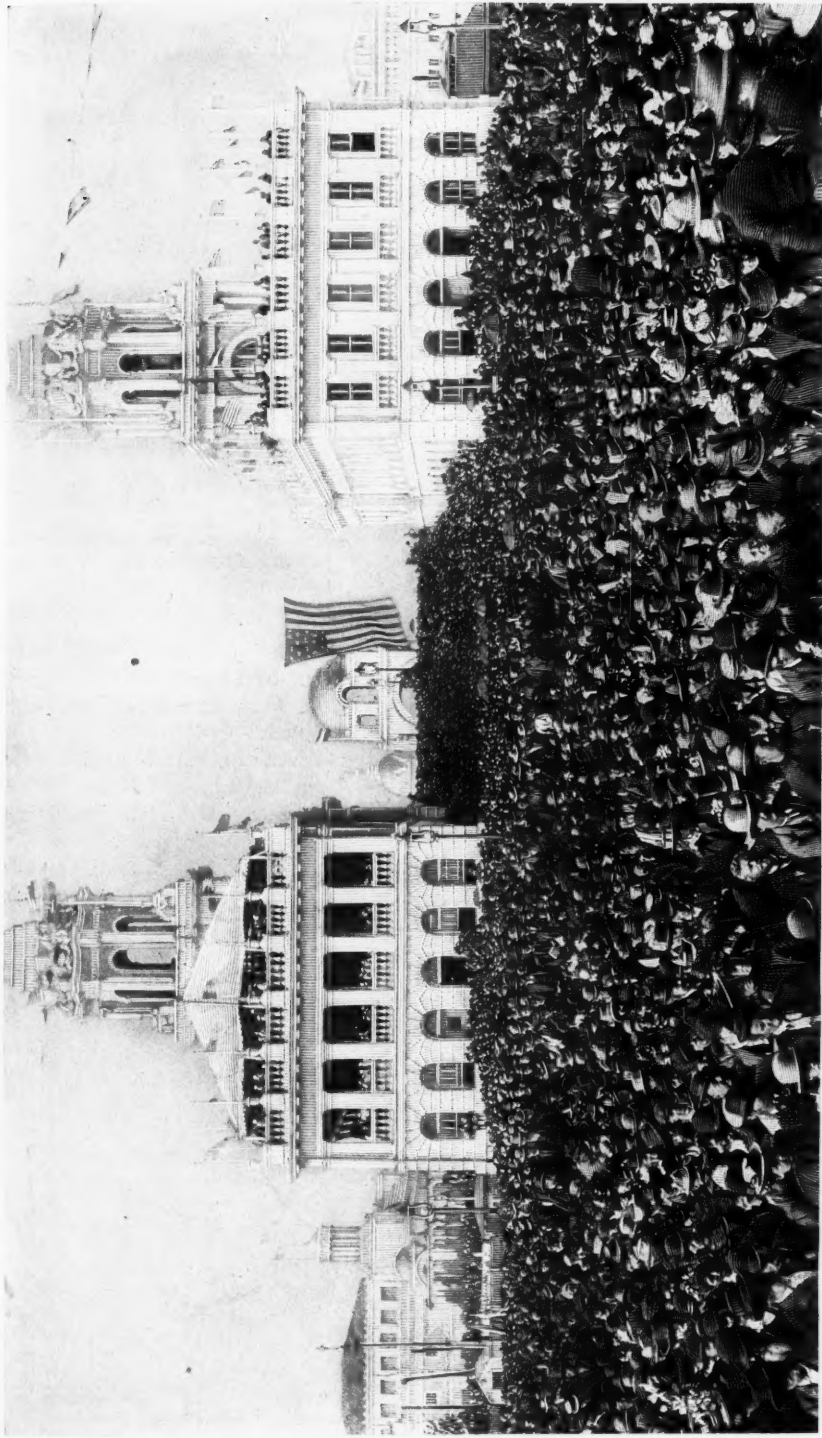
children, as if inspiring them to revere the national emblem. It is a simple, graceful, and poetical monument, a fitting memorial for the poet of patriotism.

EMPIRE BUILDERS AND WOMAN HATERS.

To the man who follows the modern and magnificent profession of empire

derful record of achievement by the mean things he has said about the fair sex than by his supposed complicity in Dr. Jameson's filibustering expedition.

Lord Kitchener of Khartoum—who, by the way, is to be complimented upon his new and sonorous title—is also described as a bachelor whose only mis-



JUBILEE WEEK AT THE TRANS MISSISSIPPI EXPOSITION, OMAHA—THE GREAT GATHERING THAT LISTENED TO PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S ADDRESS, WITH THE EXPOSITION BUILDINGS IN THE BACKGROUND.

From a photograph—Copyrighted, 1898, by F. A. Rinehart, Omaha

tress is ambition. The conqueror of the Khalifa is thus characterized by an associate: "He is very brave and very strong, and he fights the struggles of his life quite alone. He is careless of his personal appearance, as are those who do not come into daily contact with women; and I believe that the untruthful, boastful words which the Emperor Napoleon once used in speaking of himself are really true of the Sirdar: 'Not all the fairest women in the world could combine to make him sacrifice



SLATIN PASHA, ONCE A CAPTIVE OF THE DERVISHES, NOW SERVING ON THE SIRDAR'S STAFF IN THE SOUDAN.

Drawn from a photograph by Downey, London.

rose to be captain of the regiment, and major by brevet; Private Otis ended the war as a colonel.

Most of his subsequent life has been spent in journalism. When hostilities with Spain began, he again volunteered for service, and his old comrade named him



LADY CURZON OF KEDLESTON, VICEREINE OF INDIA, FORMERLY MISS LEITER OF CHICAGO.

From a photograph by Bassano, London.

one hour of the work that he has at heart.'"

HARRISON GRAY OTIS, JOURNALIST AND SOLDIER.

Brigadier General Harrison Gray Otis, United States Volunteers, has been well known for the last sixteen years in Southern California as proprietor of the Los Angeles *Times*. An Ohioan by birth, at the outbreak of the Civil War he enlisted, together with President McKinley, in the famous Twenty Third Ohio. Private McKinley



LORD CURZON OF KEDLESTON, VICEROY OF INDIA.

Drawn from a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

a brigadier. He is now serving at Manila with his namesake, Major General Elwell S. Otis.

THE KAISERIN'S AMERICAN AUNT.

The Countess von Waldersee—who also possesses the title of Princess von Noer—is probably the most interesting and most influential American woman in Europe, and the only American woman who ever became a princess in her own right. Her life history has been a remarkable one. She was once Mary Esther Lee, the daughter of a New Yorker who made a moderate fortune in the grocery business. The grocer's wife was ambitious, and after her husband's death she went abroad with her children. Her eldest daughter married a German count, a member of the diplomatic service. Mary, the



BRIGADIER GENERAL HARRISON GREY OTIS, UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS, NOW SERVING AT MANILA.

From a photograph by Steckel & Lamson, Los Angeles.



MRS. HARRISON GREY OTIS, OF LOS ANGELES, WIFE OF BRIGADIER GENERAL OTIS.

From a photograph by Steckel, Los Angeles.

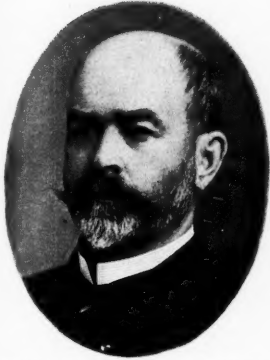
second daughter, a beautiful and attractive girl, did still better. A prince of the ducal house of Schleswig Holstein fell madly in love with her, and to enable him to marry her—which he did at the cost of his birthright—he persuaded the Emperor of Austria to ennoble her as the Princess von Noer. He died six months after the wedding, and two years later the princess married Count von Waldersee, who has since made a reputation as one of Russia's best soldiers, and who ten years ago succeeded von Moltke as chief of staff of the German army.

The Countess von



COUNT DE CASSINI, RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES.

From a photograph by Piron, Paris.



REAR ADMIRAL GEO. C. REMY.
*From a photograph by Rice,
Washington.*



REAR ADMIRAL ALBERT KAUTZ.
*From a photograph by Glines,
Boston.*



REAR ADMIRAL H. L. HOWISON.
*From a photograph by Taber,
Boston.*

THREE AMERICAN NAVAL OFFICERS RECENTLY PROMOTED TO THE RANK OF REAR ADMIRAL.

Waldersee's greatest ambition was to marry her first husband's niece, the Princess Augusta Victoria of Schleswig Holstein, to a reigning monarch, and she helped to make her what she is today—Empress of Germany. "Aunt Mary" is a close confidante of her imperial niece, and is on the best of

terms with the Kaiser. Her influence at court is resented by some high born people who regard her as a foreign parvenu—especially, it is said, by the Empress Frederick—but she holds her place with the tact and keen perception she inherited from her American father, who half a century ago



COUNTESS ALFRED VON WALDERSEE, AUNT (BY MARRIAGE) OF THE GERMAN EMPRESS, AND FORMERLY MISS MARY LEE OF NEW YORK.
From a photograph by Hulsén, Berlin.



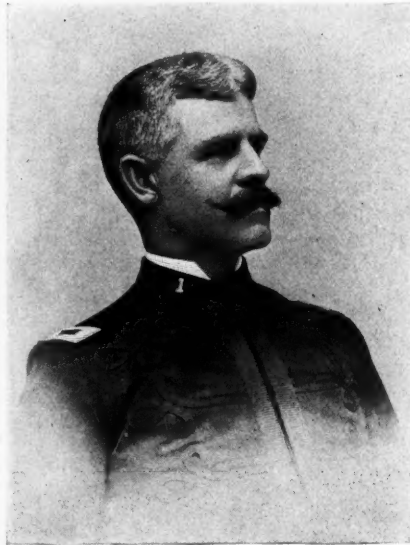
COUNT ALFRED VON WALDERSEE, WHO SUCCEEDED VON MOLTKE AS CHIEF OF STAFF OF THE GERMAN ARMY.
From a photograph by Hoffert, Berlin.

was selling molasses and lard in Front Street.

AN INTERESTING
PAGE OF WAR
HISTORY.

When Dewey's fleet was moored in the harbor of Hong Kong, waiting to move upon Manila as soon as war should be declared, he received no little help, in his preparations for the work before him, from Rounseville Wildman, the American consul general at Eng-

land's Chinese colony. Mr. Wildman knows much of the east, having previously served as



COLONEL A. L. MILLS, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE
UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY
AT WEST POINT.

From a photograph by Smith, Brooklyn.

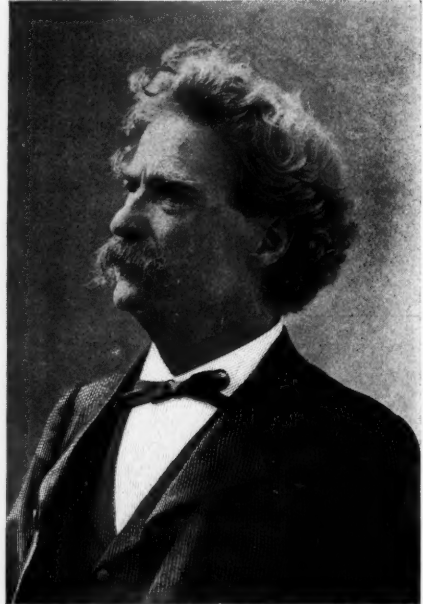
consul at Singapore, and having made good use of his opportunities for observation. He was able to give the admiral much valuable information; and he did one other thing that was destined to have a bearing upon subsequent history. He introduced Dewey to Aguinaldo, and arranged to have the Filipino chieftain carried back to his native islands to renew his campaign against Spanish rule.

For a man of thirty three, Mr. Wildman's experiences have been decidedly varied. A



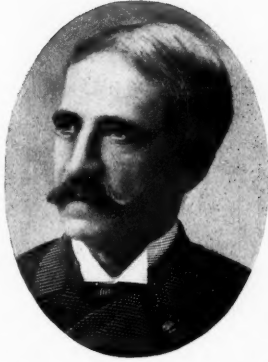
JOSEPH H. CHOATE, FAMOUS AS A LEADER OF
THE AMERICAN BAR.

*From his latest photograph—Copyrighted, 1898, by
Wilhelm, New York.*



SAMUEL L. CLEMENS, "MARK TWAIN," FOR
THIRTY YEARS A FAMOUS NAME IN
AMERICAN LITERATURE.

From a photograph by Ellis, London.



CAPTAIN JOHN R. BARTLETT,
UNITED STATES NAVY, PRES-
IDENT OF THE AUXILI-
ARY NAVAL BOARD.

*From a photograph by Taylor,
Washington.*

New Yorker by birth, a Californian by adoption, he has dabbled in literature and journalism, having published a novel and edited the *Overland Monthly*. Besides consular service in Asia and Europe, he acted as commissioner to the Chicago World's Fair from Borneo and the Straits Settlements, and brought over native Malays, a genuine rajah, and oriental curiosities galore. He was elected a member of the Smithsonian



COMMANDER ROYAL B. BRAD-
FORD, UNITED STATES NAVY,
CHIEF OF BUREAU OF
EQUIPMENT.

*From a photograph by Gilbert,
Washington.*



ROUNSEVELLE WILDMAN, UNITED STATES CONSUL GENERAL AT HONG KONG, WHO CONDUCTED THE FIRST NEGOTIATIONS WITH AGUINALDO, THE PHILIPPINE INSURGENT LEADER.

From a photograph by Taber, San Francisco.



HOWARD GOULD, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MISS VIOLA KATH-
RINE CLEMMONS MAY HAVE COST HIM FIVE
MILLION DOLLARS.

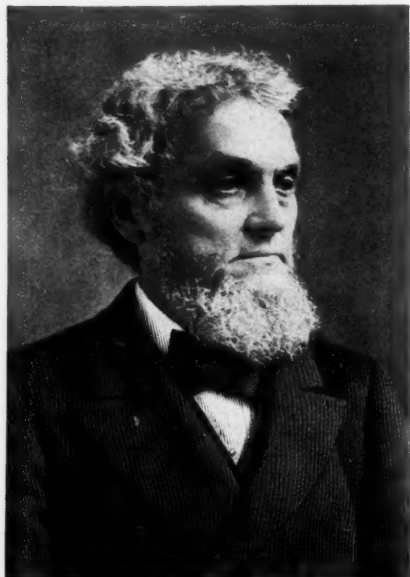
*From a photograph by Falk, New York, taken about five years
ago, and the only authentic portrait obtainable.*

for his researches in Malayan ethnography. He is a young man from whom we may expect to hear again.

A PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE.

It is rather a far cry to the Presidential election of 1900, but one candidate is in the field already—Wharton Barker, of Pennsylvania, nominated by the People's Party, whose representatives met at Cincinnati in September. Mr. Barker's candidacy is not exactly a comic one, as he is supported by an organization which is strong in enthusiasm if weak in numbers, and by at least one newspaper, the Philadelphia *American*—of whose loyalty he is sure, as he owns it himself.

Mr. Barker is a Philadelphia business man who has built ships on the Delaware for the Russian government,



WHARTON BARKER, OF PHILADELPHIA, THE
PEOPLE'S PARTY NOMINEE FOR
PRESIDENT IN 1900.

From a photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia.



COLONEL EDGAR ROMEYN KELLOGG, UNITED
STATES ARMY, RECENTLY COMMISSIONED
COLONEL OF THE SIXTH INFANTRY.

From a photograph by the Élite Studio, San Diego.



MRS. HOWARD GOULD, FORMERLY MISS VIOLA KATHRINE CLEMMONS, WHO MADE A BRIEF APPEARANCE ON THE STAGE ABOUT FIVE YEARS AGO, AND WHOSE RECENT MARRIAGE AGAIN PLACED HER BEFORE THE PUBLIC EYE.

From a photograph by Dupont, New York.

and who ten years ago secured valuable railroad concessions in China—which, unfortunately, were revoked when Congress passed the Chinese exclusion act. He is an old time Republican, who sup-

ported Bryan in 1896, but now likes neither of the great parties. He has never held office—a record which he is in no immediate danger of breaking.

A TYPICAL AMERICAN SOLDIER.

Colonel E. R. Kellogg, the new commander of the Sixth United States In-

fantry, entered the army as a private during the Civil War, and his promotion from the ranks to the command of a regiment has been won by a long record of good service. He went to Cuba as lieutenant colonel of the Tenth Infantry, with which he was in the thick of the assault on the Spanish lines in front of Santiago. He passed uninjured through the fighting of the first days of July, but two weeks later was stricken down by fever and dysentery, and was invalided home a very sick



A NEW PORTRAIT BUST OF EDGAR ALLAN POE, FROM THE BUST MODELED BY GEORGE JULIAN ZOLNAV, FOR THE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.



3 M

LYMAN J. GAGE, SECRETARY OF THE UNITED STATES TREASURY, AT HIS SUMMER RESIDENCE AT CHEVY CHASE, NEAR WASHINGTON.
From a photograph by Bedford Lynch, Washington.

Mrs. Webb, Sister of Mrs. Gage.

Mrs. Gage.

Secretary Gage, Assistant Secretary Vanderbilt.



MISS BEATRIX HOYT, THRICE WINNER OF THE WOMEN'S GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE UNITED STATES.

From a photograph by Davis and Sanford, New York.

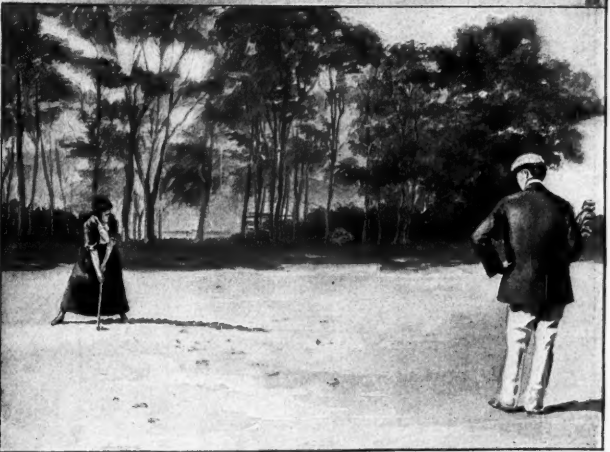
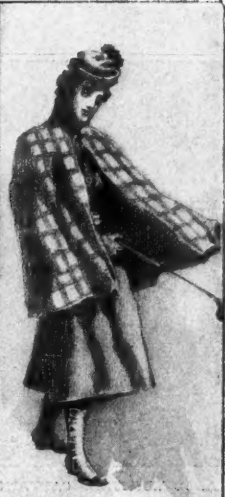
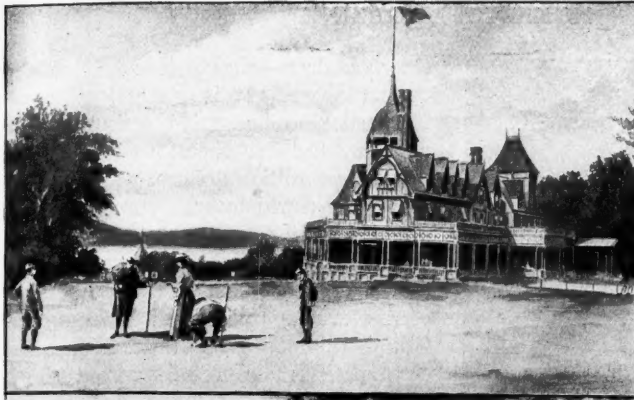
man. His recovery was rapid, however, and when this appears he will probably be again on duty.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

If it be a sin to concern oneself with other people's matrimonial affairs, then the inquisitive public may as well confess at once that it has been guilty of a warm interest in the romance of Howard Gould and the lady who is now Mrs. Howard Gould.

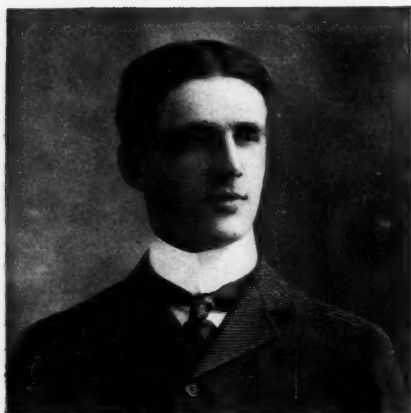
Young Mr. Gould is well known as

the son of an eminent financier whose long association with certain prominent American railroads resulted in making those railroads poor and himself immensely rich. The eminent financier's will divided the hard earned savings of his frugal and beneficent career among his four sons and two daughters, giving them about ten million dollars apiece, but providing that any of them who should marry without the consent of a majority of the trustees of the will—the trustees being the four



GOLF, THE SPORT OF THE DAY—SCENES FROM THE CONTEST FOR THE WOMEN'S CHAMPIONSHIP AT ARDSLEY ON THE HUDSON.

1—The Club House at Ardsley; in the foreground Miss Burt, of the Philadelphia Cricket Club, is making ready for her last shot. 2—Spectators following Miss Hoyt, of the Shinnecock Club. 3—Miss Boardman, of the Essex County Club, making her last shot.



A. E. WHITING, CAPTAIN OF THE CORNELL FOOTBALL ELEVEN.

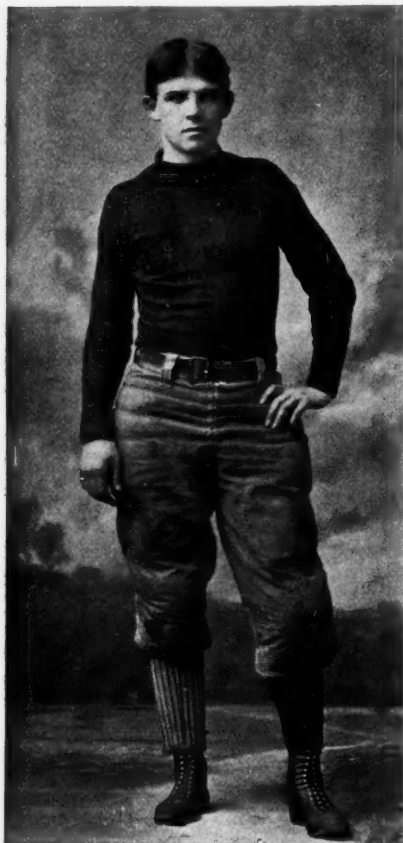
From a photograph by Evans, Ithaca.

elder children—should lose half of his or her share. It is understood that Howard Gould married without such consent, and has therefore risked the loss of five million dollars.

All the world loves a romance that culminates in a wedding, and admires a plucky suitor whose ardor spurns the sordid considerations of dollars and cents—even of millions of dollars. Mr. Gould will not starve, even if his brothers and sisters enforce the forfeiture of half his inheritance.

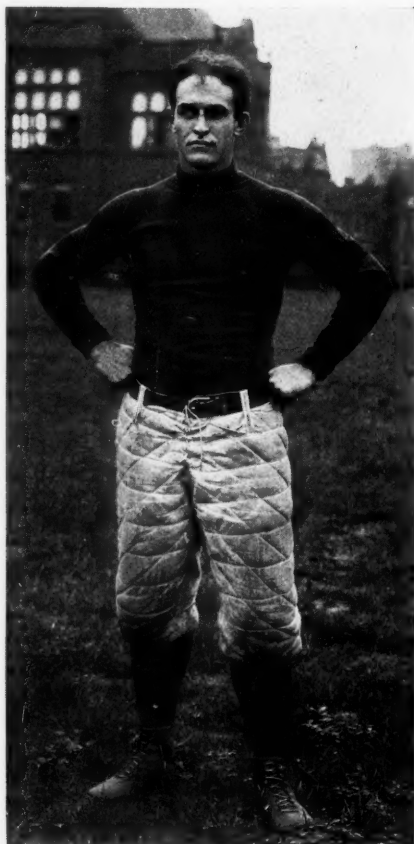
ZOLNAY'S BUST OF POE.

"Edgar Allan Poe was no drunkard, not even a habitual drinker, but he was



ARTHUR HILLEBRAND, CAPTAIN OF THE PRINCETON FOOTBALL ELEVEN.

From a photograph by Pach, New York.



JOHN OUTLAND, CAPTAIN OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA FOOTBALL ELEVEN.

From a photograph taken on the field.

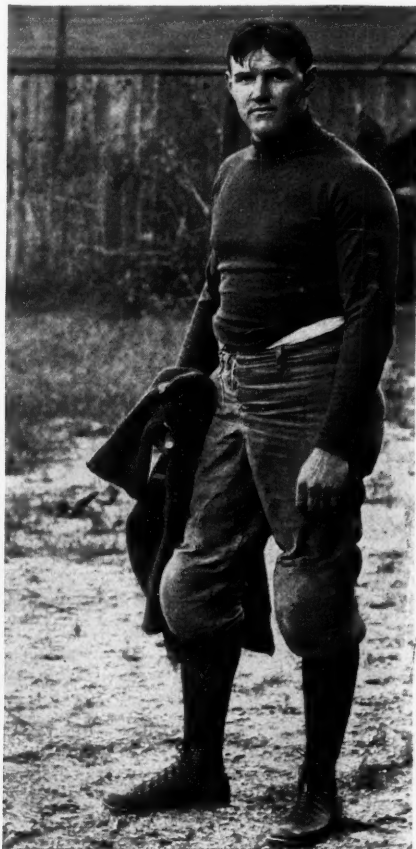
easily tempted and, when yielding, was easily overcome by intoxicants. The story of his life is not one of vice but of a pathetic struggle against it." These words, spoken by Dr. Charles W. Kent, professor of English at the University

scandals and slanders have been either completely disproved or shown to be due to misjudgment of a highly organized artistic temperament. When the university at which he was once a student decided to erect a memorial bust



BENJAMIN DIBBLEE, CAPTAIN OF THE HARVARD FOOTBALL ELEVEN.

From a photograph taken on the field at Cambridge.



BURR CHAMBERLAIN, CAPTAIN OF THE YALE FOOTBALL ELEVEN.

From a photograph by Pack, New York.

of Virginia, were the inspiration for the portrait bust of Poe lately modeled by George Julian Zolnay, the Hungarian American sculptor, which, cast in bronze, is to adorn the rotunda in the university's library.

Professor Kent has spent years in laborious research into the life and personality of the author of "The Raven." Through his endeavors some old

in his honor, several prominent sculptors were asked to submit sketches. Mr. Zolnay's was the only one that expressed the sympathetic view of the poet, and he was intrusted with the delicate task of creating a portrait that would be true to life and would, at the same time, convey the new and kindlier estimate of Poe's character. That he was worthy of his task is shown con-

clusively by the clay model, lately finished; the rugged, world worn features are ruthlessly portrayed, but in the deep

pionship against all comers, is certainly a most remarkable player. She is a good looking, well built, graceful girl,



EDMOND ROSTAND, THE FRENCH AUTHOR, WHOSE "CYRANO DE BERGERAC" HAS WON FOR HIM A PLACE AMONG THE GREAT PLAYWRIGHTS OF THE DAY.

From a photograph by Boyer, Paris.

set eyes is seen the desperate struggle with fate and circumstance.

MISS HOYT, THE GOLF CHAMPION.

Miss Beatrix Hoyt, who for three years has held the women's golf cham-

whose muscles seem to have the strength of a man, together with such a dexterity as very few men possess. She spends most of her time on the links, in summer following the ball across the Shinnecock Hills, and in

winter practising with her brother at their home in West Chester. It is to this constant devotion to the game that she attributes her victories. Her op-

tournament was held, are one of the most picturesque courses in this country, stretching for a mile or two along the rolling hills above the Hudson. The



JAMES TODHUNTER ("TOD") SLOANE, THE AMERICAN JOCKEY WHO HAS HAD REMARKABLE SUCCESS IN WINNING RACES ON BOTH SIDES OF THE ATLANTIC.

From a photograph by Falk, New York.

ponent in the final round of this year's championship was Miss Maude Wetmore, a player of almost equal skill, who may be counted upon as the probable winner next year, if she cares to play for it—unless Miss Hoyt should alter her announced intention of not appearing in the lists again.

The links at Ardsley, where the

club house is attractive and well appointed, and the club numbers among its members many of the best golfists in America.

THE FOOTBALL HEROES.

The interest in football this season has in no wise diminished. The sport has extended to all sections of the coun-



THE CROWN PRINCESS OF ROUMANIA AND HER LITTLE DAUGHTER. THE CROWN PRINCESS IS THE ELDEST DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE OF COBURG (FORMERLY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH), QUEEN VICTORIA'S SECOND SON.

From a recent photograph by Uhlenhuth, Coburg.

try. Not a university or college, not a boys' school in the land, that has not put its eleven in the field. Naturally a college game, one which by some right of inheritance seems to belong to college men, it has had few followers among professional athletes. Its unquestioned amateur status, and its freedom from the evils of professionalism, are features that give it a peculiar prestige among sports.

At the time of this writing it is impossible to forecast the result of the struggles between the teams of the great American universities. Harvard and Yale have not forgotten Princeton's victories, nor have Pennsylvania and Cornell ceased to realize that a single triumph over their great antagonists is an everlasting glory.

THE AUTHOR OF "CYRANO."

Fortune, albeit accused of being a fickle jade, is strangely consistent at times. To that young Frenchman, Edmond Rostand, she has given good birth, a considerable property, a charming and clever wife, and now adds thereto such literary fame as might well make dizzy a man twice his age. He has been before the public but six years, his first comedy, "Les Romanesques," having been brought out at the Comédie Française in 1894, when he was twenty four. "Cyrano de Bergerac" has made him famous at an age when Sardou was still a struggling beginner.

M. Rostand is an admirer of Shakspeare and deeply regrets that his ignorance of English prevents his enjoyment of the bard in the original. In regard to "Cyrano" he told the representative of a London journal that there are many points in it which defy translation. All who can do so should therefore read the play in French.

"TOD" SLOANE, JOCKEY.

It takes all sorts of people to make up the world we live in, and great soldiers and eminent authors are not its only

popular heroes. A remarkably successful jockey is pretty sure to catch the public eye, and the portrait of Mr. James Todhunter Sloane, better known as "Tod" Sloane, which is printed on page 343, will interest many readers.

Though he has won much applause and many shekels, we do not wish to hold up Mr. Sloane's career as a model to the youth of our land. Such a success as his is not likely to be really beneficial to the man who gains it. It is pretty certain to turn the head of any young fellow of the mental caliber of the class from which jockeys are recruited, and, according to the newspapers, it seems to have done so in the present instance. His unprecedented feat of riding five successive winners at Newmarket makes "Tod" Sloane an interesting figure in the world of sport, but it does not justify his reported criticisms of racing officials when he loses.

A ROYAL BELLE.

Superlatives are scattered freely in these days, and there are several royal women each of whom has been called "the most beautiful princess of Europe." The foremost claimants of the title are probably the two young crown princesses, Helène of Italy and Marie of Roumania.

The former, a daughter of the Prince of Montenegro, has the jetty hair, the black and dreamy eyes, the stateliness and pallor, of the typical oriental belle; the latter, whose latest portrait is engraved on page 344, has the brighter coloring of her English and German ancestry. Her marriage to the nephew and heir of the King of Roumania is said to have been a happy one, though her vivacity of disposition sometimes demonstrates itself in unconventional ways. She and her husband are fond of travel, and prefer the health and pleasure resorts of western Europe to the rather dull little capital of their uncle's petty eastern kingdom.

THE GARDEN OF SWORDS.*

BY MAX PEMBERTON.

THE LATEST NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN OF KRONSTADT" IS A STORY OF LOVE AND WAR, A TRAGEDY OF PASSION AMID THE SOUND AND FURY OF BATTLE—MR. PEMBERTON SAYS OF IT THAT HE THINKS IT IS HIS BEST WORK, "BECAUSE IT IS THE NEAREST TO A SIMPLE RECORD OF LIFE UNDER VERY TRAGIC AND HISTORIC CIRCUMSTANCES."

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

THE story opens at Strasburg on the wedding day of Edmond Lefort, a French officer of lancers, and Beatrix Hamilton, the English granddaughter of Hélène, Countess of Gorsdorf. The young couple go to the chalet of the Niederwald, near the town of Wörth, to spend their honeymoon, and they are very happy there, although Edmond, who is wrapped up in his profession, cannot help but pine at times for a sight of his comrades in arms. Then, too, there is a prospect of war with Germany, with its attendant chances to win glory and promotion. And it is this thought, in which her husband rejoices, which casts a shadow over the young wife's happiness.

IV (Continued).

"IF the end could be as the beginning, Edmond!" Beatrix said, laying her hand upon his arm gently. "Of course I know that it cannot—I knew that from the first. But when I am at Wörth how can I help deceiving myself there? Should I love you if I did not? Why should we remember these things tonight or even speak of them?"

He read the note of sadness in her voice, and hastened to atone.

"You shall not remember it, *minonne*. I am a fool to talk so. There is home and dinner. When the day comes we shall be ready for it. But tonight—tonight I shall only tell you—ah, *mon âme*, what can I tell you that I have not told you a thousand times? I love you. Do you weary of my book, Beatrix? I can write nothing else but that—I love you."

He pressed her to him, taking the reins from her hands and shielding her with his strong arm. The hour begat

an exquisite tenderness. In the valley below them stars of lights shone out from many a farm house and many a village. Bells tinkled on the necks of the roving cattle. The breeze surged in the heights of the pines, scenting the air with sweet odors and the freshness of the night. Alone in that solitude of forest and hill, they seemed as those drawn apart from the living world to the very citadels of rest and of love. Even the hamlets became towns to them. Wörth itself, when they espied its lights between the descending spurs of the mountains, was as some great hive of men where love had no part or lot. The old farm house, welcoming them again, stood up as a home of their childhood.

Guillaumette, the servant, was at the door of the farm, with a story of dinner ready to be served. To Beatrix she said some pretty word of welcome; but to Edmond she handed a telegram, and he stood in the aureole of light cast out from the open door to read it. Beatrix never forgot that picture of

* Copyright, 1898, by Max Pemberton.

him as with white face and quickening heart he read the message, once, twice, thrice, and then crushed the paper quickly in his hand.

A woman's instinct seemed to tell her that some great hour of her life was at hand. Their eyes met, and she read in his an intensity of love and sympathy such as she had never seen before.

"Edmond," she said, almost in a whisper, "what is it—why do you not tell me?"

He would have answered her, but finding no word, he handed her the crumpled paper, and she opened it with *maladroit* fingers and spread it out and read it many times, as he had read it. There were but two words, yet she had no need of any question to comprehend their meaning. The cord of her life seemed to snap in that instant. She turned from him and ran up the stairs with dry eyes.

V.

SHE ran up stairs and closed the door of her bedroom behind her. For a little while he dared not intrude upon her, but stood at the foot of the stairs, fearing that if he went up he would find her dying or dead in the room.

A thousand thoughts, striking the whole gamut of a man's emotions, held him to the place. War and the glory of war, death and the risk of death, France and the call she had sent to him, love and sorrow and the moment of farewell, each was the outcome in its turn of that slip of yellow paper upon which those two fatal words "Report yourself" were written. That which was even cowardice kept him for an instant from the darkened room up stairs and from its secret. She suffered there. He would have given half the years of his life could he have gone to her and taken her in his arms and said, "I will not go—my home is here!"

A great silence had fallen upon the house. Little *Guillaumette*, who had

seen her mistress' face, had run away to the kitchen and was crying her heart out there. An old wooden timepiece, which had ticked for the soldiers who fought at Jena, struck the hour upon a crazy bell and told them it was eight o'clock. Without, there was no sound but that of the leaves rustling and the murmur of the night. The man cast off the spell which the silence had put upon him, and called for *Guillaumette* when the clock struck.

"*Guillaumette*, *Guillaumette*! I must go back to Strasburg tonight. Let Jacob bring the pony and carry my valise. Madame will come with me—I hope so. Where are you, *Guillaumette*?"

His voice sounded hollow and high pitched. It echoed through the little rooms of the farm strangely. In his mind there were many confusing ideas, but only one impulse. He must return to his regiment at once. France had need of him. The day he had waited for was at hand. *Beatrix* would suffer now, but afterwards she would be glad. The campaign on which he must embark would be an affair of days or weeks at the most. They would teach those Prussians a lesson; and he would return to promotion and to his little wife. She should come back to *Wörth*, and they would play at being peasants again. His courage was found in the idea; he ran up the stairs at last and entered the darkened room.

Beatrix stood by the window. She had drawn the curtain back to look across the woods, down upon the lights of the villages. He saw that she had not taken off her hat, and that her left hand was still gloved. When he entered the room, she turned her head wistfully, but did not speak to him. He crossed to her side and put his arm about her, and wished that he could see tears in her eyes. The mute restraint and self possession frightened him. When he kissed her on the forehead and drew her close to him, her face seemed on fire; he could feel her heart

beating beneath the thin muslin dress which she had worn for their picnic.

"You will go with me," he said in a low whisper. "I shall be in Strasburg tomorrow, and afterwards as the order comes. But it will be something to know that you are near. And Grand-mère Hélène—but she is at Geneva. You would be alone in the house until I come——"

She laid her cheek upon his, as if to cool it. Tenderness and love and sacrifice of self were conveyed in every gesture.

"I could not go to Strasburg, Edmond. And you will not be there. Hélène would not wish it, I am sure. Let me stop at Wörth until you return. Jacob is here and Guillaumette. They will take care of me."

He released her from his embrace, for he wished to find the light in that hour of darkness. There were a hundred ways, but he could not see one of them distinctly. Desire to console, excitement, sorrow for her, gladness for himself, were mingled in an incoherency of thought and of perplexity.

"It must have been yesterday," he said. "The colonel did not mention it in his letters. Giraud said that it was finished; he did not mean to deceive me, and I understand. They would not spoil our holiday, *mignonne*, until they were compelled. Yesterday I heard things in the village, but would not tell you. They said that the King of Prussia was determined to have the Spanish throne, and that the emperor had said no. If that is the case, we shall be at Berlin in a fortnight. There is nothing to fear for the armies of France. We shall fight across the Rhine, and you will not even hear the sound of the guns. I shall write every day, and a month will bring me back to you. Ah, my little wife, what a day to think of when I shall hold you in my arms again—and tell you of the victories! Is it not worth a month of waiting to have such a day as that? And you will get my letters every morning.

Every morning I shall know that you are reading them. The time will pass before you dream of it. You will go to meet me at the station before the grapes are off the vines. It will still be summer, and we shall have another picnic at the Niederbronn, and I will show you where the armies of France marched to Germany. Ah, *chérie*, if it were not so hard——"

She had lit the lamp mechanically, scarce-knowing what she did, while he was speaking. The glow of light falling upon her face showed it as the face of one who had lived through a year of sorrows. His attempts to console her ended in a word that was half a sob. He realized that he loved her more than country or the ambitions of the old time. Pity for her surged up in his breast as an agony. She would be alone to think and to remember, and he knew already what those hours of loneliness must mean to her.

"My love, my little wife, God guard and keep you!" he said.

She pressed his hands linked in her own and began to speak of his journey. She did not wish him to see her face or to read the truth in her eyes.

"I shall wait here at Wörth, dearest," she said. "It is better that I should, for there is no one in Strasburg now. And I should not care to go back to them. You will write to me tomorrow, and tell me where the regiment is. Perhaps I may see you again before you go to Germany. And I will write to you every day. It will be something to do, even if you do not get the letters."

She made a brave show of bearing up, and he understood and was grateful to her. There was so much to do, a valise to pack, uniform to be put on, a hundred things to be spoken of. Neither thought of food nor of the dinner Guillaumette had cooked. Silently, methodically, and with dry eyes always, she began to help him. In the valley without, the mute heralds of rain and storm permitted all other sounds to be heard clearly. An engine whistled

upon a distant railway; a dog was barking in some garden at Wörth; the grasses rustled fitfully as in the hour of coming tempest. Beatrix heard the sounds, and was strangely conscious of them. She knew not why she suffered silently. Many times she longed to lay her head upon her husband's shoulder and there to give freedom to her grief as a child at a mother's breast. A voice said to her always, "You will be alone." She clenched her hands and turned her face from him again.

"Little wife, give me courage such as yours!"

It was his last farewell at the gate of the garden wherein her roses grew. For an instant she remembered that she might be holding his hands and hearing his words for the last time. All the depth and intensity of her love compelled her, so that she clung to him distractedly and with all her courage gone. He felt her tears upon his cheek and was glad because of them. His strong arms crushed her dress, and so held her that she seemed to stand heart to heart with him.

"Good by, *mignonne*; tomorrow I will write; in a month I shall be home again."

He stepped into the cart, and the pony began to trot down the hill to Wörth. The little farm with its lighted windows stood out on the mountain side as a cluster of stars above the garden of his home. He saw her again for an instant, her white dress fluttering against the background of the forest. He dared not ask himself what the night would mean to her. He did not know that when next he kissed her lips, an empire would have fallen and the armies of France be no more.

From the valley, a blare of bugles echoed suddenly through the silent hills. Troops were moving already, then! The note thrilled him as with all the fire of battle and of war. Tomorrow he would ride with his regiment again.

But to Beatrix, listening at the gate

of the garden, the trumpet's note was as some call to the place of death and tears.

VI.

THE sun had hardly begun to shine upon the glades of the Niederwald, on the last day of July, when Beatrix opened the window of her bedroom and looked over the woods and the green vineyards to the little white town of Wörth and the glistening river in the hollow of the valley. It was her habit now to wake at dawn, for sleep had ceased to be her friend; and there was a morning hope of the sunshine as though the day would bring some news of Edmond or of his regiment. Sometimes, in her dreams she would believe that the reality was but imagination, or that she would awake to hear her husband's voice. Every step upon the road before the farm house quickened her heart and sent her breathlessly to the garden gate. The ultimate hope that all might yet be well was the solace of many an hour. They told her in the village that peace must come before the grapes were ripe. "It will be a race," the old curé said. "Those Prussians will run to Berlin and we shall run after them. In a month monsieur will be home again."

She listened to the old priest's boast and loved him for it. The silence of the woodlands helped her to self-deception. What war could there be when the glades were sleeping in the sunshine, and the kingfisher hovered above the limpid pools, and the church bells sent their message to the heights, and all things were as yesterday in the homes of the simple people about her? The very word seemed an irony. Yet war had taken Edmond to Strasburg and to his regiment. War had left her alone in the first hour of happiness inexpressible!

There had been rain all night, but the looming mists were scattered in the first hour of dawn on that last day

of the month, and a surpassing freshness of the morning fell upon the glades and the gardens before her window. Every leaf had gathered its little gift of dew and husbanded the finest hues and gave them out in a spectrum of violet and crimson and the purest blues. Her roses shed their leaves upon the sparkling grass or lifted their heads to the dews in bursting blossoms and glossy petals. The very air seemed to rise up from a sea of the sweetest perfumes and to fill the lungs with all the fulness of life realized.

It was a scene of day glorified, a scene of nature new robed and awakened, of the apotheosis of solitudes. She gazed upon it, spellbound and entranced. She could not remember yesterday in such an hour. Nevertheless, yesterday spoke to her; for there upon the white road of the valley, the white road which the poplars fringed, was a regiment of chasseurs riding southward to Strasburg. Even at the window of her house, she could hear the bugles blowing and the clatter of the wagons. The trumpet's note thrilled her as a voice of war itself. She turned from the window and ran down to the kitchen of the house, where Guillaumette was singing.

"*Bonjour, madame.* You hear the soldiers? Oh, *c'est bien*—all day the music and at night the chasseurs. *Ils vont tremper une soupe aux vilains Prussiens—hein?* And then monsieur will come home again. Oh, *j'en suis sure comme père et mère.* A month and there will be no Prussians. We shall all go to Strasburg, and monsieur will be a general. The curé says it, and he knows. A thousand horses in the village yesterday—and all night long the tramp, tramp, tramp! Oh, I can sleep well to the tramp, tramp, tramp—*moi!* I think of Gaspard, who has gone to bring me a mug from Berlin. There is nothing else in Berlin, *vous savez,* but mugs and sausages. That is why these Prussians are so fat. But they will run, run, run, presently. The emperor has

gone to Metz—*et piff, pouf, boum!* where is your Bismarck then?"

Guillaumette was a wench of Grenoble, small of foot, relentless of tongue, with pretty hair and a young girl's face, against which the sun had warred in vain. To her, war and the rumor of war were an unbroken delight. There would be troopers on the hills all day. Why, then, should any one be sad? She could not conceive that state of mind which brought tears to the eyes a second time for the lover who had gone to the wars. If he came home, it would be with gifts in his hand. If he did not come home—well, there were troopers all day on the road to Strasburg. She spent her hours in the old kitchen, where the copper stove shone like a plate of gold; and when she was not singing, "*Allons, enfants de la patrie,*" her ballad would be:

*Cent mille francs
Sont attrayants,
Morbieu, j'en conviens sans peine,
Mais ce tendron
Triple essadron
Fait flotter mon âme incertaine.*

Beatrice listened to her merry words, and took heart in spite of herself. This child of the people could teach her a lesson, she thought. It was a lesson of duty; a lesson which war may teach even to a woman.

"Ah, Guillaumette," she said, "if you were a prophetess——"

"Chut, madame, why should I be a prophetess to say that the *vilains Prussiens* are going to run. Look at the *chasseurs là bas*—the horses, the gold and silver, the splendid fellows. It is the same everywhere. Gaspard tells me so. Everywhere, everywhere, the music and the color and the big mustaches of the cuirassiers—and not a Prussian in all the mountains. Why are we here, drinking our coffee as yesterday? It is because of the chasseurs who go to Berlin on their horses. Ah, madame, if there were any bonnets there! If there were anything over yonder but the mugs and the beer——"

She raked the fire angrily, and poured the steaming milk and coffee into the basins.

"*Dame!*" she said triumphantly, "*regardez ça*. No wonder the Prussians come to the Rhine for coffee, madame. You will drink it in the garden. And afterward the post. Oh, the blessed post with news of monsieur and the army. And the sunshine! Madame will ride her pony today? *Sans doute*. I will tell Jacob. He sleeps all day, the lazy one! The Prussians are coming, he says. Oh, *le poltron!* They are a thousand miles away. The curé says so. As if there could be a blue coat at Wörth. I laugh when I hear it. And the chasseurs in the village! Oh, *c'est splendide, la guerre!*"

She showed all her delight in her eyes; for war was a very carnival to her—a carnival which must people the hills with red breeches presently, and awake the mountains to the martial music which quickened her steps and gladdened her heart. Hearing her, Beatrix could even tell herself that the supreme hour of her life had not been lived. How if this little chatterer were right, and a month brought Edmond back to Wörth, and France were victorious and all his joy of victory were added to her joys of love! She could dream of such a day on that morning of sunshine and of rest. For the white road was deserted again when she carried her coffee to the arbor of roses. The old white houses slept once more. The woods echoed to no music but the music of the leaves.

It was at nine o'clock when the postman came and brought her two letters—a long one from Grandmère Hélène, who had left Geneva that day, and a short one from Edmond, who was at Strasburg still, but spoke of an immediate march northward to Hagenau. "You will be able to drive over, *chérie,*" he said, "and I shall tell you everything. Here it is all noise and dust and trumpets all day. I cannot believe the things I see—I cannot believe that

France is at war. We wait always. We go to sleep at night and torches guide us to our beds and the students sing our lullaby. I have heard the *Marseillaise* ten thousand times since yesterday.

"There is no road to the north which the wagons do not block and the troops follow. Ah, *mignonne*, if I could ride upon one of those roads to a little white house and take a little white figure in my arms! But the day will not be distant. The end is near. France will justify herself. I shall be at Hagenau before the month is out, and then—what a harvest time for us! And the vines will still be green. A thousand messages of love to the little wife who is waiting for me, and who has forgotten already that there is any other country but France."

She held the letter long, gazing wistfully over the woods which thrust themselves up to blot out the view of distant Hagenau. The words of love and confidence brought tears to her eyes. Yet was it true, she asked? Had she, indeed, forgotten those green lanes of England, wherein her girlhood had been spent? Was she heart and soul faithful to this new country which had given her a home—and Edmond? She could not answer those questions, but crushed the letter in the bosom of her dress and told herself gladly that tomorrow might bring him to her, tomorrow he would tell her again that he loved her and that she was all to him.

Old Hélène's letter covered many pages. Beatrix skipped them, remembering what tomorrow would bring. Nevertheless, she could permit her imagination to see the beloved face, the trembling hand that wrote the wavering lines. The exhortation, that she should return to Strasburg at once, troubled her. She had no thought for the city now that Edmond was to march out of it. The old farm had become a home as no other house which had ever received her. Every room seemed to whisper her lover's name.

A memory of him was written upon the most trifling ornament. The roses in her arbor were his roses. She treasured the very leaves of them. The woods retold her love in the murmur of brook and branches. She would not quit a house so dear to her though all the armies of Germany had been at the gate of it.

The *facteur* had brought the letters at seven o'clock; but eight o'clock struck before she left the arbor and returned to tell her news to Guillaumette.

"Monsieur will be at Hagenau tomorrow, Guillaumette. He may be here on Tuesday. The regiment is to march—his letter says so. And of course he would wish to have his friends here. We must be ready against that—he will expect it of us. It would never do to disgrace the chalet after all the things he will have told them. I am going down to Wörth now—"

Guillaumette put her arms upon her hips and laughed loudly.

"*Vela, vela*—we are going to Wörth now, and we forget that it is Sunday!"

She had forgotten it, indeed, and she stood with a rosy flush upon her cheeks and the old straw bonnet swinging by its ribbons in her hand. The excitement of the week had robbed her of any memory of days. She heard the bells of the village churches, and all her English reverence for Sunday came to reproach her. Guillaumette, on her part, did not love the priests. She began to bustle about the kitchen again.

"We shall not go to Wörth today," she said. "We shall go to mass to see if there are any soldiers there. That is what Sunday is for. There will be cuirassiers upon the road, and the hussars ride by to Bitche. I heard it in the village. If monsieur comes back tomorrow and brings his friends, it will be always like that. Wine, wine, wine—and when the wine is all gone, *bonjour! Oh! je connais ces gens là—moi.* Do not think about them, madame."

There was no argument possible with

Guillaumette when she had spoken. She was as imperious as a general of armies. Beatrix used to surrender at once, telling herself that Guillaumette was always right. And an idea came to her when she remembered that it was Sunday. She would ride her pony to that glade of the Niederbronn which had been the home of their picnic on the day that Edmond left her. She could not sit in a church, she thought. The deeper gifts of religious consolation were lost in the unrest and doubt of such an hour. The impulse to be doing something was irresistible.

The sun was still shining when old Jacob brought the pony to the door, but scuds of gray and black cloud loomed above the valley, and the breeze had fallen away again until it was scarce a whisper in the trees. She heard the bells of Wörth and of other villages, whose red roofs and white houses dotted the valley below her. But there were no soldiers upon the road, and everywhere it was as though the spirit of the God of peace had come upon the mountains.

VII.

SHE struck the road to the village of Reichshoffen, and followed it upward through the forest. There were few abroad upon it, and such as she met were peasants going to mass. An old woman, red cheeked and hale, gave her good day and added that her son was at Chalons. A group of harvesters played dominoes upon a knoll of grass at the roadside, but stood up awkwardly when she passed. A farmer driving a weedy brown horse drew rein as she approached and asked if there were any soldiers between him and the village. To such as these, news of war was little more than news of that distant Paris which interested them so little. The emperor was going to Berlin! What mattered it to men who were watching the ripening grape or husbanding the maize and the tobacco!

It was dark in many of the thickets, and she rode impetuously, now galloping, now letting the pony go as he would. At the crossroads a little way from Reichshoffen she heard a clatter of hoofs behind her and turned her head to see a little old man on a great gray horse, whose outspread cloak and upturned elbows gave him the appearance of a flying mill. She recognized him as the kinsman of the Count of Durckheim, whose château lay beyond Froeschweiler, and she saw that he wished to speak to her. There was no greater gossip in the mountains. He would have the last news from Strasburg, she was sure.

"*Bonjour, madame!* Did you think that I was a Prussian? You ride like a hussar! I have seen your pony's heels ever since you passed the white mill. *V'lan*—and to church, too!"

He took a gold snuff box from his pocket and spilled the snuff upon his white breeches and his once fine vest. Exertion had brought drops of sweat to his forehead. He regarded the little English girl as some treasure of the forest sent by Providence to reward him. She, in turn, was amused at his candor, and glad to hear a friendly voice.

"*Bonjour, M. Picard*—and what makes you think that I am riding to church?" she asked.

He dusted the snuff from his coat, and settled himself in the saddle as though his way was from that time her way.

"There are two roads, madame," he said, with a flourish of his arm, "to church and to Berlin. As you are not upon the latter, there can only be the former. And you are wise. All France goes the other way."

His eccentricity always pleased her.

"And you, yourself, monsieur, you are on the same road?"

"Impossible to take any other when Mme. Lefort rides. I shall go to the church door. It will be an example to the people." *

"But if I am not going to church?"

"In that case, there will be no example. We shall talk of Paris and the army."

He was full of self content; and the heavy clouds which cloaked the sun and sent the birds skimming low in the open places of the thickets were not heeded by him. There was no one else upon the road to Niederbronn now; a hush fell upon the glades. Nature listened for the storm which was gathering above the pass.

"Captain Lefort is at Strasburg with Duhesme's brigade," Beatrix said, seeing that he waited for her. "He may be at Hagenau tomorrow, and I shall ride there. He does not know where his regiment is going to—at least, he can only guess it is to be sent to the north. General MacMahon will meet the emperor at Saarbruck. You have heard that, monsieur?"

"I have heard it all, madame. Every one in France guesses today. We have seven bodies in command of seven armies. When we find one head we shall begin. We are waiting for that. If the Prussians would only wait, too, it will be a great war. I have come from Paris, and I know. Ah, what enthusiasm in Paris, madame; what torches, what songs, what a brave people! Our generals are moved to the very heart. They were all in the bonnet shops when I came away. We are a nation of courtiers. We do not leave our ladies at home when we go to the wars. Why should we—since the road to Berlin is open and our horsemen will ride there by and by and we have wagons for the crinolines? You are an Englishwoman and you have married a Frenchman. You understand these things. The poor people we see around us—they understand them, too.

"War is far away from them today. It will be over there—oh, such a long way off!—in Berlin, where the Prussians are. If it came here, to their homes, their fields, their villages, if they saw their children carried out to the graves

in the woods—ah, if they saw their children, the children who have not made the war, who do not cry, 'A Berlin!'—if they saw them, it would be different, madame. But we shall not see it; the emperor has said so; the seven bodies have said so. The head will come to us presently—and then, *en avant!*"

He was a strange old man, Beatrix thought, while she watched him sitting there awkwardly upon the great horse, and lifting his hat as though commanding all the soldiers of France. The mingled earnestness and levity of his address moved her strangely. How true it was that no one in all those villages and farms of Alsace had ever remembered that war might bring the soldiers of Germany across the Rhine even to the doors of their houses. While the sun shone and the birds sang and the vines ripened, how could they tell themselves that tomorrow might not be as yesterday? She herself was no wiser than the others. Edmond was coming to Hagenau! What else could she remember?

"Oh, M. Picard," she exclaimed a little sadly, "you do not really believe what you say?"

"I, madame? I believe nothing. It is an easy creed, which never leads you to contradictions. When I peep through the woods to the village down there and see the red roofs, and hear the mass bells ringing, and watch the old folks going to church, I say—this is war, this is glory, here lies the road to Berlin. Why should I think otherwise? There are no Prussians here; there never will be any. Your husband is a soldier, and what is he doing? He is thinking of a charming wife who is taking care of his chalet at the Niederwald. Tomorrow he will see her. In a month he will cross the Rhine again and tell her how many Prussians he has killed. If the children die, they will be the children of Germany, not of France. *Vive la France*, then, and let us light some more torches. Paris is doing it

all night. Why should we be behind-hand? Not at all—we will do as Paris does, and when we are hoarse with shouting we will go and drink the Rhine wine!"

He did not see that his irony was lost upon her, and that she had begun to be very serious again. A little pattering of rain upon the great broad leaves troubled him exceedingly, and he wrapped his cloak closely about his throat.

"Madame," he said suddenly, "I am old enough to be rheumatic. That is an age which moves youth either to ribaldry or to compassion. In your case it will be compassion. Let us shelter a moment and forget that there is a good *déjeuner* to be had in the inn at Niederbronn."

He turned abruptly into a little glade of the woods, and she recognized it as the glade to which Edmond had taken her—how long ago it seemed!—on the day of his farewell. The very straw which had lined their basket was still upon the grass. She could have repeated every word of love he had whispered to her that day. An exquisite memory of his caress made her limbs tremble. Until old Picard spoke again she forgot that he had left her.

"Come," he said; "here is a glade made to match your pretty dress, madame. Let us shelter until the sun remembers that we have had no breakfast. As for those other fellows—"

He did not finish his sentence, for a sound as of horses at the gallop rang out above the murmur of the woods and the patter of the rain. For a while, they listened intently as it drew nearer to them. Beatrix thought for a moment that Edmond's lancers might be coming from Hagenau. Old Picard put his hand to his ear and a strange expression settled upon his face.

"As for those other fellows—you hear their horses, madame?"

"There is some one on the road behind us," she said quickly.

"Ah!" he said, "then I can still

hear. When you are my age you will begin to take your senses out of the cupboard and to see how many are left. I count mine every day. The eyes to see my friend, Mme. Lefort, the taste to admire her, the ears to hear her, the touch which tells me that her hand is the smallest in Alsace—ah, madame, how rich I am! We shall tell those other fellows—ah, there are many of them, then! Do you hear many horses, madame?"

She listened again. Whoever rode toward Niederbronn had urgent business to help him on the way.

"It will be the chasseurs!" she said, with some little excitement, born of the uncertainty. "I saw them this morning upon the road to Hagenau."

"Madame," he exclaimed, "they are not chasseurs; they are——"

Again his sentence was unfinished. He stopped abruptly and took his snuff box from his pocket. When he had dusted his vest very deliberately, he continued:

"They are Prussians, Mme. Lefort—uhlans from across the Rhine. Look at them well. We shall see many in France before the year is out."

He pointed dramatically with his finger as two horsemen rode suddenly into view; their presence was a vindication of his words. Beatrix had seen few German soldiers before that day, and now when she saw these two uhlans, who reined back their horses as much from curiosity as from prudence, she did not believe for a moment that they were not Frenchmen. Certainly their tunics of light blue with the scarlet cuffs and shoulder straps, the eagles upon their helmets, were strange to her. It would be some regiment she had not met with either in Strasburg or in Paris, she thought.

The uhlans halted before the glade, but when they saw a harmless old man with a young girl at his side sheltering from the rain, broad smiles covered their faces and they beckoned to others behind them. There were fifteen in all,

Beatrix counted, sturdy fellows, splashed from head to foot with the mud, sunburnt, bearded, yet well horsed and full of ready activity. One who seemed to be a captain, and who spoke French with a guttural accent, bowed low to her and asked the way to an inn.

"*Mademoiselle,*" he said, "*si vous voulez m'indiquer une auberge par ici.*"

She knew not why it was, but a strange sense of fear and foreboding came to her when she heard the man speak. She did not realize that troopers out of Baden, for such they were, had ridden into France; but a vague consciousness of danger environing her was not to be avoided. Nevertheless, she would have answered the question if old Picard had not been before her.

"*Herr captain,*" he said, "there is an inn five miles from here. You turn to the right."

The uhlans shrugged his shoulders.

"Which means to the left," he said; "and then, *mon ancien?*"

Picard shut his snuff box with a snap.

"And then—you can go to the devil."

The German seemed amused.

"I am on the right road, monsieur," he said; "this is the way to Paris, I believe."

He let his horse go, for one of the sergeants pointed out the red roofs of the buildings peeping up through the glade of the thicket. When he had observed them he bowed again to Beatrix and addressed her, to her infinite surprise, in English as good as her own.

"*Mademoiselle,*" he said, "beware of that old man. He does not tell the truth."

He was gone with the words, and she saw him a few moments later as he rode up to the farm and began to beat loudly upon the door. Old Picard, who was nodding his head and snuffing incessantly, vouchsafed no remark. She, on her part, had viewed the event as

some scene of a play. Uhlans at Niederbronn! She did not believe it even then.

"Oh, M. Picard!" she said, turning her pony suddenly, "you do not mean it? They were not really Germans?"

"Madame," he said, with a shrug of his shoulders, "what I mean or do not mean is of little account."

"But, if they are Germans, what are they doing upon the road to the Niederbronn?"

He stroked his chin.

"They are doing what we should have done an hour ago—they are having their breakfast, my child. Let us go home and imitate them. The sun does not shine any longer upon us. It will be a long time before the sun shines upon France again, dear madame."

She saw that he was very thoughtful, and the sense of unrest and of danger on the road returned to her. If there were Prussian lancers at Niederbronn, would there not be others at Wörth and Hagenau? In that instant, the great truth that this war might, indeed, come to the homes of France was realized by her. Fear for Edmond, a fear she had not known before, began to possess her, and would not be quieted. She asked herself what she was doing there, so far from the chalet, when he might have need of her, or even have sent a second message.

"Oh, let us go!" she said, urging her pony to the road again. "Our place is at home, M. Picard."

He followed her reluctantly and wished to allay her fears.

"Chut, madame! I would not have missed the spectacle for a bucketful of francs. We must get used to it. There will be Germans upon this road every day before the summer is gone. They will not often be so fortunate as those fellows *là bas* who have just seen my little English friend in her muslin gown. And there will be others who will have something to say to them. *Ma foi!*—hark to that. The watch dogs under-

stand the German language, eh! Do they not speak it beautifully?"

He halted his horse again and listened to the strange sounds of mingled voices and the baying of the hounds. Those troopers, then, were arguing with the people of the house! He thought that he could see the horses of some of them through the network of leaf and branch. The road itself was deserted, and the rain began to fall again in heavy drops which glistened upon the flat leaves and gave waves to the puddles. Beatrix could not understand his curiosity; but she feared now to be alone upon the road.

"Oh, M. Picard!" she said at last, "if I were not so cold—"

He sighed at her impatience, and was about to ride on when the report of a rifle shot rang out above the silence of the woods and the patter of the rain. Birds went winging from the trees as the echoes rolled from hill to hill and glade to glade. A loud shouting was heard at the farm—the cries of men who found themselves face to face with death. Two uhlans came galloping wildly up the pass with five horsemen pressing close upon them. They went by, a flash of blue and silver; but one of those who rode after them had a saber in his hand and he struck at the trooper before him.

It was the vision of an instant; the vision of faces set in anger and ferocity, of eyes staring horribly at the images of death they saw; of horses foaming and accoutrements glittering and mud splashing. Yet so real was it that Beatrix cried out when the men passed her. She tried to hide the vision from her eyes, but could not. She feared to see the shining blade fall upon the neck of the uhlan who rode as though he raced with death. No murder committed there, at the roadside, could have filled her with a greater horror.

"Oh, my God, he will kill him!" she cried again and again.

She buried her face in her hands and would let her eyes follow the horse-

men no more. Old Picard, on his part, did not try to help her. The spectacle was as wine to him. Blood coursed through the blue veins of his cheeks and forehead. He gripped the reins until his nails cut the flesh. He did not know that the rain fell upon his face or that the sun had ceased to shine. The story that he tried to tell her was almost incoherent.

"The hussars from Bitche—eh, madame! Do you not see that they give them their breakfast? They were in the house, then—they were at the farm. *Ma foi*, what a meeting, what a dish! Keep close to me, child. Do not look at them. They are the hussars from Bitche. The splendid fellows!"

He drove his horse before her and began to breathe quickly as a hunted animal. One of the uhlans had ridden through the gates of the farm and a French hussar was at his heels. No race at Longchamps or Chantilly was like that race for life up the road of the pass. Old Picard saw that the pursued was the officer who had spoken to him at the glade. He did not bear him any grudge, yet the desire to see him die was strong. It was as though the troops of France had sounded the horn and started a fox from the thicket. The game must be killed; that was all. And the hussars would kill it. He read their ferocity in their faces. The hunted man was their prey. They were as beasts hungering for blood. All that they had learned in barracks and upon the field schooled them to this lust of blood. The very excitement of it sent them rolling in their saddles; the intoxication of it was almost delirium. "*En avant, en avant!*" The cry was hardly human. It was the scream of men who hasten to see another die.

Twenty paces from the tree where—under Beatrix stood, the end came. One of the Frenchmen, seeing that the uhlan's horse outpaced his own, drew a revolver and fired wildly at the stooping figure before him. There was no sign upon the instant that the bullet

had hit its mark; but when the doomed man had come up almost to the tree he raised himself in his saddle and threw his arms above his head. Beatrix saw his face, a smile seemed to play upon it. For a moment the smile hovered there; then, suddenly, a white shadow crept up from chin to forehead, the eyes set to a wild stare, blood gushed from the mouth; the trooper fell headlong from his horse and lay dead at her feet.

"*La France, La France!*"

Twenty voices took up the cry in frenzied triumph. Other horses galloped by upon the road to Wörth. The uhlan lay face downward in the mud. She beheld old Picard, hat in hand, pay his tribute to the dead. She heard him speak to her, but his voice seemed an echo of a voice far off.

"My child," he said, "the sun does not shine upon us any more. Let us go home."

His words awakened her as from a horrid sleep. The rain fell in torrents on the open road of the pass. She shuddered to her very heart, but it was not from the cold.

·VIII.

SHE did not ride to Hagenau on the morrow, for the *facteur* brought a letter saying that the regiment was still waiting to complete its numbers, and had need of many things. Three days of suspense intolerable passed; but on the morning of the fourth a trooper, who had been in the saddle half the night, galloped to the chalet at dawn and brought the great news that the Sixth were upon the road to Wörth and would be camped on the Niederwald before the sun set. MacMahon's army was on the march at last, the fellow said. He would join de Failly at Bitche and thereafter unite with Bazaine to give battle to the Prussians who were marching to the Rhine. Madame would see the captain that evening. He was bringing four of his brother of-

ficers to dinner. Tomorrow the regiment would rest, but the next day it would march again. He himself must ride into the village of Elsasshausen and billet the others who would come after. But he could drink a bottle of wine—and he had not eaten for twenty hours.

Guillaumette took the trooper to the kitchen, and kept him there until the bell for mass was ringing. Already, on the highroad below, the signs of the coming invasion were many. Jaded infantrymen, gunners with mud upon their very faces, weary horses stumbling through the mire, heavy wagons rolling in the ruts, horsemen crying out for food and wine, companies of Turcos and zouaves, the outposts of cuirassiers, staff officers who rode at the gallop—all these began to block the road from Hagenau and even the by paths through the woods. The rolling of the drums and the blare of the bugles were incessant. Rain fell pitilessly, so that the very brooks were as muddy rivers, and all the thickets droned to the babbling music of the swollen torrents. Far away toward the south, the sky was an unbroken envelope of mist. The gloom of the day was intense and infectious, so that men marched listlessly and with heavy feet which squelched in the clinging mud. Many a cottage had been already deserted. The women fled to the hills before the advancing hosts. The armies of France marched on over the hearts of France.

Beatrix spent the day in a work of love which brought color to her cheeks again and the light to her eyes. She would see Edmond that night, if it were but for an instant. The link which the fatal day had broken would for an hour be welded again. That sense of utter loneliness, which had been with her always since he had left her, was forgotten in the new thought of his return. The sight which she had seen upon the road to Niederbronn, the dead uhlan lying face downward in the mud—the first blood offering to those who cried,

"Let there be war!" had taken so grim a hold upon her imagination that she thought death alone would obliterate the memory. Fear for herself, whom all had forsaken, fear for the house and her home, dread of the solitude of the hills which war had awakened, was hers no more. Edmond was coming back. She would show him that she had learned the lesson: that she could suffer, if need be, for the country wherein she had found so great a happiness.

It was a busy day, and she tried to see nothing, to hear nothing, of those sights and sounds upon the highroads. There were roses to gather from her garden, and dinner to be thought of, and rooms to be made right, and a hundred little things to do. Even Guillaumette's despair could not trouble her. Edmond was coming back. There was a moment when she said to herself that she could wish he was coming alone; but she rebuked her own selfishness and went on with her work.

"We must do our best, Guillaumette. They will not expect too much now. Captain Chandellier comes and Major de Selay. We must put them in the white room. If Lieutenant Giraud is with them, he must sleep in the nursery——"

Guillaumette clapped her hands.

"*Oh, je connais Giraud, madame—quel homme!* He is the great big boy—*comme ça. Il mange la soupe avec un sabre!—hein.* He will eat us up, madame. And the Capitaine Chandellier—*gros lolo, gros talon—ma foi,* and we have but two pigeons and a cabbage for the soup!"

"Jacob shall ride to the village," Beatrix said. "They will have eggs and poultry at the farm. I will go there myself."

"*Mais, madame!* Look at the road and say how you shall go. Red and blue, red and blue—and the cannons everywhere, and the great fellows who know a pretty face, and the little fellows who must stand on tiptoe to kiss you—*oh, je connais ces gens-là, moi.* And I

shall be the *capitaine* in this house. Monsieur has wished it. Do not fear for me, madame. Guillaumette knows the chasseurs. I shall go to the farm, and the sergeants will stand upon the tiptoes. *Cela m'est egal!* I box the face—oh, I have done it often!"

She would take no denial, and all that day she was alternately singing and complaining in her kitchen.

"Cent mille francs—quel un vilain poulet—sont attrayants s'ils ne manquent pas de poissons morbleu!—et un choufleur—fait flotter mon âme incertaine."

Beatrix found the merry voice tuned to her own new gotten gaiety. Since that day of love's pilgrimage to Niederbronn the burden of the hours had been a heavy one; but now she had cast it off and had forgotten that tomorrow she must take it up again. Everything in her home reminded her of Edmond. Sometimes she would stand before her glass to ask herself if he would find her changed, with eyes less bright and cheeks that lacked their color. But the mirror told no such tale. There was laughter upon the pretty face it showed to her; a flush of pink suffused the clear white skin; the glossy black hair curled about the open forehead and fell bewitchingly over the little ears. And she had put on the muslin gown and the sunbonnet he loved. Those who saw her at the door of the chalet where she stood waiting for him would have named her as some pretty schoolgirl, returned to her home from a convent. Yesterday, they would have said that she was a woman who had learned some of the lessons which life can teach.

The pitiless rain had ceased early in the afternoon, and for a little while the sun shone warm and clear upon the woods. Down there upon the road to Strasburg all the armies of France seemed to be blocked in confusion inextricable. Cuirassiers with dulled breastplates, hussars with bedraggled shakos, artillerymen lashing their horses, aides de camp roaring oaths,

wagons locked together, gun carriages stuck in the ditches, staff officers threatening, peasants mad with terror—all these poured in toward Wörth and the camps which MacMahon had found for them there. Even on the heights above the valley the woodland scene had quickened to the note of music and the tramping of the squadrons. Watch fires sent their smoke curling above the shading trees; troopers stood at the cottage doors and clamored loudly for bread and wine; horsemen passed the chalet riding wildly to Reichshofen and to Bitche. The very air seemed full of unrest; the birds winged upward, fearing the cries they heard in the woods below them.

From sunset onward Beatrix never left the watching place by the garden gate. Every little pennant fluttering upon a lance down there on the highroad could make her heart tremble and bring blood to her cheeks. She was surprised that all this stress and toil of war moved her so little. The red fires burning in the woods, the echoes of the drums, the flying horsemen, all seemed in harmony with that hour of expectation. Edmond was coming home. Those who had no home, begging of her for the children's sake as they fled to the mountains, moved her to an infinite pity. She saw their little wealth piled upon carts and wagons; she saw the children hungry and outcast before this wave of war, and her heart bled for them. If she had been an outcast with them, holding a child in her arms and knowing not whether tomorrow would give life or death! But she was all blest. Edmond was coming back to her.

He came at sunset, galloping up the highroad on his heavy charger. The mud had whitened his boots and found its way even to the dark blue tunic and the red plumes of his helmet. Fitful as the sunshine of the week had been, it had bronzed his face and robbed his hands of their whiteness. His mustache drooped with the damp, but his

eyes were lighted with all the fires of excitement and of love; and she heard his loud cry of salutation even while she was asking herself if, indeed, he had come.

And so she ran to meet him, and holding her in his arms and whispering

her name again and again, he crushed her pretty dress against the buttons of his tunic and covered her face with kisses and seemed as though nevermore would he release her. And in that moment she had her recompense for all the hours of waiting and distress.

(To be continued.)



A LOVE SONG.

UNTIL I looked into your face
 And heard your voice in song,
 This world was but an empty place,
 And dark with woe and wrong;
 But when you smiled and when you spoke—
 Ah, when I heard your voice—
 The sleeping soul within me woke
 And made my heart rejoice!

And made my heart rejoice, my love,
 And made my heart rejoice,
 For never note of cooing dove,
 Or sound below, or sound above,
 Was sweeter than your voice, my love,
 Was sweeter than your voice!

The world grew fair with sudden light,
 And pleasant with perfume,
 As when the sun has vanquished night
 And roses burst in bloom;
 And all the bells in heaven rang
 A rapturous melody,
 That filled and thrilled me when you sang,
 For love had come to me!

For love had come to me, my own,
 For love had come to me,
 And all the joys that I had known
 Were not so sweet as this alone,
 This love that e'er shall be, my own,
 This love that e'er shall be!

Arthur Grissom.

FAMOUS PEACE TREATIES.

BY GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

THE CORNER OF THE STATE DEPARTMENT IN WHICH ARE KEPT THE ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS OF COMPACTS THAT HAVE BEEN LANDMARKS IN OUR HISTORY—PAGES FROM SOME OF THE MOST FAMOUS TREATIES, WITH THEIR SEALS AND SIGNATURES.

WHEN England realized that she could never reconquer the united colonies, negotiations were opened for concluding a treaty of peace. The meeting of the peace commissioners, held in Paris, was prolonged by differences which resulted in adjournments from time to time for the purpose of getting new instructions. There were neither ocean cables nor steamships in those days, and communication was slow. The commissioners were a long time in agreeing on provisional or preliminary articles, which were signed finally on the 13th of November, 1782, by Richard Oswald, commissioner of King George, and John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, John Jay, and Henry Laurens on behalf of the United States.

John Adams wrote of the making of this treaty that "we had been very industrious, having been at it forenoon, afternoon, and evening, ever since my arrival, either with one another or with the English gentlemen." "We hope the terms we have obtained will be satisfactory," said Franklin in a letter to Livingston; "though to secure our main points we may have yielded too much in favor of the royalists."

Evidently England did not think the American commissioners had yielded too much to the royalists, for it was not until August 6, 1783, that George III ratified the treaty. On the 3d of September following, a definitive treaty, which was practically the same as the

preliminary treaty, was signed at Paris, and on January 14, 1784, it was confirmed by Congress. But such was the delay in communication between the countries that it was the 9th of April when the king set the seal of his approval on it and it became effective. David Hartley—who as member of Parliament for Hull had strongly opposed the war with the American colonies—had succeeded Oswald as the British commissioner, and his name appears in the signatures reproduced on page 366.

This treaty, which gave us our existence as a nation, was undoubtedly the most important treaty ever negotiated by the United States. It is, therefore, the most interesting in the collection of these documents on file in the library of the State Department. Plain wooden cases, lining the walls of a plain room, hold the treaties. Some of them are in cylinders, some in boxes, some in portfolios, and one—a Chinese production—is in a bag. They are seldom taken from their cupboards, because printed copies of them are in the files, and the only object in taking out the originals is to examine them curiously and to study the fading signatures of the men who have played so important a part in American history.

The next important treaty to be added to the collection in the State Department will be the treaty with Spain. As the war of 1808 was briefer than that of 1776, so the negotiation of the treaty of peace is expected to be

Duplicate.

In the Name of the most
Holy & undivided Trinity.

I having pleased the divine Pro-
vidence to dispose the Hearts of the most
Serene and most Potent Prince George the
third, by the Grace of God, King of Great
Britain, France & Ireland, Defender of
the Faith, Duke of Brunswick and
Lunenburg, Arch-Treasurer, and Prince
Elect of the Holy Roman Empire &c. &c.
and of the United States of America
to forget all past Misunderstandings and
Differences that have unhappily interrup-
ted the good Correspondence and Friendship
which they mutually wish to restore; and
to establish such a beneficial and satisfac-
tory Intercourse between the two Coun-
tries upon the Ground of reciprocal Advantage
and mutual Convenience as may prove
and secure to both perpetual Peace & Harmony

In Witness whereof, We the
United States of America, and of the
Catalan, Charly, have signed, by their
of Our Powers, the present Treaty of Peace,
Solemn and Final, and have likewise
affixed our Seal respectively.

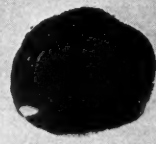
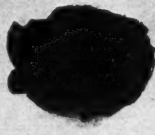
Done at Washington, this Twenty
second day of February, One Thousand Eight
Hundred and Nineteen.

John Quincy Adams

John Quincy Adams

En fe de lo qual nosotros los
Ayuntamientos Representantes de S. M. C. M.
y de las Indias, Reyes de España, firmos
firmados en virtud de nuestros Poderes, el presente
Tratado de Paz, de Derecho de las Naciones, y
Amigos, y lo hemos puesto nuestros sellos
respetivos.

Hecho en Washington, a veinte
y dos de febrero de mil ochocientos diez y
nueve.



John Quincy Adams

more rapid, and possibly before the 1st of January, 1899, the exchange copies will be on file at Washington.

Our first treaty was negotiated with France in 1778, before our national independence had been established. King Louis signed it on behalf of France,

treaties which are now sent to other governments from Washington. These are written with the pen in ordinary script on heavy white paper, of a distinctive weight and quality, known as "treaty paper." The text of the treaty is written, usually in English only, on



CABINET IN THE LIBRARY OF THE STATE DEPARTMENT, IN WHICH THE ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS OF TREATIES ARE KEPT. THE ORNAMENTAL CASE STANDING OPEN ON THE SHELF IS THE COVER OF THE FLORIDA TREATY. ABOVE IT, TO THE RIGHT, IS THE COVER OF THE TREATY OF GUADALUPE HIDALGO.

and Benjamin Franklin, Silas Dean, and Arthur Lee as commissioners of the Continental Congress. The copy on file in the State Department is written on parchment. A blue and gold cord attaches to it the seal of brown wax enclosed in a round box of solid silver. The private seal of the French king is on the top of this silver seal box. The treaty is written in French and English.

There is no record at Washington of the kind of treaty sent to France in exchange for this rather ornate document; but it was probably at least as severe in its simplicity as the copies of

both sides of these sheets, an ample margin being defined by a border line of black and a parallel line of red ink. There is no other ornamentation unless the clerk who does the copy work chooses to make an illuminated initial letter or title page.

The sheets are bound together finally with silk ribbon. A small red seal is affixed opposite each signature, and the great seal of the State Department is stamped on the final leaf. There is no silver box attached nor any wax seal.

The English copy of the treaty closing the Revolutionary War is written in a plain business hand, beginning "In

This Article is to have the same force and virtue as if inserted in the Treaty to which it is an addition.

In faith whereof, we, the respective Plenipotentiaries have signed the Additional and Secret Article, and have hereunto affixed our seals respectively. Done in Duplicate at the City of Guadalupe Hidalgo on the second day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-eight.

En fe del cual, nosotros respectivos Plenipotenciarios hemos firmado y sellado este artículo adicional y secreto. Hecho por quintuplicado en la Ciudad de Guadalupe Hidalgo el segundo día de Febrero del año de Nuestro Señor mil ochocientos cuarenta y ocho.

A. P. Witt.

Bernardo Covato

Luis G. Cuevas

Wm. J. Brittain

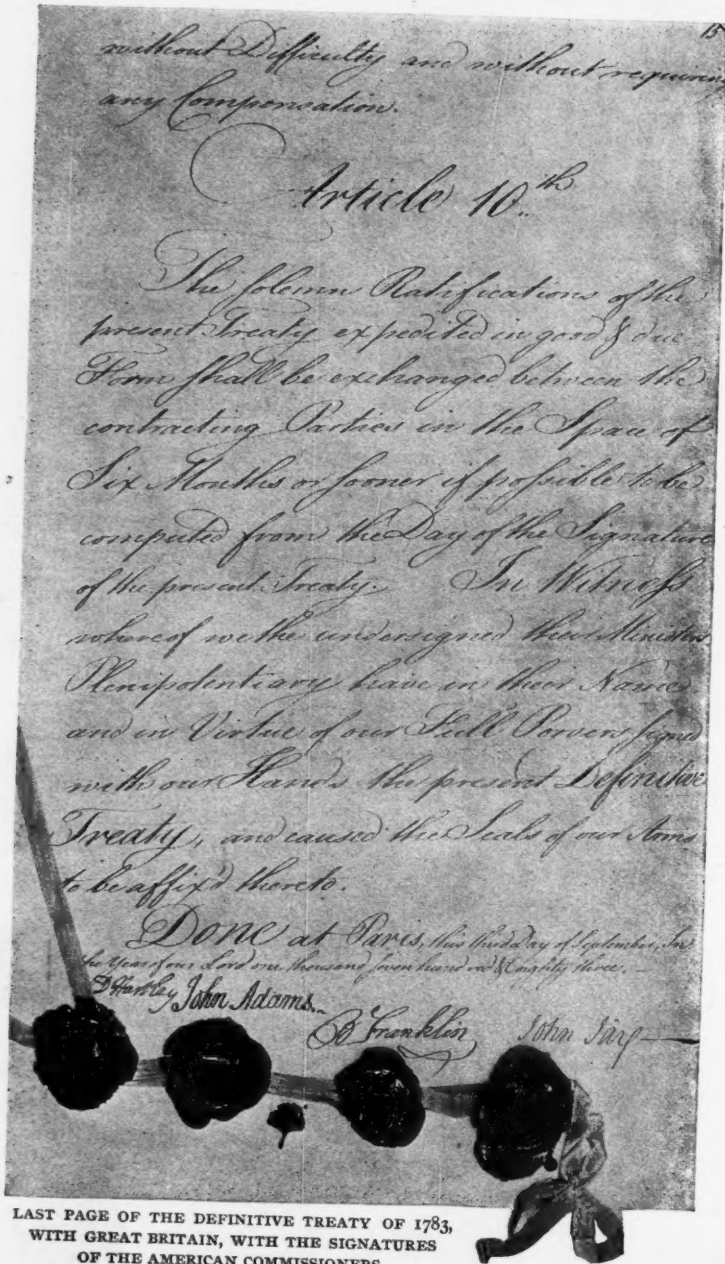
Bernardo Covato

Luis G. Cuevas

Wm. J. Brittain

A. P. Witt.

the Name of the Most Holy and Undivided Trinity." It is signed by wax seal inclosed in a silver box six inches in diameter.



LAST PAGE OF THE DEFINITIVE TREATY OF 1783,
WITH GREAT BRITAIN, WITH THE SIGNATURES
OF THE AMERICAN COMMISSIONERS.

"George R." Its ribbons are finished off with tassels of red silk and gold cord, and are fastened together with a

Our treaty of 1814 with Great Britain is much more ornate. It is bound in a cover of red velvet, with the crest of the



LAST PAGE OF THE EXCHANGE COPY OF THE TREATY OF GUADA-
LUPE HIDALGO, WITH SIGNATURES AND SEALS.

To all and singular to whom these
presents shall come, Greeting:

Be it known, That I, James Ma-
dison, president of the United States of
America, having seen and considered
the within treaty, do, by and with the
the advice and consent of the Se-
nate thereof, accept, ratify, and
confirm the same, and enjoin
the same, and articles thereof



testimony whereof I have
caused the seal of the
said United States to be
hereunto affixed, and
given the same with
my hand.

Done at the City of

Washington, this
seventeenth day
of February, in
the year of our
Lord one thousand
and eight hundred
and eight, and of the
independence of the
United States the
thirty-eighth.

James Madison

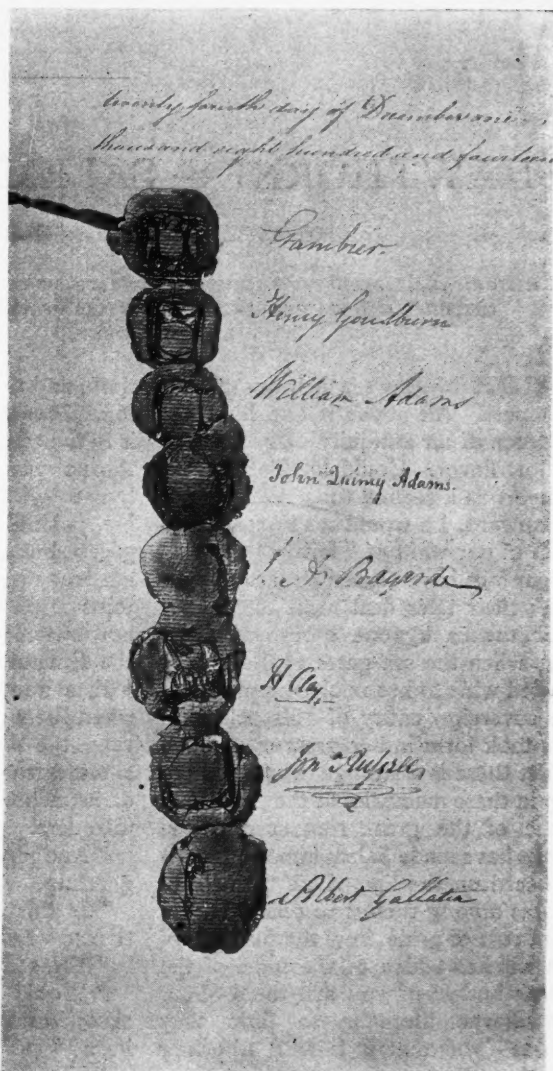
PRESIDENT MADISON'S INDORSEMENT OF THE TREATY OF GHENT, SHOWING THE OLD PAPER SEAL OF THE UNITED STATES.

Prince of Wales embroidered on it in gold cord. The seal is inclosed in a silver gilt box more than seven inches in diameter, ornamented on the lid with the seal of Great Britain.

This compact, which closed the fruitless and destructive conflict of 1812, was negotiated in the historic Flemish city of Ghent. The American peace commissioners were John Quincy Adams, James Bayard, Henry Clay—who had left the speaker's chair in the House to serve on this mission—Jonathan Russell, and Albert Gallatin; the British representatives, Lord Gambier, Henry Goulburn, and William Adams. The agreement provided for a cessation of the hostilities of which both countries had grown weary, the restitution of territory that had been occupied by British troops—with the exception of the islands of Grand and Petit Manan, the ownership of which was left to be settled by later negotiations—and the appointment of a commission to draw a frontier line between Canada and the United States.

The tardy pace at which news traveled in those days is illustrated by the fact that the battle of New Orleans was fought more than two weeks after

the final affixing of the commissioners' signatures to the treaty of peace. Had the electric telegraph been in existence, a message over its magic wire would have prevented the useless slaughter of brave men.



LAST PAGE OF THE TREATY OF GHENT, WITH THE SIGNATURES OF THE BRITISH AND AMERICAN COMMISSIONERS.



HAWTHORNE'S SALEM HAUNTS.

BY RUFUS ROCKWELL WILSON.

THE HISTORICAL MASSACHUSETTS CITY MADE FAMOUS BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SCARLET LETTER," AND ITS REMAINING MEMORIALS OF THE GREAT NOVELIST'S LIFE AND WORK.

SALEM by the sea belongs to the past. All about it one feels the presence of an antiquity of genial and mellow flavor. Could De Tocqueville come to us a second time, and wander Salemward, he would no longer complain of our want of "finished towns." Salem folk have ceased to face the future; their tales deal most often with their town's bygone glory, with the days when the sea gates of the Orient opened wide to her noble shipping and the sovereign entity of Massachusetts first took form in her greatest seaport.

Yet there is a strange, a melancholy gap in these memories of the past. The name of the great romancer whose books have made Salem famous is rarely heard on the lips of his townsmen. Scores among them will relate, with a grim sort of pride, how the burning of the witches added to the fame of the town; but when you ask them about Hawthorne there is so little they can tell you that it is with a feeling closely akin to sadness that one seeks to find traces of Salem's rarest genius in his old haunts and home.

Hawthorne was born in a house still standing in Union Street, Salem, amid surroundings which must always have been dull, and which are now wholly squalid, if not disreputable. The house, built before the time of the witchcraft delusion, and bought by Hawthorne's grandfather in 1772, is a plain structure of small size, with a gambrel roof, and with a single large chimney in the center. The front is flush with the side-

walk, and the stone door steps projecting. Save for a modern front door, it is in the same condition as when Hawthorne was born—an eight roomed house with an attic in the gable, painted a somber drab, with pale green shutters to the windows. A small garden, equal in area to the house, adjoins it on the north. The house is now owned and occupied by a native of the Emerald Isle, blessed with a wife with a mind and will of her own, for when the writer and his artist comrade rang the door bell one morning last summer they were met by a brawny dame, who glowered savagely at the intruders.

"And phwat do yez want?" was her greeting.

"Is this the house in which Hawthorne was born?"

"Yis, sor."

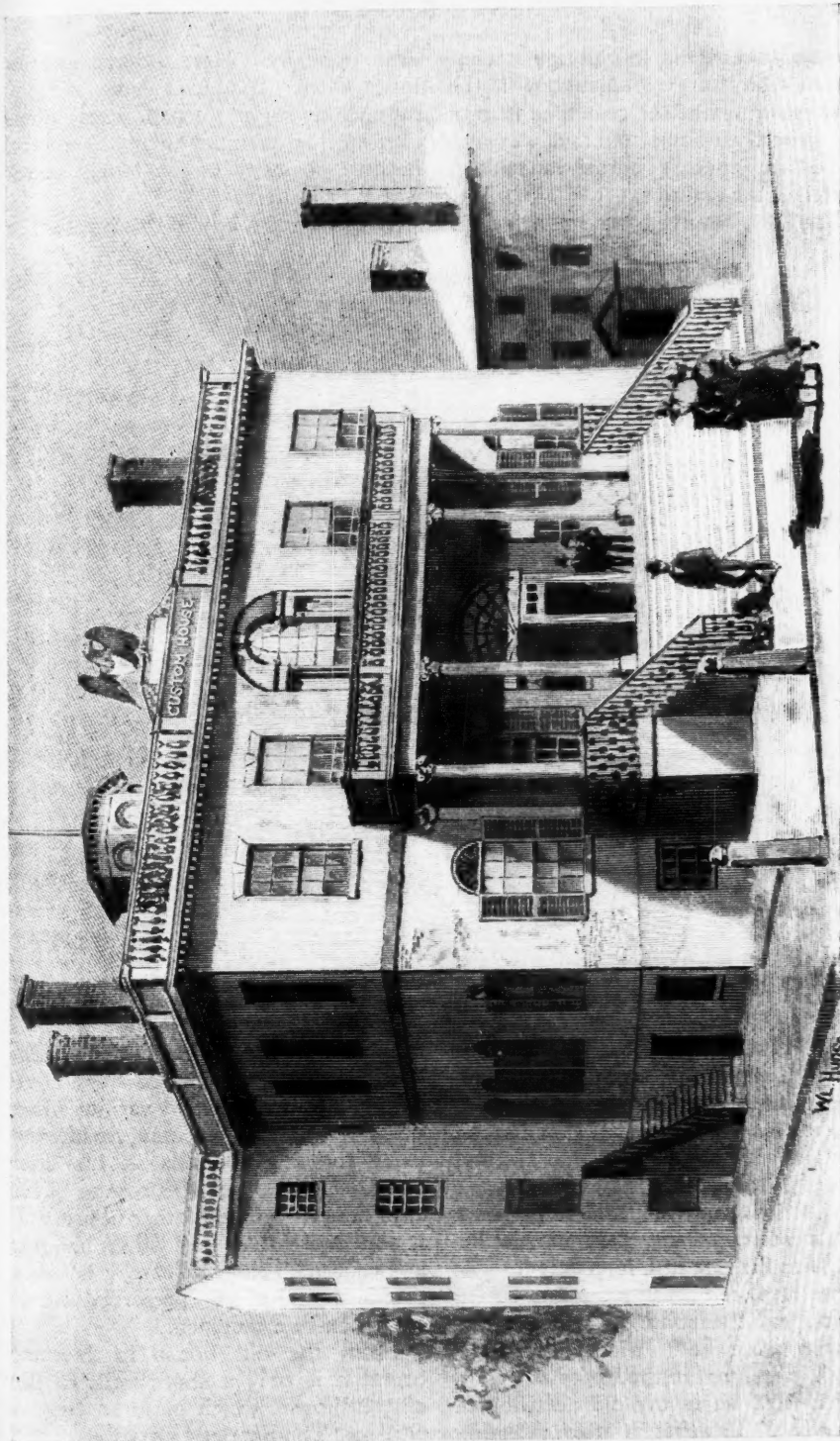
"Would you allow us to make a sketch of the room in which he was born?"

"No, sor; it's private property. I allows no one in me house."

"But we have come a long way to see it and to make a sketch of it. We are willing to pay you for the privilege," the artist interjected.

"I don't care if yez come from the inds of the wurruld," was the unaccommodating reply. "You don't come into me house for a hoondred dollars."

The writer now put forth all the powers of persuasion at his command, and the guardian of the dwelling, relenting in a measure, described the interior of



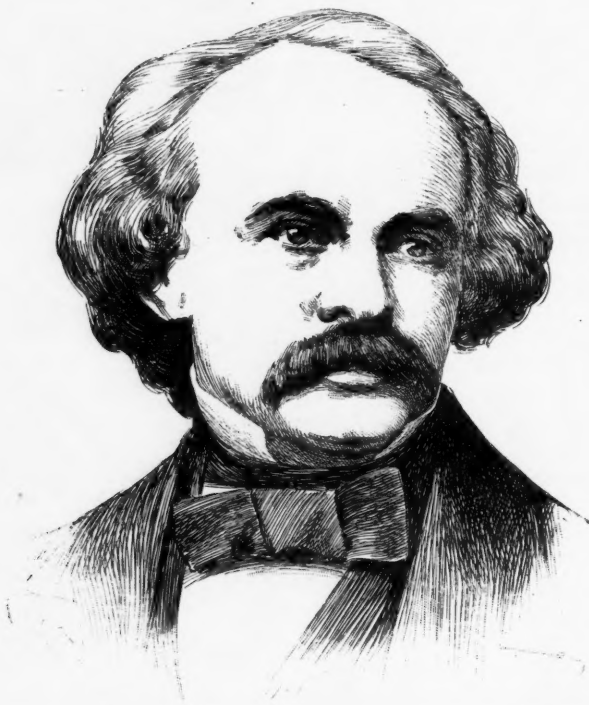
THE OLD SALEM CUSTOM HOUSE, WHICH PLAYS SO LARGE A PART IN "THE SCARLET LETTER," AND WHICH WAS NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE'S HEADQUARTERS DURING HIS TERM OF OFFICE AS SURVEYOR OF THE PORT OF SALEM, 1846 TO 1849.

the house and the few things it contained which are associated with the Hawthornes; but she remained firm in her refusal to admit us, and we were forced to content ourselves with a sketch of the exterior.

The loss, however, was not a serious

days gone by. Here I have written many tales. Should I have a biographer, he ought to make great mention of this chamber in my memoirs, because so much of my lonely youth was wasted here."

It was while a boy in this house that



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. BORN AT SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS, JULY 4, 1804;
DIED AT PLYMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE, MAY 19, 1864.

one. Hawthorne's father died when he was four years old, and the family removed to a house on Herbert Street, owned by his maternal grandfather, Richard Manning. In the Herbert Street house much of Hawthorne's boyhood was passed, and it played a far more important part in his life than did the one in Union Street. The house has been much altered in recent years, but the room in which Hawthorne wrote the "Twice Told Tales" is still preserved in the upper story.

"Here I sit in my old accustomed chamber," he wrote in 1840, referring to this room, "where I used to sit in

he played in the old fashioned coaches belonging to his uncle's stage company. He lived there at various times while a boy and a young man, and twice for brief periods in his later years. All in all, he spent more of his days here than in any other house, and it was more than any other his real home. Such being the case, it is a pity that it should not be preserved otherwise than as a tenement.

From the old house in Herbert Street it is only a short walk to the custom house, which plays so large a part in "The Scarlet Letter," as it did also in the life of the author. Haw-



THE OLD HOUSE IN CHARTER STREET, SALEM, WHICH HAWTHORNE DESCRIBED AS THE DWELLING OF "DR. GRIMSHAWE."

thorne was made surveyor of the port of Salem in 1846, and the stencil with which he marked inspected goods was shown us by his successor, together with the desk at which he sat and the room in which he worked. The custom house itself can have changed but little during the last fifty years—a roomy edifice of brick, with the Stars and Stripes floating from the loftiest point of its roof. An enormous American eagle, with bolts and arrows in each of its heavily gilded claws, stands sentinel above the entrance, which is reached by a flight of wide granite steps leading up from the street.

All these things were there in Hawthorne's time, but we sought in vain for the rows of venerable figures sitting in old fashioned chairs—the decrepit sea captains, sketched with so much spirit and with such exquisite humor in the introduction to "The Scarlet Letter." Time has taken the

last of them, and they come no more to visit their old haunts at the end of Derby Wharf.

I am afraid that Hawthorne did not do these old sea rovers full justice. At their best, they were the mighty men of a splendid era. They carried the American flag to remote lands, where, until their coming, it had been an unknown ensign, and made their native Salem one of the great seaports of the world. But their glory was fleeting. Salem's commercial importance, even in Hawthorne's time, was dwindling into insignificance, and its custom house had already become a forlorn, vacant looking place. Time has only served to accentuate its forlornness, so that the impression we brought away from it was a dreary and depressing one; and yet it is the scene of one of the finest bits of autobiographical writing in our language—proof of the power of genius to turn the basest metal into pure gold.



THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES, BUILT ABOUT 1662, AND FOR MANY YEARS THE PROPERTY OF THE INGERSOLLS, RELATIVES OF THE HAWTHORNES.

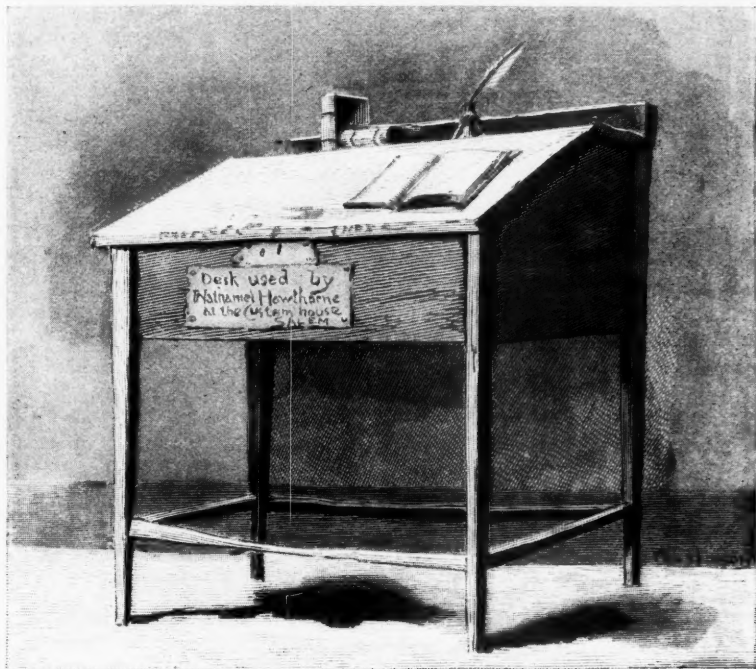
After visits to Union and Herbert Streets and the custom house, the lover of Hawthorne, set down in Salem, is sure to seek the location of the "House of the Seven Gables," where that grim spinster, *Miss Hepzibah Pyncheon*, opened her shop and kept her pathetic, solitary vigil; but ere his quest is ended he will find to his sorrow that the Pyncheon house never had existence in wood and plaster, and at best is to be considered only as the type of the houses built in Salem in the latter half of the seventeenth century. "These edifices," says Hawthorne himself, "were built in one generally accordant style, though with such subordinate variety as keeps the beholder's curiosity excited and causes each structure, like its owner's character, to produce its own peculiar impression."

However, an old house on Turner Street, Salem, is often referred to as "The House of the Seven Gables," and toward it, after leaving the custom house, we made our way. The structure in question, built about 1662, was for many years the property of the Ingersoll family, relatives of the Hawthornes, and the great author was a frequent visitor there. Tradition has it that on one of these visits Miss Ingersoll told him that the house had once had seven gables, and taking him to the attic showed him the beams and mortises to prove her statement. Coming down the stairway Hawthorne is said to have repeated, half aloud, "That sounds well," and soon after the romance bearing the name appeared.

"The Tales of Grandfather's Chair" are also reputed to have had their ori-

gin in the Turner Street house. On one of his visits there Hawthorne complained that he was written out and could think of nothing more. Turning to him and pointing to an old armchair that had long been in the family, Miss Ingersoll said: "Why don't you write about this old chair? There must be

closely associated with the life and memory of Hawthorne. In 1828 his family went to live on Dearborn Street, in North Fields, and remained there until 1832, when they returned to Herbert Street. This house then stood on the present site of No. 31 Dearborn Street, and is now No. 26. After re-



THE DESK AT WHICH NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE SAT AS SURVEYOR OF THE PORT OF SALEM, NOW PRESERVED AT THE ESSEX INSTITUTE.

many stories connected with it." The suggestion proved a happy one, and from this incident the charming volume published in 1841 is said to have come. Moreover, it was a member of the Ingersoll family who told Hawthorne the story of the Acadians, which, given by Hawthorne to Longfellow, finally took form in "Evangeline." Pondering over these interesting legends, as one rambles about the old house, one feels himself as near to the great romancer as, perhaps, we can ever come to the dead.

Besides those already mentioned there are four other houses in Salem

turning to Herbert Street, the Hawthornes remained there until 1838. Then Nathaniel was absent from Salem for several years, coming back to the Herbert Street house in 1845 with his young wife, to board for ten months. In 1846 he went to live at No. 14 Chestnut Street, then and now the most fashionable street in Salem.

In the following year he moved to No. 12 Mall Street, a narrow cross street. In this house he wrote his greatest romance, "The Scarlet Letter," and here James T. Fields found him in the winter of 1849, "alone in a chamber over a sittingroom of the dwelling,

hovering near the stove." He left this house a year later, when he went away from Salem for good. These three houses are standing today, and all are in a good state of preservation, those in Dearborn and Mall Streets being notably odd and picturesque.

Neither of them, however, is much

up and down the street through an oval window on each side—its characteristic decent respectability not sinking below the boundary of the genteel." This is still a faithful description, but the surroundings must now, it seemed to me, be at least a degree drearier than they were in Hawthorne's time.



NO. 21 UNION STREET, SALEM, WHERE NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE WAS BORN. THE HOUSE WAS BOUGHT BY HIS GRANDFATHER IN 1772.

visited by Hawthorne pilgrims, who also, I am told, usually fail to seek out the old house in Charter Street, at the corner of an ancient burial ground, once the home of Dr. Peabody, the father of Mrs. Hawthorne. In the world of romance which Hawthorne created this was the dwelling of *Dr. Grimshawe*, and perhaps also of *Grand-sir Dolliver*. He describes it for us as "a three story wooden house, perhaps a century old, low studded, with a square front, standing right upon the street, and a small inclosed porch, containing the main entrance, affording a glimpse

The witchcraft delusion, that sinister outbreak of bigotry and superstition, has left its reminders here and there in Salem, and to them the sentimental pilgrim is sure to devote a portion of his sojourn in the old town. A bronze tablet, near the corner of Washington and Lynde Streets, marks the site of the old court house, where in 1692 nearly a score of men and women were tried for witchcraft and condemned to a speedy death on the gallows. In one of the rooms in the new court house the documents used at these trials, including the one death warrant remaining—

that of Bridget Bishop—together with the grim record of the poor creature's execution, and the pins said to have been used by the witches to inflict torture upon their victims, are still preserved for the inspection of the curious.

The writer and his comrade went by the route taken by the sorry processions of two centuries ago to Gallows Hill, where nineteen persons were hanged before the sanguinary delusion spent its force, and found it only a modest bit of pasture land, smiling and peaceful under the grateful sun of early summer. On the way back to town we paused to visit the Witch House, the oldest structure standing, so far as known, in Salem. Its chief interest to the men of a later time lies in its age, and in the fact that it was the home of sturdy Roger Williams before he fled from bigoted and fanatical Salem to found in the wilderness the free colony of Rhode Island. No witch ever played mischievous pranks under its roof, and the only ground for its name is the tradition that the preliminary examinations of some of those charged with witchcraft took place there.

The witches always had a special interest for Hawthorne, who breathed new life into so many chapters of Salem history, and his touch never fails to acquire a deeper vividness whenever they came in his way. "While we supposed," he writes in one place, "the old man to be reading the Bible to his old wife—she meanwhile knitting in the chimney corner—the pair of hoary reprobates have whisked up the chimney, both on one broom stick, and have flown away to a witch communion, far into the depths of the chill, dark forest. How foolish! Were it only fear of rheumatic pains in their old bones, they had better have stayed at home. But away they went, and the laughter of their decayed, cackling voices has been heard at midnight, aloft in the air. Now, in the sunny noontide, as they go tottering to the gallows, it is the devil's turn to laugh."

And calling to mind this passage, vivid as the lightning's flash, we felt something of the joy of original discoverers when we learned from a local antiquarian the little known fact that Hawthorne wrote a number of tales having witches for their subject matter, which were declared by the privileged few who saw them to be more powerful as conceptions of weird and fantastic horror than anything ever penned by Poe, Hoffman, or Fitz-James O'Brien. These tales never emerged from the manuscript state, and, for some unknown reason, were finally burned by their author; but we would have given much to have had them at hand when we made our pilgrimage to the places associated with the memory of the witchcraft madness.

From youth to old age Hawthorne was fond of the open air, and much of his writing was thought out in advance during long, solitary rambles through meadow and wood. North Fields was his favorite haunt in and around Salem, and with reason, for the scenery there in his day must have been of more than ordinary charm—bright, fresh, green fields in early summer, and wonderfully beautiful foliage in autumn, to say nothing of the great orchards with their red and golden fruit. His "Note Book" testifies to the love he had for this section of country. He walked and bathed here repeatedly, and under the date of June 18, 1835, records:

"A walk in North Salem in the decline of yesterday afternoon—beautiful weather, bright, sunny, with a western or northern wind just cool enough, and slight superfluity of heat. The verdure, both of trees and grass, is now in its prime, the leaves elastic, all life." The various objects which he saw, near and far, he mentions with much minuteness, and he "bathed in the cove, overhung with maples and walnuts, the water cool and thrilling."

Again he paints for us a delightful picture of the view in the evening from the opposite shore of the North River:

"A view of the town mirrored in the water, towers of churches, houses, with here and there a light, gleaming near the shore above, and more faintly glimmering under water." This was the middle of September. A month later he writes: "Some of the oaks are now a deep brown red, others are changed to a light green." It is two years later—October, 1837—before he records any more tramps in this direction, although no doubt he took others. Then it is "a walk in North Fields in the afternoon. Oaks, some brown, some reddish, some still green, walnuts yellow." Cold Spring was visited as usual.

Salem Neck was also much frequented, and "A Walk Down to the Junipers" opens "The American Note Book." The author returned through the almshouse grounds, and "stopped a good while to look at the pigs," about whom he moralizes at length. This was in 1835. In August of the year following Hawthorne walks down to the shore near the hospital, and another time it is a walk to the Junipers and Winter Island, where he notes the

white sails, the somber gloom of partial sunshine, the beach birds, and the sea, "roughly rushing against the shore and dashing against the rocks and grating over the sands."

On a late October day in 1836 he walks through Dark Lane and home through Danvers, noting the autumnal landscape. The following October he records a walk through Beverly, over Brown's Hill and home through Danvers, which could not have been less than ten miles. Two days later he spent the whole afternoon in a ramble to the seashore near Phillips Beach, another ten mile tramp, and the "Note Book" tells us of other walks to different parts of the surrounding country. Hawthorne often covered twelve or fifteen miles in an afternoon, and when not working on some sketch or story seems to have been constantly on the tramp.

Hawthorne took farewell of Salem in 1850, never in after years returning to make his home there. He rests now in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery at Concord, with Emerson and Thoreau beside him, miles away from the town made immortal by his pen.

WATCHING THE YULE LOG.

ONCE more across the earth's white floor
 The feet of winter fare,
 And, clarion-like, without the door
 I hear the north wind blare;
 Kindles the fire of old desire
 In memory's golden urn,
 And while the midnight hours expire
 I watch the yule log burn.

Within the bright up leaping light
 A radiant face takes form;
 Forgotten now the bitter night,
 The riot of the storm.
 'Tis thus with tender eyes aglow
 The loved and lost return;
 And filled with joy's sweet overflow
 I watch the yule log burn.

Through mist and wrack—a woful track—
 My way is won at last;
 With victor hand have I put back
 The barriers of the past;
 Death's blinding blur love's worshiper
 Dreams ne'er will more return;—
 Again with her, again with her,
 I watch the yule log burn!

Clinton Scollard.

SWALLOW.*

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

"SWALLOW" IS A STORY OF SOUTH AFRICA, WHERE ANGLO SAXON, BOER, AND KAFFIR STILL STRUGGLE FOR SUPREMACY, AND THE READER IS LIKE TO FORGET HIS ENVIRONMENT AND IMAGINE THAT REAL LIFE IS BEING ENACTED BEFORE HIM; THAT HE, TOO, LIVES AND LOVES AND SUFFERS WITH RALPH KENZIE AND SUZANNE, THE BOER MAIDEN—THIS IS ONE OF THE BEST STORIES FROM MR. HAGGARD'S PEN SINCE "KING SOLOMON'S MINES," "SHE," AND "ALLAN QUATERMAIN."

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

SWALLOW is the name given by the Kaffirs to Suzanne, daughter of a Boer, Jan Botmar, whose wife is the teller of the story. Long years before, the worthy couple adopted Ralph Kenzie, an English lad, a castaway, who, when he reaches his nineteenth year, is discovered to be of noble blood and the heir to great estates. He stoutly refuses to leave his foster parents, however, and weds Suzanne. On their wedding journey the young couple are surprised by a band of blacks under Piet Van Vooren, a rich Boer who has Kaffir blood in his veins, and Ralph's bitter enemy, who shoots the young husband and carries off Suzanne. But Sihamba, a young native witch doctress, arrives in time to succor Ralph, who is badly wounded, and then starts in pursuit of Swart Piet. After a long journey she contrives to set the girl free, and the two women seek refuge among the red Kaffirs, whose chief, Sigwe, is about to make war on the Endwandwe. The soothsayers of the tribe have declared that if his impis are led by a White Swallow, they will be invincible, and when he learns that Suzanne is known by that name he invokes her aid, offering in return protection from her enemy. When Swart Piet and his men arrive, they are ignominiously driven away.

That night, in the guest hut at the town of Sigwe, Suzanne prays that her husband may learn that she is unharmed and well, and that she may learn how it goes with him; as if in answer to her prayer, she seems suddenly to find herself at her old home and in the presence of her husband Ralph. He is fevered and unconscious, but when she speaks to him he opens his eyes and they converse a brief moment, she describing the place where they are destined to be reunited. Then everything fades from view and she finds herself back again in the guest hut at Sigwe. When Vrouw Botmar next enters Ralph's room she finds that the fever has left him, and he talks of having seen Suzanne.

Sigwe's campaign is entirely successful, but unfortunately the red Kaffirs fear that ill luck will attend them if they take Suzanne and her companion back with them. So in their extremity the two women journey to the mountain home of the Umpondwana, of which tribe Sihamba is the rightful chieftainess. As their ruler has just died and they are leaderless, they gladly welcome the little witch doctress, and place her and Suzanne on the throne as co-rulers. And thither Swart Piet and his henchmen follow them.

A year after the disappearance of Suzanne, when Ralph has fully recovered, the Botmars decide to seek a new home, where they will no longer be oppressed by their British rulers. All this time they have found no trace of the missing girl or Sihamba, but Ralph, who is buoyed up by his vision, firmly believes that he and Suzanne will meet again. So the Botmars sell their homestead, and, in company with a number of other dissatisfied Boers, trek into the interior.

XXV.—Continued.

AT Thaba Nehu we camped, waiting for other bands of emigrants, but after four or five months some of our number grew so impatient that they started off by themselves. Among these were the companies under the Heer Triegaart and the Heer Rensenburg,

who wished us to accompany him, but Jan would not, I do not know why. It was as well, for the knob nosed Kaffirs killed him and everybody with him. Triegaart, who had separated from him, trekked to Delagoa Bay and reached it, where nearly all his people died of fever.

After that we moved northwards in detachments, instead of keeping to-

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gether as we should have done, with the result that several of our party were fallen upon and murdered by the warriors of Moselikatse. Our line of march was between where Bloemfontein and Winburg now stand in the Orange Free State, and it was south of the Vaal, not far from the Rhenoster River, that Moselikatse attacked us. I cannot tell the tale of all this war; I can only tell of what I saw myself. We were of the party under the leadership of Carl Celliers, afterwards an elder of the church at Kronnstadt. Celliers went on a commission to Zoutpansberg to spy out the land, and it was while he was away that so many families were cut off by Moselikatse, the remainder of them, with such of their women and children as were left alive, retreating to our laager. Then Celliers returned from his commission, and we retired to a place called Vechtkop, near the Rhenoster River; altogether we numbered not more than fifty or sixty souls, including women and children.

Here we heard that Moselikatse was advancing to make an end of us, so we made our laager as strong as we could, lashing the disselboom of each wagon beneath the framework of that before it, and filling the spaces beneath and between with the crowns and boughs of sharp thorned mimosa trees, which we lashed to the trek tows and break chains so that they could not be torn away. Also in the middle of the laager we made an inner defense of seven wagons, in which were placed the women and children, with the spare food and gunpowder, but the cattle we were obliged to leave outside. Early on the morning when we had finished the laager we heard that the impi of Moselikatse was close to us, and the men to the number of over thirty rode out to look for it, leaving but a few to defend the camp.

About an hour's ride away they found the Kaffirs, thousands of them, and a Hottentot who could speak their tongue was instructed to call to them

and ask them why they attacked us. By way of answer they shouted out the name of their chief and began to charge, whereupon our men dismounted from their horses and opened fire upon them, mounting again before they could come near. So the fight went on until the laager was reached, and many Kaffirs were killed without any loss to the Boers, for luckily in those days the natives had no firearms. I remember that we women were molding bullets when the men rode in, and very thankful we were to find that not one of them was even wounded. While they ate something we washed out their guns, and at intervals near the places where each man must stand behind the wagons we piled little heaps of powder and bullets upon buckskins and pieces of canvas laid on the ground; also we did all we could to strengthen our defenses still further by binding ox hide over the wagon wheels and thrusting in more thorns between them. Then, as the enemy was still preparing to attack us, the Heer Celliers called us together, and there in the laager, while all knelt around him, even to the smallest child, he put up a prayer to God asking that we might be forgiven our sins, and that He would look upon us and protect us in our great need.

It was a strange sight. There we all knelt in the quiet sunshine while he prayed in an earnest voice, and we followed his words with our hearts, every one of us, men and women, holding guns or axes in our hands. Never had human beings more need for prayer, for through the cracks between the wagons we could see Moselikatse's Zulus, six or seven thousand of them, forming themselves into three bodies to rush upon us and murder us, and that was a dreadful sight for some fifty or sixty people, of whom a number were little children.

When we had finished praying, husbands and wives and parents and children kissed each other, and then the little ones and some of the women who

were sick or aged were put behind the seven wagons in the center of the laager, round which were tied the horses, while the rest of us went to our stations, men and women together. I stood behind Jan and Ralph, who fought side by side, and, assisted by a girl of fourteen years of age, loaded their spare guns. Now there was a great silence in the camp, and suddenly in the silence Jan, who was looking through his loophole, whispered:

"*Allemachter!* here they come." And come they did, with a rush and a roar, from three sides at once, while men drew in their breath and set their faces for the struggle. Still, no one fired, for the order was that we were to save our powder until Celliers let off his gun. Already the savages were within thirty paces of us, a countless mass of men packed like sheep in a kraal, their fierce eyes showing white as ivory in the sunlight, their cruel spears quivering in their hands, when the signal was given and every gun, some loaded with slugs and some with bullets, was discharged point blank into the thick of them. Over they rolled by dozens, but that did not stop the rest, who, in spite of our pitiless fire, rushed up to the wagons and gripped them with their hands, striving to drag them apart, till the whole line of them rocked and surged and creaked like boats upon the sea. The air grew thick with smoke rising straight up towards the sky, and through the smoke assagais flashed as thick as rain.

But although some of the heavily laden wagons were dragged a foot or more outward, they held together, and the storm of spears flying over our heads did little harm. Heavens! what a fight was that, the fight of fifty against six thousand!

Not more than seven feet of space divided us from that shrieking sea of foes into which we poured bullets at hazard, for there was no need to aim, as fast as the guns could be loaded. Suddenly I heard the girl call out:

"*Kek, tante, da is een swartzel!*"*

I looked, and just at my side I saw a great savage who had forced his way through the thorns and crawled beneath the wagon into the laager. The gun in my hand was empty, but by me lay an axe which I snatched up, and as he rose to his knees I struck him with all my strength upon the neck and killed him at a blow. Yes, my child, that was the kind of work to which we wives of the voortrekkers had to put a needle.

Jan had just fired his gun, and, seeing the man, sprang to help me, whereon three more Kaffirs following on the dead soldier's path, crawled out from under the wagon. Two of them gained their feet and rushed at him, lifting their assagais. I thought that all was lost, for one hole in our defense was like a pin prick to a bladder, but with a shout Jan dropped the empty gun and rushed to meet them. He caught them by the throat, the two of them, one in each of his great hands, and dashed their heads together with such desperate strength that they fell down and never stirred again. This was always thought something of a feat, for, as everybody knows, the skulls of Kaffirs are thick.

By this time the girl had handed Ralph his second gun loaded, and with it he shot the third Kaffir; then he also did a brave thing, for, seeing that more Zulus were beginning to creep through the hole, he snatched the assagai from a dead man's hand and stopped it with his own body, lying flat upon his stomach and thrusting at their heads with the spear. Soon we dragged him out with only one slight wound, pushing the bodies of the Kaffirs into his place, and over them spare branches of thorn, so that the breach was made good.

This was the turning point of the fight, for though after it one other Kaffir managed to get into the laager, where he was cut down, and two Boers, Nicholas

* "Look, aunt, there is a black man!"

Potgieter and Pieter Botha, were killed by assagais thrown from without, from that moment the attack began to slacken. In thirty minutes from the time that Celliers had fired the first shot, Moselikatse's general, whose name was Kalipi, had given the order to retire, and his hosts drew off sullenly, for we had beaten them.

Thirty minutes! Only thirty minutes—the shadows had shifted but a few inches on the grass, and yet now that it was done with it seemed like half a lifetime. Panting and begrimed with smoke and powder, we stood looking at each other and around us. The tents of the wagons were ripped to pieces, in our own I counted more than sixty spear cuts, and the trampled turf inside the laager was like the back of an angry porcupine, for from it we gathered nearly fourteen hundred heavy assagais. For the rest, the two men lay dead where they had fallen, their faces turned towards the sky, each of them pierced through by a spear, and out of our little number twelve others were wounded, though none of them died of his wounds. Not a woman or a child was touched.

Outside the laager there was a sight to see, for there on the red grass, some lying singly and some in heaps, were over four hundred Zulu soldiers, most of them dead, and how many wounded they carried away with them I cannot tell. Now we saw that the Kaffirs were collecting our cattle, and about twenty men under Potgieter saddled up and rode out to try to recapture them, since without oxen to draw the wagons we were helpless. Till sunset they followed them, killing many, but being so few, they could not recapture the cattle, and in the end were obliged to return empty handed. Ralph went with this party, and because of an act of mercy which he did then it came about in the end that Suzanne was found and many lives were saved, so plenteously do our good deeds bear fruit, even in this world.

Yes, you may have thought that the tale of the battle of Vetchkop was only put in here because it was one of the great experiences of an old woman's life. But it is not so; it has all to do with the story of Ralph and of my daughter Suzanne.

XXVI.

WHEN Ralph returned from pursuing the Zulus, as he drew near to the laager he lingered a little behind the others, for he was very weary of all this work of slaughter; also the flesh wound that he had got from the Kaffir's spear, having stiffened, pained him when his horse cantered. There was no more danger now, for the savages had gone, leaving their path marked by the corpses of those who had been shot down by the Boers, or of men who had gone away wounded either to die upon the road or to be killed by their comrades because their case was hopeless. Following this black trail of death, Ralph rode on, and when he was within a hundred yards of the wagon halted his horse to study the scene, for he thought that he would never see such another, although, in fact, that at the Blood River was even more strange and terrible.

The last crimson rays of the setting sun were flooding the plain with light. Blood red they shone upon the spear torn canvas of the wagons and upon the stained and trampled veldt. Even the bodies of the Kaffirs looked red as they lay in every shape and attitude; some as though they slept; some with outstretched arms and spears gripped tight; some with open mouths as they had died shouting their war cry. Ralph looked at them and was thankful that it was not we white people who lay thus, as it might well have been. Then, just as he was turning towards the laager, he thought that he saw something move in a tussock of thick grass, and rode towards it. Behind the tussock lay the body of a young man, not an

uncommon sight just there, but Ralph was so sure that he had seen it move that, stirred by an idle curiosity, he dismounted from his horse to examine it. This he did carefully, but the only hurt that he could see was a flesh wound caused by a slug upon the foot, not serious in any way, but such as might very well prevent a man from running.

"This fellow is shamming dead," he thought to himself, and lifted his gun, for in those times we could not afford to nurse sick Kaffirs.

Then of a sudden the young man who had seemed to be a corpse rose to his knees, and, clasping his hands, began to beg for mercy. Instead of shooting him at once, as most Boers would have done, Ralph, who was tender hearted, hesitated and listened while the Kaffir, a pleasant faced lad and young, besought him for his life.

"Why should I spare you," asked Ralph, who understood his talk well, "seeing that, like all the rest of these, you set upon my people to murder them?"

"Nay, chief," answered the young man; "it is not so. I am no Zulu. I belong to another tribe, and was but a slave and a carrier in the army of Kalipi, for I was taken prisoner and forced to carry mats and food and water;" and he pointed to a bundle and some gourds that lay beside him.

"It may be so," answered Ralph; "but the dog shares his master's fate."

"Chief," pleaded the man, "spare me. Although it prevented me from running away with the others, my wound is very slight and will be healed in a day or two, and then I will serve you as your slave and be faithful to you all my life. Spare me and I shall bring you good luck."

"I need that enough," said Ralph, "and I am sure that you are no Zulu, for a Zulu would not stoop to beg for his life thus;" and he stood thinking.

While he thought Jan, who had seen him from the laager, came up behind.

"What are you doing, son," he asked

in an angry voice, "talking to this black devil here alone among the dead? Stand aside and let me settle him if you have not the heart;" and he lifted his gun.

"No, father," said Ralph, pushing it aside; "this man is not a Zulu; he is but a slave carrier and he has prayed me to spare his life, swearing that he will serve me faithfully. Also he says that he brings good luck."

"Certainly he brought good luck to these," answered Jan, pointing to the scattered dead with his hand, and laughing grimly. "Allemacher! son, you must be mad to play the fool thus, for doubtless the black villain will murder you the first time your back is turned. Come, stand aside and I will finish it."

Now the young man, whose name was Gaasha, seeing that he was about to be shot, threw himself upon the ground and clasping Ralph round the knees implored for mercy.

"Save me, baas," he prayed, "save me, and you will always be glad of it, for I tell you I bring you good luck; I tell you I bring good luck."

"Father," said Ralph, setting his mouth, "if you kill this Kaffir it will be a cause of quarrel between us, and we never quarreled yet."

"Quarrel or no quarrel, he shall die," said Jan in a rage, for he thought it the strangest folly that Ralph should wish to spare a black man.

At that moment, however, something seemed to strike his mind, for his face grew puzzled, and he looked about him almost anxiously.

"Where have I seen it before?" he said, as though he were speaking to himself. "The veldt all red with blood and sunset, the laager behind, and the Kaffir with the wounded foot holding Ralph by the knees. Allemacher! I know. It was that day in the *sit-kammer* at the stead yonder, when the little doctress, Sihamba, made me look into her eyes; yes, yes, I have seen it all in the eyes of Sihamba. Well, let the

lad live, for without a doubt Sihamba did not show me this picture that it should be for nothing. Moreover, although I am stupid, as your mother says, I have learned that there are many things in the world which we cannot understand but which play a part in our lives, nevertheless."

So the lad Gaasha was brought to the laager, and upon the prayer of Jan and Ralph the commandant gave him his life, ordering, however, that he should sleep outside the wagons.

"Well," I said, when I heard the tale, "one thing is that you will never see him again, for he will be off during the night back to his friends the Zulus." But I was wrong, for next morning there he was, and there he remained even after his foot was quite well, making the best Kaffir servant that ever I had to do with.

After that day we saw no more of the Zulus at Vetchkop, although later, with the help of other Boers, we attacked them twice, killing more than four thousand of them, and capturing six thousand head of cattle, so that they fled north for good and all, and founded the nation of the Matabele far away. But, oh, our fate was hard there at Vetchkop! Never have I known worse days. The Zulus had taken away all our cattle, so that we could not even shift the wagons from the scene of the fight, but must camp there amid the moldering skeletons, for the dead were so many that it was impossible to bury all of them. We sent messengers to other parties of Boers for help, and while they were gone we starved, for there was no food to eat, and game was very scarce. Yes, it was a piteous sight to see the children cry for food and gnaw old bits of leather or strips of hide cut from Kaffir shields to stay the craving of their stomachs. Some of them died of that hunger, and I grew so thin that when I chanced to see myself in a pool of water where I went to wash I started back frightened.

At length, when we were all nearly

dead, some oxen came, and with them we dragged a few of the wagons to Moroko, where an English clergyman and his wife, taking pity on us, gave us corn, for which reason I have always held that among the British the clergymen must be a great deal better than the rest of the proud and pitiless race, for it is true that we judge of people as they deal with us. Yes, and I will go so far as to say that I do not believe that the Reverend Mr. Owen, the missionary at the kraal of Dingaana, did in truth advise him to massacre Retief and his seventy Boers, as is generally reported among my countrymen.

Well, after Moselikatse's Zulus were finally defeated the question arose whether we should proceed to Zoutpansberg and settle there, or follow our brethren who in large numbers had already crossed the Quathlamba Mountains into Natal under the leadership of Retief. In the end we decided for Natal, because it was nearer the sea, for in those days we never dreamed that the treacherous British government would steal that land also; so trekking slowly, we headed for Van Reenen's Pass, our party then numbering thirty wagons and about sixty white people.

It was when we were about four days' trek, or sixty miles, from the pass that, one evening, as we sat eating our food, Jan, Ralph, and I—I remember it was the fried steaks of an eland that Ralph had shot—the lad Gaasha, who had now served us for six months, came up to the fire, and, having saluted Ralph, squatted down before him Kaffir fashion, saying that he had a favor to ask.

"Speak on," said Ralph. "What is it?"

"Baas," replied Gaasha, "it is this; I want a week or ten days' leave of absence to visit my people."

"You mean that you want to desert," I put in.

"No, lady," answered Gaasha; "you know that I love the baas who saved

my life far too well ever to wish to leave him. I desire only to see my parents and to tell them that I am happy, for doubtless they think me dead. The baas proposes to cross into Natal by Van Reenen's Pass, does he not? Well, not so very far from my home, although none would guess it unless he knew the way, is another pass called Oliver's Hook, and by that pass, after I have spoken with my father and my mother, if they still live, I would cross the Quathlamba, finding the baas again on the further side of the mountain, as I can easily do."

"I think that I will let you go, as I can trust you, Gaasha," said Ralph; "but tell me the name of your home, that I may know where to send to seek you if you should not come back as you promise."

"Have I not said that I will come back, baas, unless the lions or the Zulus should eat me on the way? But the name of the house of my tribe is Umpondwana. It is only a little tribe, for the Zulus killed many of us in the time of Chaka, but their house is a very fine house."

"What does Umpondwana mean?" asked Ralph idly, as he lit his pipe.

"It means the Mountain of the Man's Hand, baas."

Ralph let his pipe fall on the ground, and I saw his face turn white beneath the sunburn, while of a sudden his gray eyes looked as though they were about to leap from their sockets.

"Why is it called the Mountain of the Man's Hand?" he asked in a hollow voice. "Speak quick now, and do not lie to me."

Gaasha looked up at him astonished. "How should I know, baas, when the place was named so before I was born, and none have told me? But I think that it may be because upon one of the slopes of the mountain, which has great cliffs of red rock, are five ridges, which, seen from the plain below, look like the four fingers and the thumb of a man. Also the place has another name, which

means "where the water springs out of the rock," because from between two of the ridges, those that are like the thumb and first finger, flows a stream which comes from the heart of the mountain."

"On which side of the mountain are the ridges and the stream?" asked Ralph, in the same unnatural voice.

"Baas, when the sun rises it strikes on them."

Now Ralph swung to and fro like a drunken man, and had I not put my arm about him I believe he would have fallen.

"It is the mountain of my vision!" he gasped.

"Be not foolish," I answered, for I feared lest when he found that all this strange resemblance was a chance, the bitterness of his disappointment might overwhelm him. "Be not foolish, son; are there not many hills in this great land with ridges on their flanks, and streams of water running down them?"

Then, as Ralph seemed unable to answer me, I asked of Gaasha:

"Who is the chief of this tribe of yours?"

"He is named Koraanu," he answered, "if he still lives, but a man I met some months ago told me he has been dead these two years, and that she who used to rule us when I was a little child had come back from the lands whither she had wandered, and is now Inkoosikaas of the Umpondwana."

"What is the name of this chieftainness?" I asked, in the midst of a great silence.

Gaasha answered at once; that is, after he had taken a pinch of snuff, but to us it seemed a year before the words crossed his lips.

"Her name, lady," and he sneezed, "is"—and he sneezed again, rocking himself to and fro and slowly wiping away the tears which the snuff had brought to his eyes with the back of his hand—"ow!" he said, "this is the best of snuff, and I thank the baas for giving it to me."

"Answer!" roared Jan, speaking for the first time, and in such a fierce voice that Gaasha sprang to his feet and began to run away.

"Come back, Gaasha, come back," I called, and he came doubtfully, for Gaasha was not very brave, and ever since Jan had wished to shoot him he trembled even at the sight of him. "Be silent, you fool!" I whispered to the latter as the lad drew near, then said aloud: "Now, Gaasha."

"Lady," he answered, "it is, indeed, as I have told you; the baas gave me the snuff a long time ago; he took it out of the ear boxes of the dead men at Vetchkop. He gave it me. I did not steal it. He will say so himself."

"Never mind the snuff, Gaasha," I said, in a voice half choked with doubt and anxiety, for the sight of Ralph's piteous face and the strangeness of it all were fast overwhelming me; "but tell us what is the name of this chieftainness whom you have heard is now the ruler of your tribe?"

"Her name, lady?" he answered, much relieved. "Why, it is well known for, though she is small, it is said that she is the best of doctoresses and rain makers."

Now Jan could no longer be restrained, for stretching out his great hand he gripped Gaasha by the throat, saying:

"Accursed *swartzel*, if you do not tell us the name at once I will kill you."

"Madman," I exclaimed, "how can the man speak while you are choking him?"

Then Jan shifted his grip and Gaasha began to cry for pity.

"The name, the name?" said Jan.

"Why should I hide it? Have I not told it? Baas, it is Sihamba Ngenyanga."

As the words passed his lips Jan let go of him so suddenly that he fell to the ground and sat there staring at us, for without doubt he thought that we had all gone mad.

Jan looked up to the skies and said,

"Almighty, I thank Thee, Who canst make dreams to fly to the heart of a man as a night bird to its nest through the darkness, and Who, because of what I saw in the eyes of Sihamba, didst turn aside my gun when it was pointed at the breast of this Kaffir." Then he looked at Ralph, and was quiet, for Ralph had swooned away.

XXVII.

It was a strange life that Suzanne led among the Umpondwana during the two years or more that, together with Sihamba, she ruled over them as chieftainness. Upon the top of the mountain was a space of grass land measuring above five hundred morgen, or a thousand acres in extent, where were placed the chief's huts and those of the head men and soldiers, surrounding a large cattle kraal, which, however, was only used in times of danger. The rest of the people dwelt upon the slopes of the mountain, and even on the rich plains at the foot of it, but if need were they could all retreat to the table land upon its crest.

Here they might have defied attack forever, for beneath the cattle kraal grain was stored in pits; only there was but one spring, which in dry seasons was apt to fail. Therefore it was that the Umpondwana had built stone *schanzes* or fortifications about the mouth of the river which gushed from the mountain between the thumb and finger like ridges on the eastern slope, although it lay below their impregnable walls of rock, seeing that to this river they must look for their main supply of water.

The table top of the hill, which could only be approached by one path that wound upwards through a ravine cut by water, being swept by every wind of heaven, and so high in the air, was very cold and naked. Indeed, during the winter season, rain fell two or three times a week, and there were many days when it was wrapped in a dense

white mist. Still, during the two years and more that she dwelt with the Umpondwana, Suzanne scarcely left this plain, not because she did not desire to do so, but because she did not dare, for word was brought that the foot and even the slopes of the mountain were patrolled by men in the employ of Swart Piet; moreover, soon it became clear that he had knowledge of all her movements, doubtless from spies in his pay who dwelt among the Umpondwana themselves.

During the first few months of her sojourn on the mountain, it is true that now and again Suzanne rode out on to the veldt mounted on the *schimmel*, but this pastime she was forced to abandon because one day Swart Piet and his men saw her and gave chase, so that she was only saved from him by the fleetness of the great horse. After this, both she and the *schimmel* stayed upon the table land, where daily they took exercise together, galloping round a prepared path which was laid about the fence of the cattle, and thus kept themselves in good health.

Swart Piet had Kaffir blood in his veins, and from boyhood it had been his custom to live two lives—one as a white man with white men, and one as a Kaffir with Kaffirs. About three miles distant from the Umpondwana Mountain was a strong kopje with fertile valleys to the back of it, and here, being rich and having a great name as a white man, he found it no trouble to establish himself as a native chief, for refugees of all sorts gathered themselves about him, so that within a year he ruled over a little tribe of about a hundred men together with women.

With these men he began to harass the Umpondwana, cutting off their cattle if they strayed, and from time to time killing or enslaving small parties of them whom he caught wandering on the plains out of reach of help from the mountain. Whenever he captured such a party he would spare one of them, sending him back with a message to the

Umpondwana. They were all to one effect; namely, that if the tribe would deliver over to him the lady Swallow who dwelt among them he would cease from troubling it, but if this were not done, then he would wage war on it day and night until in this way or in that he compassed its destruction. To these messages Sihamba would reply as occasion offered, that if he wanted anything from the Umpondwana he had better come and take it.

So things went on for a long while. Swart Piet's men did them no great harm, indeed, but they harassed them continually, until the people of the Umpondwana began to murmur, for they could scarcely stir beyond the slopes of the mountain without being set upon. Happily for them these slopes were wide, for otherwise they could not have found pasturage for their cattle or land upon which to grow their corn. So close a watch was kept upon them that they could neither travel to visit other tribes nor could these come to them, and thus it came about that Suzanne was as utterly cut off from the rest of the world as though she had been dead.

She had but two hopes to keep her heart alive, and of these the first was that Ralph and Jan would learn of her fate through native rumors and be able to find her out. Still, as she knew that this could not be counted on, she tried to let us have tidings of her, for when she had been only a week on the mountain Umpondwana she despatched Zinti and two men to bear him company, with orders to travel back over all the hundreds of miles of veldt to the far off stead in the Transkei. As she had neither pen nor ink, nor anything with which she could write, she was obliged to trust a long message to Zinti's memory, making him repeat it to her until she was sure that he had it by heart. In this message she told all that had befallen her, and prayed us to take Zinti for a guide and to come to her rescue, since she did not dare to set foot

outside the walls of rock, for fear that she should be captured by Van Vooren, who watched for her continually.

Zinti, being brave and faithful, started upon his errand, though it was one from which many would have shrunk. But as ill luck would have it, one night when they were camped near the kraal of a small Basuto tribe, his companions, becoming hungry, stole a goat and killed it. Zinti ate of the goat, for they told him that they had bought it for some beads, and while they were still eating, the Basutos came upon them and caught them red handed. Next day they were tried by the councillors of the tribe and condemned to die as thieves, but the chief, who wanted servants, spared their lives and set them to labor in his gardens, where they were watched day and night.

Zinti was a prisoner among these Basutos for nearly a year, but at length made his escape, leaving his two companions behind, for they were afraid lest if they ran away with him they should be recaptured and killed. As soon as he was free Zinti continued his journey, for he was a man not easily turned from his purpose, nor because it was now over a year old did he cease from his attempt to deliver the message that had been set in his mouth.

Well, after many dangers, footsore and worn out with traveling, at length he reached the stead, to find that we had all gone, none knew whither, and that the long nosed cheat to whom we had sold the farm ruled in our place. Zinti sought out some Kaffirs who lived upon the land, and abode with them a while till he was rested and strong again. Then once more he turned his face northward towards the mountain Umpondwana, for though he greatly feared the journey, he knew that the heart of Suzanne would be sick for news. War raged in the country that he must pass, and food was scarce; still, at length he won through, although at the last he was nearly captured by Black Piet's thieves, and one year and

nine months after he had left it, a worn and weary figure, he limped up the red rock path of Umpondwana.

Suzanne had been watching for him. It seems strange to say it, but after six months had gone by, which time at the best must be given to his journey, she watched for him every day. On the top of the highest and most precipitous cliff of the mountain fortress of Umpondwana was a little knoll of rock curiously hollowed out to the shape of a chair, difficult to gain and dizzy to sit in, for beneath it was a sheer fall of a thousand feet, which commanded the plain southward, and the pass where Van Vooren had spoken to her from his hiding place among the stones. By this pass and across this plain help must come to her if it came at all, or so she thought; therefore in this eagle's eyrie of a seat she sat day by day, watching ever for those who did not come. A strange sight she must have been, for now long ago such garments as she had were worn to rags, so that she was forced to clothe herself in beautiful skins fashioned to her fancy, and to go sandal footed, her lovely rippling hair hanging about her.

At length one day from her lonely point of vigil she saw a solitary man limping across the plain, a mere black speck dragging itself forward like a wounded fly upon a wall. Descending from her seat she sought out Sihamba.

"Swallow," said the little woman, "there is tidings in your eyes. What is it?"

"Zinti returns," she answered. "I have seen him from far away."

Now Sihamba smiled, for she thought Zinti lost; also she did not believe it possible that Suzanne could have recognized him from such a distance. Still, before two hours were over Zinti came, gaunt and footsore, but healthy and unharmed, and sitting down before Suzanne in her private inclosure, began at the very beginning of his long story, after the native fashion, telling of those things which had

befallen him upon the day when he left the mountain nearly two years before.

"Your news? Your news?" said Suzanne.

"Lady, I am telling it," he answered.

"Fool!" exclaimed Sihamba. "Say now, did you find the Baas Kenzie and the Baas Botmar?"

"No, indeed," he replied; "for they were gone."

"Gone where? Were they alive and well?"

"Yes, yes, they were alive and well; but all the Boers in those parts have trekked, and they trekked also, believing the lady Swallow to be dead."

"This is a bitter cup to drink," murmured Suzanne; "yet there is some sweetness in it, for at least my husband lives."

Then Zinti set out all his story, and Suzanne listened to it in silence, praising him much and thanking him when he had done. But after that her heart failed her, and she seemed to give up hope. Ralph had vanished, and we, her parents, had vanished, and she was left alone a prisoner among a little Kaffir tribe, at the foot of whose stronghold her bitter enemy waited to destroy her. Never was white woman in a more dreadful or more solitary state, and had it not been for Sihamba's tender friendship she felt that she must have died.

Now, also, Swart Piet grew bolder, appearing even on the slopes of the mountain where his men harried and stole. He did more than this even, for one morning just before dawn he attacked the pass leading to the stronghold so secretly and with such skill that his force was half way up it before the sentries discovered them. Then they were seen, and the war horns blew, and there followed a great fight. Indeed, it is doubtful how that fight would have ended, for his onslaught was fierce, and the Umpondwana, who at the best were not the bravest of warriors, were taken by surprise, had it not been for a lucky chance.

It will be remembered that Zinti had

brought Ralph's gun with him when first they fled north, and this gun he still had, together with a little powder and ball, for he had not taken it on his great journey to the Transkei and back. Now, hearing the tumult, he ran out with it, and fired point blank at the stormers, who were pushing their way up the narrow path, driving the Umpondwana before them. The *roer* was loaded with slugs, which, scattering, killed three men; moreover, by good fortune, one of the slugs struck Van Vooren himself through the fleshy part of the thigh, causing him to fall, whereon, thinking him mortally wounded, his followers lost heart and fled, bearing him with them, in spite of his curses and commands.

Sihamba called upon her people to follow, but they would not, for they feared to meet Swart Piet in the open. In truth, they began to weary of this constant war, which was brought upon them through no fault or quarrel of their own, and to ask where was that good luck which the white Swallow had promised them. Had it not been that they loved Suzanne for her beauty and her gentle ways, and that Sihamba, by her cleverness and good rule, had mastered their minds, there is little doubt indeed but that they would have requested Suzanne to depart.

On the day following the attack Sihamba learned that Swart Piet lay very sick, having lost much blood, and sought to persuade her people to attack him in turn, and make an end of him and his robbers. But they would not, and so the council broke up, but not before Sihamba had spoken bitter words, telling them that they were cowards, and would meet the end of cowards, whereat they went away sullenly. Afterwards they learned through their spies that Van Vooren had gone to Zululand to visit the King Dingaan, which Sihamba thought evil tidings, for she scented fresh danger in this journey, and not without reason. But to Suzanne she said nothing.

Two more months went by peacefully, when one morning a herd who was tending the cattle that belonged to Suzanne and Sihamba, sought audience of the chieftainess.

"What is it?" asked Sihamba, for she saw by the man's face that something strange had happened.

"This, lady," he answered; "when I went down to the kloof at dawn, where your cattle and those of the lady Swallow are kraaled, I found among them strange oxen to the number of more than a hundred. They are beautiful oxen, such as I have never seen, for every one of them is pure white—white from the muzzle to the tail, and I cannot understand how they came among your cattle, for the mouth of the kraal was closed as usual last night; moreover, I found it closed this morning."

When Sihamba heard this she turned cold to the heart, for she knew well that these spotless white cattle must come from the royal herd of Dingaan, king of the Zulus, since none other were known like to them in all the land. Also she was sure that Swart Piet had stolen them and placed them among her cattle that he might bring down upon her and her tribe the terrible wrath of Dingaan. But to the herd she said only that doubtless they were cattle that had strayed, and that she would make inquiry as to their owner. Then she dismissed him, bidding him to keep a better watch in future.

Scarcely had he gone when another man appeared, saying that he had met a Kaffir from beyond the mountains, who told him that a party of white men with women and children had crossed the Quathlamba by what is now known as Bezuïdenhout's Pass, and were camped near the Tugela River. This was strange news to Sihamba, who had heard nothing of the whereabouts of the Trek Boers, so strange that she would not speak of it to Suzanne, fearing lest it should fill her with false hopes. But she sent for Zinti, and bade

him cross the Quathlamba by a little used pass that was known to her near to the place where the Tugela takes its rise, and which today is called Mont aux Sources, and following the river down, to find out whether or no it was true that white men were encamped upon its banks. When he had done this he was to return as swiftly as possible with whatever information he could gather.

This task Zinti undertook gladly, for he loved following a spoor, which was a gift that nature had given him; also he was weary of being cooped up like a fattening fowl upon the mountain Umpondwana.

When Zinti had gone Sihamba summoned other messengers, and commanded them to travel swiftly to the kraal Umgungunghovo, bearing her homage to Dingaan, king of the Amazulus, and asking whether he had lost any of the cattle from his royal herds, since certain white oxen had been found among her beasts, though how they came there she could not tell. These men went also, though in fear and trembling, since in those days none loved to approach the Lion of the Zulus with tales of cattle of his that had strayed among their herd. Still, they went, and with fear in her heart Sihamba sat awaiting their return.

XXVIII.

SIHAMBА had not very long to wait, for on the evening of the fifth day from the starting of the messengers they came back at great speed, having run so fast that they could scarcely speak for want of breath, and telling her that a Zulu impi, numbering some three thousand spears, was advancing upon the Umpondwana to destroy them. It seemed that long before the king's oxen had been found mixed with her herd it had been reported to Dingaan that Sihamba had stolen them, which was not altogether strange, seeing that Swart Piet traveled with the impi. As

she suspected, he had caused the oxen to be stolen, and now he had fixed the deed upon her, knowing well that Dingaan only sought a pretext to destroy her tribe.

Now there was but one thing to be done—to make ready their defense; so, without more ado, Sihamba summoned her council and told them that a Zulu impi was at hand to eat them up because of the white cattle that had been placed among their herds. Then the councillors wrung their hands, and some of them shed tears even, although they were aged men, for the name of the Zulus struck terror to their hearts.

"It is best that we should fly while there is yet time," said the captain of the council.

"There is no time," answered Sihamba; "the impi will be here by dawn and will cut you up upon the plain."

"What, then, shall we do?" they asked. "We who are already dead!"

"Do?" she cried. "You shall fight as your fathers fought before you, and beat back these dogs of Dingaan. If you will but be brave, what have you to fear from them? You have water, you have food, you have spears, and even the Zulus have not wings like eagles with which to fly over your walls of cliff."

So the Umpondwana made ready to fight, not because they loved it, but because they must, for they knew that no humbleness would help them in face of the spears of Dingaan. The cattle were driven into the center kraal, and great supplies of grass and green corn were cut to feed them. Except for one man-hole the pass leading to the top of the mountain was closed, and the *schanzes*, or walls, which protected the mouth of the river that welled from the hillside between the eastern ridges, were strengthened and garrisoned. Here, Sihamba knew, was their weak place, for this river flowed out beneath the impregnable precipices of rock, and to it they must look for their main supply of water, since, although the spring

upon the table land, if husbanded, would suffice for a supply to the tribe, it was not sufficient for the cattle. For this reason it was that Sihamba wished to turn the kine loose and let the Zulus capture them if they would, for she knew that then they could never take the mountain or harm a hair of the head of one of its inhabitants. But the Umpondwana were greedy, and would not consent to the loss of their cattle, forgetting that cattle are of no value to dead men. They said that they could very well defend the *schanzes* which surrounded the source of the river, and that from it sufficient water could be carried to keep the beasts alive, even if the siege were long.

"As you will," answered Sihamba shortly; "but see that you do defend them when the Zulu warriors leap upon the walls, for if you fail then you will lose cattle and life together."

All this time, according to her strange custom, Suzanne had been seated in her chair of rock upon the highest point of the precipice looking for that help which never came. Presently, as she watched with sad eyes, far away upon the plain she saw a cloud of dust in which moved and shone the sheen of spears. Now she climbed down from her seat, and ran to seek Sihamba, whom she found surrounded by her councillors.

"What is it, Swallow?" asked the little chieftainess, looking up, though already she had guessed the answer.

Suzanne told her, adding, "Who can it be that travels towards the mountain with so great a force?"

"Lady Swallow," said Sihamba gravely, "it is an army of the Zulus sent by Dingaan to destroy us, and with them marches Bull Head." And she told her of the trick of the cattle and of what the messengers had seen.

Suzanne heard, and her face grew white as the goatskin cloak she wore.

"Then at last the long story is at an end," she faltered, for she knew the terrible prowess of the Zulus, and how

none could stand before their onslaught.

"Yes, of that impi there is an end," answered Sihamba proudly, "if these children of mine will but take heart and fight as their fathers fought. Fear not, Lady Swallow, nothing that has not wings can storm the mountain Umpondwana." But for all that she could say Suzanne still felt much afraid, which was not strange, for she knew that the heart was out of these soldiers of Sihamba, and knew, moreover, that a Zulu army did not dare to be defeated, for which reason it must either take the mountain or fight till it was destroyed.

Now all was confusion; the horns blew and women wailed, while the captains of the Umpondwana issued their commands, and the men piled up stones upon the brink of the precipice to roll down upon the foe, and drove the herds of cattle into the great kraal.

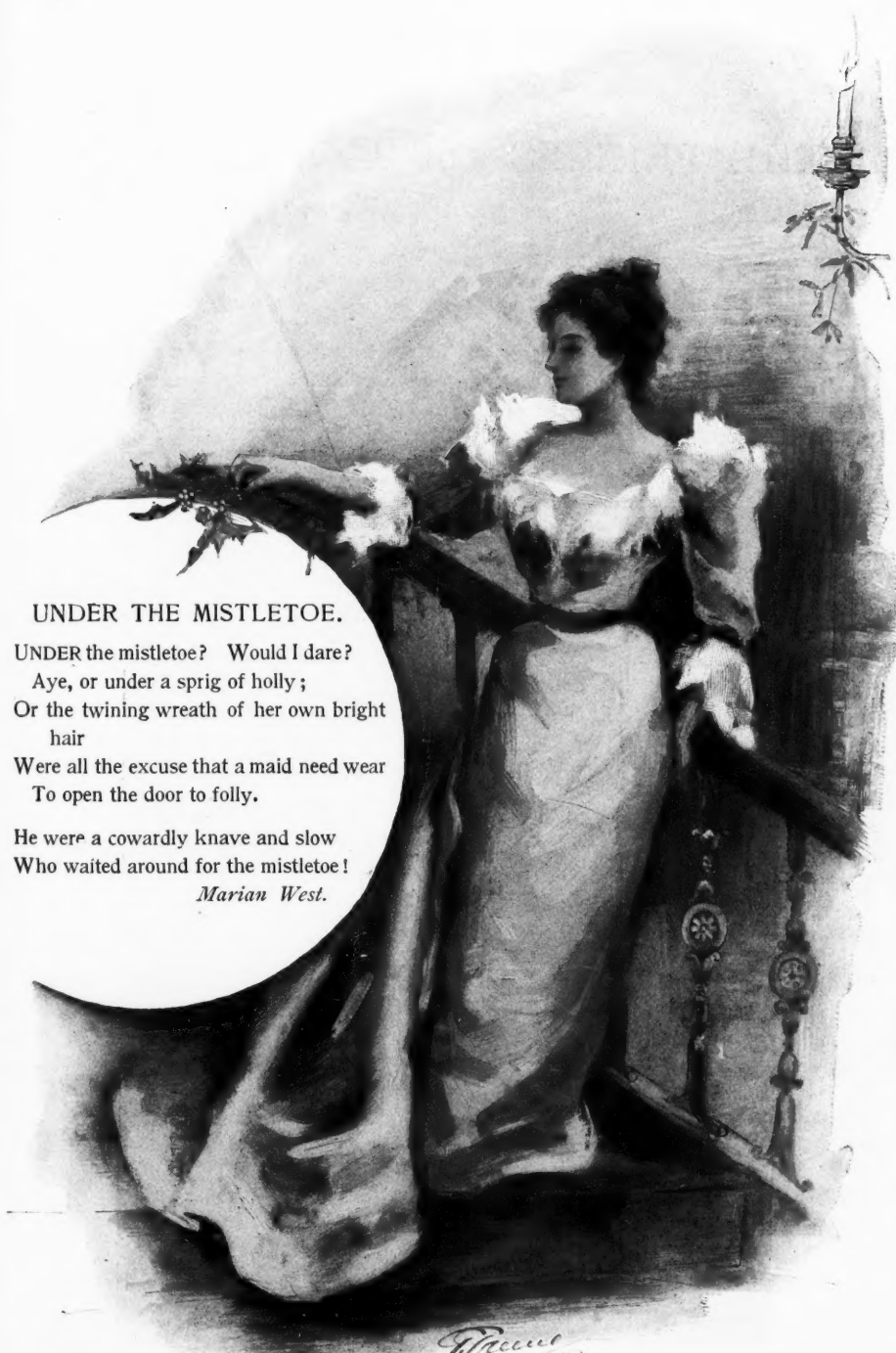
Marching quickly, the impi drew near and the defenders could see that it numbered at least four thousand spears and was composed of two separate regiments. At a distance of a mile it halted, and throwing out horns or wings surrounded the mountain, up the slopes of which it advanced in a thin circle, much as beaters do who are driving game to a certain point. As the circle drew near to the cliffs it thickened, having less ground to cover, though still there was a gap here and there.

Presently those who were watching saw a man dart through one of these gaps and run up hill at great speed, followed by Zulu soldiers, who tried to kill him. But he was the swifter of foot, moreover he knew the path, so that before they could come up with him he reached the great stone walls which were built about the source of the river, and was dragged over them by the defenders. A while later this man appeared upon the top of the mountain and proved to be none other than Zinti,

who had returned from his errand and, having news to tell, risked his life to pass through the impi before the stronghold was altogether surrounded. Sihamba received him at once, Suzanne standing at her side, and bade him be brief, for she had little time to listen to long stories.

"I will be brief," he answered. "Lady, as you bade me I crossed the mountains by the road you told me of. It is a good road for men on foot or horseback, but wagons could not travel it. Having reached the plain on the further side I followed the bank of the river, till suddenly I came in sight of thirty wagons drawn up in a laager upon a knoll of ground, and among the wagons I saw Boers with their wives and children. I tried to go up to speak to them, but a young Boer, seeing me, shot at me with his gun, so I thought it safer to lie hid. At nightfall, however, I met the driver of one of the wagons, a Kaffir man, at some distance from the laager, where he was watching by a pit made to catch bucks, and fell into talk with him. He told me that this was a party of the Boers who had trekked from the Cape Colony, and were taking possession of Natal, and that there were other such parties scattered about the country. He said that in this party there were five and twenty men, with women and children, but he did not know the names of any of them. Also he told me that he meant to run away, as he heard that Dingaan was going to attack the white people, and was sure that if he did so they would be eaten up, for these Boers, thinking themselves quite safe, had grown very careless, and neither made their laager as strong as it should be nor set any watch at night. Having learned this I returned at once to make report to you, nor did I come too quickly, for the Zulus nearly caught me as I passed their ranks. I saw Bull Head as I ran; he is riding a brown horse, and seems quite recovered from his wound."

(To be continued.)



UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

UNDER the mistletoe? Would I dare?
Aye, or under a sprig of holly;
Or the twining wreath of her own bright
hair
Were all the excuse that a maid need wear
To open the door to folly.

He were a cowardly knave and slow
Who waited around for the mistletoe!

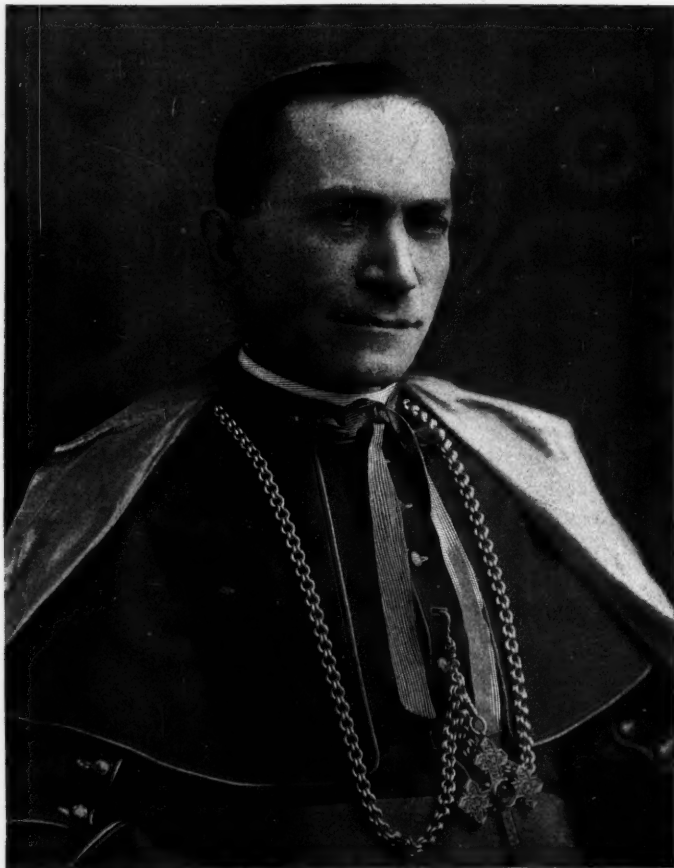
Marian West.

THE PRINCES OF THE CHURCH.

BY WILLIAM PIPE.

THE LEADING FIGURES AMONG THE SEVENTY MEN WHO FORM THE COLLEGE OF CARDINALS, AND ONE OF WHOM WILL SUCCEED THE PRESENT POPE AS THE SPIRITUAL RULER OF TWO HUNDRED MILLION PEOPLE.

ELECTIONEERING for the papacy is a thing forbidden and unknown—wherein the headship of the Catholic church differs widely from that other most mighty and august of elective offices, the American Presidency. Yet it would be utterly impossible to still all speculation upon the choice of a successor to the venerable prelate, now in his eighty ninth year,



CARDINAL SATOLLI, ARCHBISHOP OF LEPANTO, AND FORMERLY PAPAL LEGATE IN THE UNITED STATES.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1893, by F. Gutekunst, Philadelphia.



CARDINAL AGLIARDI, ARCHBISHOP OF CAESAREA.

From a photograph by Ogiari, Brescia, Italy.

who fills the chair of Peter. It is a question in which all civilization is interested, which is of special import to the statesmen and diplomats of Europe, and which, quite apart from any personal ambition, must often be in the minds of the cardinals whose votes will bestow the triple crown upon one of their own number. It is never spoken of by members of the sacred college, for canonical decrees expressly prohibit its discussion; yet all the world knows that this or that prince of the church is regarded as *papabile*—a term that corresponds to the “Presidential possibility” of American politics, and that each of these possible pontiffs has his *papegianti*, or supporters whose influence is ready to press his claim.

Leo XIII is credited with having expressed a wish that his secretary of state, Cardinal Rampolla del Tindaro, should succeed him. This eminent ecclesiastic is a born statesman, and his diplomatic abilities and achievements have called forth the admiration of many a secular politician. His influence with the present Pope has long been greater than that of any other man. There are some, indeed, who say that in recent years the policy of the Vatican has been guided by the secretary rather than the pontiff.

Unlike the great majority of the cardinals, Rampolla is of noble birth, belonging to an ancient Sicilian family. He served for many years as papal nuncio in Spain, and his Spanish sym-



CARDINAL SVAMPA, ARCHBISHOP OF BOLOGNA.

From a photograph by De Federicis, Rome.

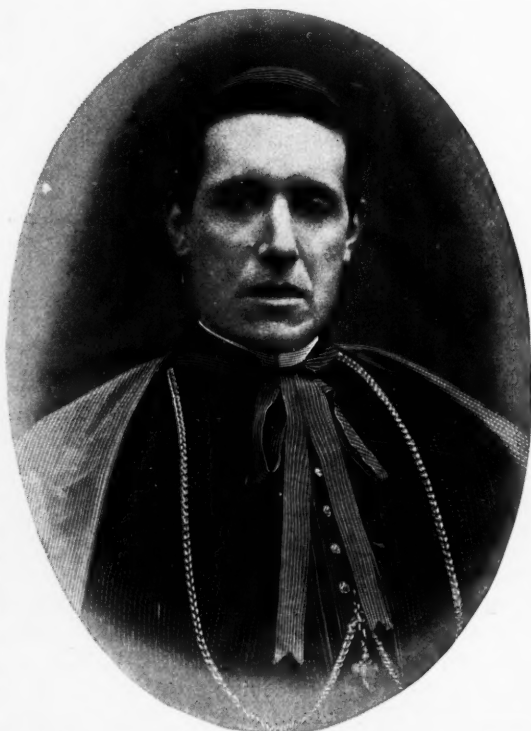
pathies are said to have been decidedly shown during that unhappy country's brief and disastrous struggle against the United States. For this reason his elevation to the papacy—which is a possibility but scarcely a probability, as there seems to be a traditional objection to the promotion of a papal secretary—might not be so popular among the Catholic body in America as that of some other prelate.

Of all the *papabili*, most Americans would probably prefer the election of Cardinal Satolli, well remembered here as a papal legate. During his residence in the United States he was a close student of men and things on this side of the Atlantic, and gained a sympathetic understanding of the condition, needs, and aims of the American branch of the church. He is a close personal friend of

Leo XIII, and one of the trustees of his will.

Cardinal Parocchi, vicar general of Rome, is one of the foremost members of the sacred college, and one of the strongest personalities of the Catholic church. He is the son of a miller in Genoa, and has made his own way to the front. He lives in a very modest apartment on one of the narrow streets of old Rome, where he receives the highest and the lowest with an equal and princely democracy. He is sixty five years old—wherein he has the advantage, as a papal possibility, over Cardinal Rampolla, who is ten years younger. The church does not care to put young men on the throne of Peter.

Cardinal Svampa, Archbishop of Bologna, is still younger, for he was born in 1851; but he is often mentioned

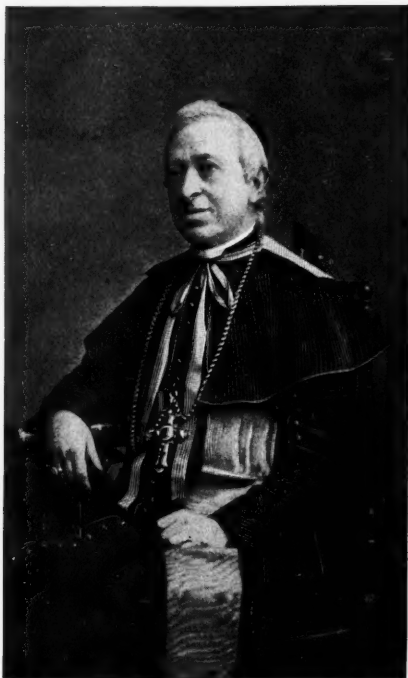


CARDINAL RAMPOLLA DEL TINDARO, SECRETARY OF STATE TO POPE LEO XIII.

From a photograph by De Federicis, Rome.



CARDINAL PAROCCHI, VICAR GENERAL OF ROME.
From a photograph by Le Lieure, Rome.



CARDINAL CAPECEPOLO, ARCHBISHOP OF CAPUA.
From a photograph by Avati, Naples.



CARDINAL VINCENZO VANUTELLI, ARCHBISHOP
OF SARDIS.
From a photograph by De Federicis, Rome.



CARDINAL SERAFINO VANUTELLI, BISHOP OF
FRASCATI.
From a photograph by De Federicis, Rome.



CARDINAL RICHARD, ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS.

From a photograph by Pierre Petit, Paris.

as a man likely to rise, sooner or later, to the very highest ecclesiastical honors. Bologna is one of the most important provinces of the church in Italy, and Svampa has displayed great executive abilities in ruling it. He is a typical Italian priest, and extremely conservative, strongly supporting the Pope's no surrender policy toward the government of King Umberto.

Whoever may be chosen as the successor to Leo XIII, the Vatican's relation to the Quirinal is not likely to

undergo any change, at least for the present. No pontiff would care to disregard the traditions of continuity in the papal policy.

The brothers Vanutelli are two more Italian prelates who rank among the *papabile* cardinals. Serafino, the elder, was born at Genazzano in 1834, and consecrated Bishop of Frascati in 1887. He is now prefect of the sacred college of bishops. Vincenzo is two years younger than his brother, and the two have risen together through the suc-



CARDINAL VAUGHAN, ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER.

From a photograph by Barrand, London.

cessive ranks of ecclesiastical promotion. Their influence seems to be due to their personal qualities, which have gained them the esteem and friendship of Leo XIII, and made them recognized as a power in the church.

It may be taken for granted that the next Pope will be an Italian. A majority of the cardinals are Italians, and their votes are not likely to go to a foreigner. The election of a Frenchman, a German, or an Englishman might bring dangerous political complications. It is predicted that the conclave will be held so immediately upon Leo's death that prelates from beyond the frontiers of Italy will not be able to

reach Rome in time to cast their votes. Hence the present pontiff's successor is likely to be found among the cardinals already named, or in a list of other possible *papabili*, which includes the names of Cardinal Capecelatro, Archbishop of Capua, and librarian of the Vatican; Cardinal Oreglia, who is believed to be the favorite candidate of the Jesuit order, to which his two brothers belong; Cardinal Agliardi, whom the Pope recently summoned to Rome for a conference upon the future of the Catholic church in the territories wrested from Spain by the United States; and Cardinal Jacobini, who is known as a prelate of moderate views



CARDINAL KOPP, PRINCE BISHOP OF BRESLAU.
From a photograph by Van Delden, Breslau.

strict ecclesiastical disciplinarian, who has lost something of the influence he formerly had through his opposition to Leo XIII's wise and liberal policy of recognition toward the republican régime in France.

There has been an English Pope in days gone by, and, while not a probable candidate for the tiara, Cardinal Vaughan of London might conceivably be a possibility. Certain it is that he stands well with the present pontiff and with his brother cardinals. His eminence has never been accused of such liberal tendencies as would work to his disadvantage, and such indirect support as the British government could give him would most assuredly be his. Cardinal Vaughan is sixty six years old, just in his prime, and is militantly aggressive in all matters that make for the welfare of the church.

and very great personal popularity.

Yet there are some non Italian cardinals who are important figures in the church, and not entirely impossible as candidates for the papacy itself. One of these is Cardinal Ledochowski, who is known as "the magnificent Pole," and who holds the important office of prefect of the Propaganda—the body specially charged with the interests of ecclesiastical affairs in non Catholic countries. This veteran prelate, now nearing his eightieth year, looks the ideal prince of the church, and maintains his position with all the dignity and circumstance of impressive ceremonial.

Another of the senior members of the college is Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, who is seventy nine years old. He is a

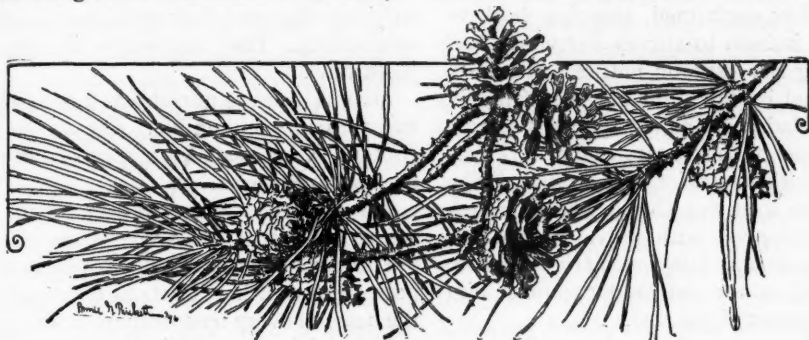


CARDINAL LEDOCHOWSKI, PREFECT OF THE PROPAGANDA.
From a photograph by De Federicis, Rome.

The Kaiser, who maintains friendly and diplomatic relations with the Vatican, would no doubt be overjoyed to see a German on the papal throne, and his choice would probably be Cardinal Kopp, Prince Bishop of Breslau. Cardinal Kopp's influence in Papal circles has never been definitely determined, but in his own country his eminence is continually in the public eye by reason of the emperor's oft expressed friendship for him. The other day, when the Kaiser announced his intention of dedicating to the Catholics of Germany

the spot of ground in Jerusalem where tradition declares the Virgin Mary dwelt, Cardinal Kopp publicly thanked him for his "magnanimity and sovereign solicitude for his Catholic subjects." The cardinal is but sixty one years of age, conservative in his views, and not given to antagonizing the powers that be. Therein may lie his strength.

Such are the men one of whom is probably destined ere long to wear the triple crown, and be the spiritual ruler of the two hundred millions who belong to the Catholic church.



UNDER THE WINTER SKY.

In winter, when the day is done,
And Luna, like a blighted sun,
By Jove's dread anger seared and bowed,
Goes staggering on from cloud to cloud;
When earth and all the starry deep

Lie folded in undreaming sleep,
And thro' the elm trees, stark and free,
I gaze upon that shoreless sea
Where vast Orion nightly dips,
And suns speed on like golden ships;

Then seem I like some wretch afloat
Within a frail and oarless boat,
Predestined soon, mid grief and pain,
To sink into the soundless main.

Alas! from yonder glorious fleet
Will never barge come forth to greet
The aching hearts that crowd the deck
Of earth's forlorn and fleeting wreck?

No winged bark with beamy sails,
Joy wafted on supernal gales,
With singing cordage overrun
With sailors from beyond the sun?

No guide to lead from star to star,
Thro' all those dazzling worlds afar,
And prove, beyond all doubt and strife,
That death is but the door to life?

Is man the insect of a leaf,
With life as idle as 'tis brief;
That wakes beneath the morning skies,
At noon is old, at evening dies?

Or is the soul indeed divine,
Full panoplied 'gainst death and time,
To live, and love, and to adore
When suns and moons shall be no more?

If so, who would not burst this clay,
And like a condor soar away?

Augustus Watters.

CUPID AT FORTY.

BY FLORENCE GUERTIN TUTTLE.

THE MOST EVENTFUL CHRISTMAS EVE IN THE LIFE OF MARY WINSLOW,
SPINSTER—HER VISITOR, HIS MISADVENTURE, AND A DISCLOSURE THAT
CAME BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

"THERE! It begins to look more like a Christmas tree and less like a cemetery evergreen!" Miss Winslow exclaimed, stepping back in artist fashion to survey her work, and feeling her esthetic nature sensuously soothed by the sight of green fringed, tinsel laden branches against the rich crimson of the library walls. "I was born with an eye for backgrounds." She took up a fat wax Cupid, silver winged, and equipped with quiver and darts, and looked at him speculatively before soaring up the step ladder to place him at the apex of the tree.

"Have you shafts that will pierce the world worn heart of forty?" she inquired whimsically. "And would you have loved Psyche had she ceased to be perennially young? Old age! Ugh!" She shivered daintily.

Miss Winslow was a middle aged belle. She was forty, and carried her years with an engaging lightness which was the marvel of her set; she was rich, consequently popular to the point of envy; charming, and therefore possessed a few friends who loved her for herself. Yet on Christmas eve, when all the world was sung by echoing bells into temporary tranquillity, Miss Winslow's heart was not at peace.

"Holidays are horrible resurrections to people who live alone," she murmured. "Resurrections of heart wringing sorrows and ghosts of the past. I am glad that I insisted upon having the tree here, spinster though I am. Ten nieces and nephews, with their respective guardians, will make the rafters ring. And Leicester in the rôle of

family friend will relieve the Christmas dinner from the narrowness of a strictly family affair. I trust that my spirits will have regained their usual mercurial ascendancy. They are below freezing point now."

Miss Winslow's unrest was indefinite and therefore intangible. Only a discontent which assumes a specific form may be coped with.

Mary Winslow's life had been too active to permit of self analysis; so she did not probe her mood, nor realize that pain sprang in her heart, as it must in the heart of every true woman, from the void which legions of friends only make more vacant, but which may be filled to overflowing by the magical presence of one.

She had steadfastly refused all invitations to domicile with her married brothers. "It would be very nice," she would admit, "and the children would be brought up much better. Old maids are born disciplinarians. They never are overindulgent, like grandparents. Grandparents should be seen and not heard. But, you see, I enjoy too much being perfectly free."

To appreciate liberty one must have known slavery. Miss Winslow's early life had been spent in a bondage which, though loving, had nevertheless held her enchained. The unconsciously selfish exactings of an invalid mother had sentenced her to the shadows of a sick room and to an atmosphere heavy with drugs. When emancipation at last came, it was like breathing the pure sunshine for the first time. She took deep, invigorating drafts of the life of

the world, enjoying her *début* doubly because it had come nearly a decade late. And the world enjoyed her as much as she enjoyed the world. It was so accustomed to prematurely blasé types, what wonder it welcomed gladly one who was maturely young? The years might record her as a woman past the thirties. Spirit stamped her as a girl with a new found capacity for life.

When the *soufflé* menu of society ceased to satisfy her, she traveled, and beheld enthusiastically civilizations older than her own. The sight taught her to view life in its proper proportions, and to realize the microscopic part in the plan of the grand whole which her own smart set enacted.

She found pleasure in collecting curios, tapestries, and pictures. Upon her return, unrest still remaining impromptu, she secured occupation and a kind of satisfaction in a diversion welcomed by people whose incomes increase in a ratio beyond their ability to disburse them. She built a magnificent home. Only those who know the delights and vexations of this form of diversion realize its absorption. Miss Winslow had her own ideas. So, likewise, had her architects. Her home must be characteristic, stamped, like her crested stationery, with the insignia of her personality. There was to be no such hideous deformity in it, for instance, she insisted, as a chandelier. The red library was lighted with swinging antique brass lanterns, hung in each corner, and glowing softly with the pressing of a single switch. Other rooms had side lights or curious lamps, one of them said to have belonged to a vestal virgin. The andirons in her hall were adorned with winged golden dragons—oarlocks nefariously bribed from a Venetian gondolier. Norway contributed a beautiful dark bearskin, which was not treated to the ignominy of being trampled under foot, but was stuffed and permitted to stand erect, a savage guardian of the entrance hall. Each room represented a different pe-

riod, accurate in detail, only to be secured after long historical research. French and Italian palaces had been explored and treasures purchased, not for their intrinsic value, but for the part they had played in the comedy or tragedy of the world.

Leicester had been a great help to her in building her home. Leicester was her brother's intimate friend, and an architect of established fame. He enjoyed drawing her out, "to steal her ideas," he said, appreciating the rareness of her ingenuity and taste.

The friendship she enjoyed with Leicester was uncommon and a source of mutual satisfaction. Miss Winslow's experience of men was large and not wholly to their advantage. It was the inevitable penalty a woman with a fortune paid. She described Leicester as an unusual man who was "never in nor out of the way," and who had no nonsense about him. This last was intelligible to her intimates. It meant that Leicester had never made love to her. His good humor was unailing; his optimism of the brightest hue. This last was not because he did not see the world's shadows, but rather because he possessed that larger vision which sees also the world's sunshine, and which obstinately refused to live anywhere but in it. He elevated the ideal above the real in thought, and tried to maintain the relationship in fact. When success came he bore it without undue elation, just as he had previously borne failure without undue despair. He was beloved by the few whom his discriminating taste would admit to the valued privilege of intimacy, and respected by all who would have liked to claim that distinction.

Miss Winslow's labors were interrupted by a ring at the door bell and an inquiring voice in the hall. Soon after, without presenting credentials, Leicester appeared on the threshold of the library. At a glance one felt that this scrupulously groomed man was unknown to marital responsibilities.

The unlined, fresh looking face bore the imprint of the irresponsible bachelor and club man. And if his eyes sometimes suggested that life had not yet granted that which was most subtle, most satisfying, most craved, the philosopher's smile on the lips indicated the manner in which the knowledge had been borne.

"Do you come in the rôle of Santa Claus?" Miss Winslow asked, glancing at the presents for the children which Leicester and her servant were bringing in, and falling into the usual banter with which she and Leicester were wont to play. "And did you dust the chimney on the way down?"

"No, the modern Santa Claus comes in a horseless carriage with rubber tires," he replied, carrying with one arm the Empire State Express and placing it beneath the tree.

"That explains the change in Christmas. I knew that it was not what it used to be."

"No, it's much better," he asserted.

"I tell you we have overdone it," she reiterated. "What is Christmas now in reality?"

"A time when the person who cannot extract some fun out of it would better examine his mental machinery," he said, taking off his gloves.

Miss Winslow scorned the rebuke.

"It is a time," she replied, answering her own question, "which we forestall by working so hard that we are fit subjects for the rest cure when it gets here. It is merry in anticipation and melancholy in fact."

"Oh, of course, when you remember every one who has ever bowed to you, and all the inmates of the old ladies' homes besides."

"It is a time," she continued, "when you receive a lot of things that you don't want, and give away everything that you do."

"I'd better take my gift home, then," he said, stooping and picking up a square package. "It's only a first edition of Shelley which——"

"Which you happen very much to want?" she laughingly finished. It was her turn to score.

"Don't ask me to take off my coat. I couldn't think of it," he said, divesting himself of the garment.

"I'm in a most unaccountable mood," she protested. "You'll regret it if you stay."

"A few more regrets won't matter," he said, leisurely seating himself. "Besides, you're only a sweet bell out of tune."

She shook her head sadly at him. "No, it won't do, Arthur. I'm not in a mood to be sugared."

"What is it all about?" he asked, picking up a fierce looking dagger which had fallen to the humble estate of cutting magazines.

"I'm struggling under the startlingly new discovery that the moon is not made of green cheese, and"—plaintively—"you know I'm one of the few women who like my *fromage* green. Things are not what they seem."

"Oh, yes, they are. Your mood has gotten into your optics and tinged the lenses with blue."

"I feel as if life would be quite endurable if it were not for its pleasures," she continued. "Golf is an elusive phantom; cotillions, a torture; while as for people——" she hesitated.

"Go on," he said encouragingly. "Don't mind me."

"People are masqueraders, one and all. The good are wicked saints, and the bad are righteous sinners."

"I'll have to think before I decide in which class I'd rather be found. Go on," he said; "I know there is more."

"I'm lonely," she replied obediently.

"That's nothing. I've been living that down for years."

"This barn of a house oppresses me."

"I warned you against making it perfection," said Leicester unsympathetically.

"I have succeeded in building an establishment. I have discovered that what I want is a home."

Leicester's lips emitted a low sound which might have been an exclamatory whistle.

"Is it really as bad as that?" he inquired. "I am afraid she is taking life seriously. Making epigrams is a sure sign."

"No, 'Laugh and grow thin' has been my motto. I've made a study of it."

"So have I—with different results. What is the secret of your success?" he interrogated.

"Oh, it's not a secret; like everything else nowadays, it's only a state of mind."

"Which implies that mine is suffering from fatty degeneration?" he inquired.

"You will suffer from something worse if you remain. I am really unmistakably savage. Besides, I must finish the tree."

"By all means. But don't send me away. It is such an incomparable pleasure to see some one else work. Besides, do you know that I have a peculiar, psychical, Madame Blavatsky sort of feeling that if I went I should be doing irremediable injury to us both? In short, I refuse to go. So you don't feel that four walls in the fashionably crowded part of the city constitute a home?"

"They are so much expensive paint and brick," she replied.

"You can say," he said:

"Homeless near a thousand homes I stood,
And near a thousand tables pined and wanted
food."

"Why will you persist in understanding one's mood?" Miss Winslow asked grievously. "You deprive one of the sweet misery of explaining. I feel as if this house were a museum. Everything has such an unused, creepy look. I have found that a home does not consist in having Colonial and Empire rooms, nor even in antiques like these"—she waved her hands at the old mahogany of fashionably modern outline which adorned the library. "Home lies in the spirit infused into it;

and one woman's spirit"—pathetically—"will not cover a house of this size. There is one thing which I am seriously thinking of doing. I think I shall adopt an orphan child."

"An orphan asylum would fill it better," he commented.

Miss Winslow went over to the table and lifted the Cupid.

"Since you prefer me in a bad mood to any one else in a holiday one, I must continue my work."

"What are you going to do with that dangerous boy?" Leicester asked, looking at the pink faced cherub as she dangled him from a string held between finger and thumb.

"I am now about to hang Cupid," she said solemnly.

"How delightful! I have always wanted to be present at an execution. Besides, it's a fate I've often thought he deserved."

"You must have suffered a good deal at his hands," she said, looking sideways at him between half closed lashes. "That reminds me—I heard some one at the Hoyts' dance last night call you an 'artistic flirt.'"

"And what, may I ask, is a flirt, artistic or otherwise?" Leicester inquired, with sparkling eyes.

Miss Winslow thought for a moment.

"A flirt," she replied, "is a man with a small capacity for loving every woman, and a large incapacity for loving one."

The laughter died from Leicester's eyes.

"Do you believe that is true of me?" he asked lightly. Miss Winslow did not reply.

"Do you really believe that of me?" he asked more seriously.

Miss Winslow moved uneasily. There was something in Leicester's tone which she could not meet with the usual banter.

"Look at me, Mary," he said peremptorily. "You can study the pattern of your rugs any time."

Miss Winslow shot a swift glance at him, then lowered her lids again. Leicester rose and came toward her.

"You have very pretty eyelashes. I have always admired them," he said, standing directly in front of her. "But I want you to look at me and tell me if you honestly believe I have a large incapacity for loving one woman?"

Something new in his voice, something subtle and almost painful in the atmosphere, played havoc with Miss Winslow's usually well adjusted mental processes. She felt silenced, paralyzed, almost afraid. When the silence became intolerable, being a woman of the world, she treated the occasion with the world's greatest emotional safeguard: she took refuge in a laugh.

"I impeach your power to catechise me," she said. "Here, take your arch enemy, Cupid, and be revenged by hanging him high."

He took the wax figure from her and stood as if in debate. Then he turned toward the tree and addressed the figure in his hand. "Cupid," he said, "I hang you with many apologies. I confess to a fondness for you not shared by the lady of this manor. I shall suspend you high where you can keep a watchful eye upon her. Who knows——" he broke off and ascended the steps. The universal god revolved slowly in mid air in his new home on the tree, then settled into permanence of direction.

"See, Mary," Leicester cried, looking over his shoulder, "he is pointing his arrow at you. Have a care——" As he said it, his foot, which was reaching backward for a lower step, miscalculated, and with a crash he fell heavily to the floor.

"Well, of all awkward brutes!" he exclaimed, regaining a sitting position where he remained with one foot under him. "The trick elephant in the circus could have done better."

Miss Winslow's first inclination was to laugh. When Leicester attempted to rise, however, and unconsciously

emitted a groan, she flew at once to his side. "Is it your foot? You've twisted and perhaps sprained it! Oh, if you had only gone before!"

"Don't, Mary; don't hit a man when he's down. You may think the fall was retribution, but I attribute it to another cause." He gave a glance at the Cupid. "That little rascal, I believe, knocked me down!" He closed his eyes with pain, and Miss Winslow's talent for emergencies came to the front. She summoned her man to help lift Leicester to the couch, and then flew to the telephone and called a doctor.

Her own physician responded. After the usual pullings, pinchings, and pressings, he cheerfully pronounced the wench a very bad sprain.

"It will be a matter of weeks, though hardly, I hope, of months," he said amiably. "You'd better have yourself moved where you can be made comfortable and be supplied with diverting companionship. These affairs are tedious at the best." He offered his further services, which Miss Winslow, catching a telegraphic message from Leicester's eyes, declined, saying that her man could do everything necessary. In a few moments she was alone with her guest, who sat helpless as a child with bandaged foot elevated upon a tabor in front of him.

"Well?" Miss Winslow said, in some embarrassment. "Why did you not allow the doctor to accompany you home? Do you prefer the distraction of William's accent?"

Leicester contemplated his wounded foot.

"Mary," he said, "do you realize that we are facing a state of things?"

"I realize that *you* are."

"Well, be unselfish and imagine that you are, too. Do you think that a bachelor's apartment house, without a woman in sight, ideally fills the doctor's prescription?"

"Of course I don't. It is most unfortunate. Oh, if your married sister did not live one hundred miles away!"

"Yes, or if I could be expressed to her."

"You can have a nurse!" she suggested. "But you will have to eat and sleep and wink on schedule. And you hate doing things by rule."

"Yes, and if she were not pretty she would make one feel worse. And if she were——"

"You'd fall in love with her."

"Not at all. But there's no telling what would happen to *her*. No, a woman nurse I feel is an anomaly."

"Then, why not have a man?"

"A man is a monstrosity. I should be at liberty to throw boots and vigorous invectives at him. But I am afraid I would be unfit for society at the end of the term. No, Mary, I see but one loophole. Fate has erected a sign post with a straight, clear path for you and me."

"For me?" she echoed feebly.

"Yes, I have a proposition to make, a most logical solution. You wish to adopt some one; I am in need of a home. Do you not see that Providence has left a charge, not on your door step, but on your step ladder, as it were?"

"No, I don't," she gasped.

"This foundling," he continued, "has every requirement which your orphan asylum child could not possess. You must have some one who understands your every peccadillo; who will not laugh when you sigh, or weep when you are merry; some one who will not monopolize your favorite chair, be bored with Omar Khayyam or sleep through the German opera. Mary, we are all only children of a larger growth. Will you not listen to fate, and save me from the doom of solitary confinement by adopting—*me*?"

"Did you sprain your brain as well as your ankle?" Miss Winslow inquired.

"No, my senses are intact."

"But you don't mean—you didn't intend——" she faltered.

"I certainly did. You always had unusual perspicacity. You may cata-

logue me as—No. 25, is it? I have had the honor to make you what the lady novelist terms an 'honorable proposal of marriage.'"

Miss Winslow fell back in her chair.

"What more rational solution of a difficult problem?" he continued. "You are lonely and wish to adopt some one. I am sentenced to bachelor banishment for months. You wouldn't like to think of me fuming and fretting existence away, would you, when you might have prevented it?"

Miss Winslow leaned forward in her chair and quietly scanned his face. Then the blood flamed over her own, tipping even her close set ears with crimson.

"Yes, he really means it," she said musingly, and with reluctance. "He has asked me to marry him, for convenience' sake, and he does not realize how he has humiliated me. Yet that could be borne; but to be disappointed in him! One can never get used to that! And I thought he understood me!" Then, at a low exclamation from Leicester, "Oh, I give you credit for not intending to pain me. The awful part is not to know that you have. Do you realize what you have said? I have heard of men who married to obtain a housekeeper. It is a novelty to meet one who wishes a trained nurse."

Leicester's face flushed deeply. He opened his mouth to refute the injustice, but she would not let him begin.

"No, don't speak," she said. "I am choking with the words I want to say." She met his gaze now with eyes from which vehement indignation flashed, and he sank back among the pillows of the couch.

"How dared you?" she inquired with low, forcefully distinct enunciation. "How dared you to speak to me of marriage and never speak of love? Do you think forty outgrows it?" She covered her hot cheeks with her hands. "Let me say one thing more," as again he attempted to check her; "of course

we can't be friends after tonight. The *bon camaraderie* of our relationship is over. You have forever spoiled it. Your going will make a void in my life. I don't think I ever knew until tonight how large a place you filled." Her voice gave a little break which she quickly controlled. "You satisfied me because I thought that you understood me. But the one vital thing you did not understand. Let me tell you now that you may know why I am so stung. I, Mary Winslow, spinster, with face turned toward the setting sun, demand of the man who would win me absorbing, all compelling love. I am not a woman to bestow myself. I must be won. It cannot be done with a jest."

Leicester's face had grown white as he listened. Sometimes he closed his eyes as if trying to shut out sound. Sometimes the hands on his knees moved a little. When he spoke his voice was entirely without the intensity of tone she had used. It was the conversational voice of a stunned man finding refuge in conventional phrase; the ever blessed law of habit which prevents human tension from being stretched too far.

"I can't tell you how I regret having pained you," he finally said. "It was the last thing I intended to do; and I am sorry not to have done well what I should like to have done the best of all. Yet," with a touch of whimsicality, "I don't know that it is surprising. One can hardly expect a stage prompter from a man who has never made one before."

Her eyes were fastened upon the tree. Her attitude indicated a polite but weary judge who was tolerantly waiting to hear what the defense might say.

"If I had not felt so deeply, I could have been more eloquent," he continued. "We have played with words so long it was hard to be serious, even when I most wished. I must have taken it for granted that you knew that I loved you. Women are either amazingly astute or incredibly blind in such matters. Why did you suppose I had

haunted your hearth for nearly ten years? I think it began then, when your mother was taken away."

He spoke simply, as if relating a narrative long familiar, and one that should not surprise his listener.

"You will wonder why I never told you. It was because you came into your heritage late. I would not try to take it from you. You found your girlhood years later than most women. While your mother lived her health held you in a bondage of love. When you entered the gay world it was a fairy land to you. Like a girl you enjoyed each moment. I would not rob you of one. I followed your enthusiasms, your disappointments, your triumphs, waiting until pleasure should pall. I wished you to find for yourself that the pretty bubbles you chased turned to air when you grasped them. When I came tonight I knew immediately that the mood I had longed for had come. You were heart sick and filled with satiety. The apples of Sodom were bitter in your mouth. I was so happy I could have shouted. For, Mary"—he leaned forward and spoke rapidly—"it was love your soul was crying for; love, the deepest need of human life. And what your heart was vaguely demanding, mine had long been throbbing to give. Do you know to what heights of folly I have been led by this masterful passion? Do you know that I go blocks out of my way at night to pass your window? Do you know that I visit barbaric receptions for a glimpse of your face? Can you realize the pangs of jealousy I suffer when I find you monopolized by some young cub whom in fancy I cuff and throw out at the door?" His eyes rested on her and held her with resistless power. "Think of the men who have loved you. Did you fancy I did not know when you turned them away? Love is keen. Mary, you do care, or you would not have been so stung by my cursed flippancy tonight. Don't try to answer me now. I will go home, and in spite of solitude

my Christmas will be the happiest I have ever known. Think of what I have said, and remember—your happiness and mine are at stake. Oh, Mary, gift of God to me, prayer and creed of my life, give me the right before the world to worship— Mary— Mary—sweetheart, don't cry."

Reaction from her indignation had left Miss Winslow quiescent. When Leicester spoke incredulity and then amazement swept over her, followed by a peace which was subtle, restful, new. When his words came faster and faster, she felt herself swept along on their current and questioned not whither she was being borne. After years of enforced repression it was blissful to let herself go. That Christmas eve her beautiful home, her material possessions, had seemed but a background which intensified the poverty of her heart. She had unconsciously longed for those imperishable riches which now were laid at her feet. And deeper than the knowledge of what she would receive was the certainty of what she

knew she could give. When Leicester's voice broke with its new tenderness, her overtaxed nerves gave way and she sobbed like a child. The sight restored him to the safe path of the commonplace, and his next words were in the usual bantering tone.

"Well, of all things, that is the meanest, to cry where I cannot reach you! Is that handkerchief a flag of truce?"

But he could not win her to smiles. Sob after sob filled the room; the pitiful, long drawn sobs of childhood, or of womanhood that retains the sensitive heart of the child.

"If you do not wish to break my heart, Mary, you will stop that and come here at once. The doctor's infliction was nothing to this. Mary, I command you to come here." Then, as she did not heed him, he said in a voice in which each word was a caress, "Mary, I have waited years patiently for you. See—I will not look. Will you not come to me in my distress?" And obediently, with face still covered, like a little child, she came.

CHRISTMAS COMRADES.

Oh, sing me a song of the yuletide of old
 With the snow drifted high on the white sheeted wold;
 Of the crackle of logs in the fireplace so deep,
 While the wind, with a wail, shakes the house in its sweep;
 Of the berries of holly as red as the blood
 That dyes the maid's cheek when it comes with a flood
 As 'neath mistletoe bough, so unconsciously shy,
 She trips when she's sure that her lover is nigh!

Oh, sing me a song that is tuned to the key
 Of the glee noted laughter that rings light and free;
 Of the wealth of the heart that is rich in joy's gold;
 Of the cheer of the day, and its story of old;
 Of the timorous gift that's so gladly received;
 Of the story that's earnestly told and believed;
 Of two in the dawn of life's fulness and joy,
 Two who yesterday were but a girl and a boy.

Oh, sing me the greetings of good will on earth,
 Of the peace unto men, of the wonderful Birth,
 Of the beckoning star, of the songs from the sky
 That told of the marvel that came from on high.
 Oh, sing me the songs—but my prayer is unheard,
 And there comes to me only the cheep of a bird,
 As my brave winter mate to my dormer sill comes
 To receive my sole gift of a handful of crumbs!

Wood Levette Wilson.

STORIETTES

A DOORSTEP DIALOGUE.

He: "Shall I ring again?"

She: "It won't do any good. There's nobody within three stories of the bell tonight. Can't you break the chain?"

He: "It wouldn't be much of a chain if I could. I'll try, though."

She: "I'll help. Isn't it maddening to have the door open like this and yet not be able to get in? That idiot Eliza!"

He: "Whew! That's solid. I suppose she forgot you were out."

She: "She never remembers anything but that there may be a burglar. There's no use looking at that window. You can't reach it, and even if you could it's locked and the inside shutters are barred."

He: "But we could break things."

She: "And rouse the neighborhood at one o'clock Christmas morning. Thank you, no."

He: "Who sleeps above us?"

She: "Father and mother—when they're not in Washington."

He: "And above that?"

She: "I do—when I'm not spending the night on the doorstep."

He: "Isn't there a back way?"

She: "Yes, with a padlocked iron gate leading to it. Oh, I might have known it! I never did an unchaperoned thing in my life that I didn't get into trouble. But it seemed stupid to make Cousin Mary come all these miles out of her way just for form's sake, when we both knew we didn't need chaperoning."

He (rattling the door impatiently): "Oh, I'm absolutely safe, am I?"

She: "My dear boy, no. I'm not insulting you. I spoke merely with reference to taking stray girls home from theater parties at midnight."

He: "Thank you. I thought you were going on to say I seemed just like a brother, or we knew each other too well for any nonsense, or something equally unpleasant."

She: "Never. But what are we going to do? Father and mother will be back first thing in the morning, and I don't care to have them find us tête-à-tête on the front steps."

He: "I'll make one more try at the bell. If that doesn't work I suppose I'll have to marry you. They always do in fiction."

She: "It would be only polite. And you might do worse."

He: "I might; though you say it that shouldn't. It's a good idea. I wonder why I never thought of it before."

She: "Well, there isn't time to think of it now."

He: "The idea doesn't interest you?"

She: "Oh, there's nothing new in it to me. I've often thought it over."

He (coming closer): "You've thought of it? And what did you decide?"

She: "That I might do better. Let's both pound."

He (after a few vicious bangs): "Do you know that you're rather brutal sometimes?"

She: "Nearly always. I'd be a hateful person to have around all the time. I'll tell you: let's call out the fire department. We could borrow one of their ladders and then tell them it was a mistake."

He: "It seems like giving the city a good deal of trouble."

She: "We could warm ourselves by the engine while they were waking up Eliza for us. Oh, bother Eliza!"

He: "Hang Eliza!"

She: "Confound Eliza! I wish you didn't have to suffer, too. Can't you get a basket and hang me on the doorknob?"

He: "I'm not suffering except for you. How about trying the chimney? Santa Claus must have brushed some of the soot off by this time."

She: "Oh, and I promised mother faithfully that I'd fill the children's stockings! Why, they'll be getting up before so very long. What shall I do? Can't you think of something? I'm cold and I'm tired. I want to get in."

He: "You poor child! Let me take you somewhere. Isn't there some one you know whom we can rouse?"

She: "Not near here. And I couldn't, any way. It would be so sort of—dreadful. I should feel disreputable. Besides, the children's stockings. Their hearts would be broken."

He: "But, my dear girl, this is getting past a joke. It's evident we can't rouse that woman, and I can't let you stay here any longer. Your poor hands—they're like ice."

She: "Oh, dear! And I'm keeping you out all this time. Don't wait any longer. I'll—I'll manage some way. Do go."

He: "How comfortably I'd sleep, with you doing the little frozen-match girl act half a dozen blocks away. If I could only

take you to my den! I'd build up a big fire and put the lounge out in front of it and wrap you in a steamer rug and brew you a good hot toddy and——"

She: "What a pity I'm not a man!"

He: "Oh—I don't know!"

She: "We could have loads of fun. If I were a man I'd like you tremendously."

He: "Well, but as a girl, mightn't——"

She: "Oh, a girl's liking doesn't count for much, unless she falls in love. And I never do that."

He: "But couldn't you make an exception? Just this once?"

She: "I was born cold. I can't help it. I shall never care for any man that way. I should really like to, you know, but I can't."

He (after a pause): "If you tell me that for my own good, I'm afraid it's too late."

She: "I'm sorry. I wish I were different." (Another pause.)

He (squaring his shoulders): "Well, now to get you in. I'm going to try for that window."

She: "But you can't. It's simply crazy. There isn't even an edge to stand on; and that pavement below!"

He (taking off his overcoat): "It's that or pneumonia for you. If I hadn't these beastly patent leathers on, I could manage it better."

She: "But it's foolhardy. I can't allow it. Look at the stone step you'd fall on."

He: "But do you realize that this has grown rather serious? And I honestly think I can make it."

She: "I ask you not to attempt it."

He (stepping up on the balustrade): "My dear girl, there's no other way."

She (catching his arm): "I can't let you. I can't bear it. I'd—I'd rather lose every rag of reputation I've got. I'll go to a hotel—anywhere."

He: "Do you hear that clock? It's too late now to go anywhere else. I care more for your name than I do for—— How cold you are! Put this coat around you, and don't watch me if it makes you nervous."

She (excitedly): "Nervous! *Nervous!* When the man you—— Oh, please don't try it."

He (quickly): "When the man you——?"

She: "Surely we can think of some other way."

He: "When the man you——?" (Feels around for a foothold.) "I'll climb better if you finish it."

She: "When the—oh, come, come quick!" (Darts down the steps.)

He: "What is it?"

She (breaking into a run): "The drug store!"

He (following, bewildered): "But you can't spend the night there!"

She (over her shoulder): "Hurry!"

They dash into the drug store, setting the night bell ringing violently.

She: "The telephone, please."

He: "By George, the telephone!"

She: "*Yes, 1423. Ring again. Eliza, is that you? Go down and unchain the front door at once. Yes, you did. Good by. Well, our troubles are over. How stupid we were. You have been very kind.*" (They hurry back 'n silence.)

He (as they mount the steps): "Please, before I go, did you mean it? When the man——"

She: "Oh, the stockings! I musn't stop. Come tomorrow and—see what the children got. Good night."

He (as the door closes): "God bless Eliza!"

Winifred Sothorn.

A QUESTION OF IDENTITY.

THEY had separated from the other guests, and were sitting together in the cool shadow of the north piazza. Great, dusty bees, honey laden, swung in and out among the clematis that shrouded the porch, and the droning hum of their busy wings seemed like far off music. He had drawn his canvas topped stool, with its tripod legs, close beside her chair, and she, with her head resting against the carved back of the rocker, smiled responsive to the love that idealized his face.

"It is good just to be alive and near you, sweetheart," he said, seemingly content that one of her ribbons, stirred by the breeze, was fluttering against his hand. "I never understood what Browning meant by the 'wild joy of living' until I know you cared for me." He spoke with an air of sweet contentment and a pride of possession born of their three days' engagement.

She answered by a quick flash of her eyes, and he, reading love's language in them, put his hand softly over hers as it rested on the arm of her chair.

"It is wonderfully sweet to be loved," she said, and added after a moment: "But a man's way of loving and a woman's differ so widely. A man wants the woman to come to him as pure and fresh as a newly opened flower. He wants to be the first to kiss the dew of innocence from her lips. Her heart must be free from dim images of other loves, for he must be the first, the only one, the holy of holies, as it were."

"Oh, come! you're too hard on us," he interrupted.

"But you know it is so," she said. "When you men really want to marry a woman you don't like to remember that there have been others. With a woman it

does not matter. She is proud to think that she has been chosen above the rest. As for those other women who may have occupied his heart for a time before he knew her, she feels only pity for them, not jealousy, because he has passed them by. We women love more generously as long as we think you care for us."

"A man can be generous in his love as well as a woman," he said, a little resentfully. "Besides, there are so many extenuating circumstances in a man's life. Girls are not always discreet, you know, and a man's natural gallantry toward her sex often entangles him in affairs into which his heart does not enter. You women are not handicapped that way. You can receive the admiration and love of a thousand men, and yet, if your heart is not touched, you can spurn them all."

"That's it!" she broke in. "You want other men to admire the woman you love, but her heart must remain untouched until you come. If you find that one out of the thousand has been more than a friend, you don't value her love so highly. Why may there not be 'extenuating circumstances' in a woman's life?"

"Perhaps you will understand better what I mean if I tell you an experience of a friend of mine."

"A personal experience will be more interesting," she interrupted.

"A man can't speak personally of things of that sort without appearing to a disadvantage."

"Then there have been 'circumstances' in your life?"

"Oh, there is in every man's! What happened to my friend, happens to us all, with more or less variations. It was two years ago, when he was spending his vacation at King's Hintock Lake. There was a girl at the hotel, a clever, companionable little thing, and they were thrown a good deal together. Of course they talked of love, as young folks will, but in an abstract way. She was such a sensible little body one couldn't make love to her lightly. But because they were seen so much together people began to couple their names, although theirs was the purest of Platonic friendships.

"One morning they rowed down the lake some five or six miles. They came to a sunny little inland bay, and he pulled in there to rest. She took a sudden fancy to explore the woodland back of the bay, and he ran the boat up on the beach and sprang out to fasten it. Just as he stooped to secure the chain to a log which had been washed up on the rocks, and which the sun had bleached to an ashy grayness, she sprang out beside him, at the same time pushing him violently aside. He looked up

in surprise to find her face as white as the foam that capped the lake billows, and her little foot, in its stout walking shoe, planted firmly on the head of a rattler. It had evidently been sunning itself on the rocks, and, being disturbed, had coiled to strike. It had sent out its warning rattle, which had been unheeded by the man, but quick as a flash the girl had seen his danger.

"It was one of the bravest acts I have ever known, for there is no doubt but that her promptness saved his life. Before he could despatch the reptile, it had coiled itself around her ankle, but she never flinched, although her face kept getting whiter and whiter. For a wonder she didn't faint, and she refused to be made a heroine of, in spite of the vigorous efforts of the people at the hotel. He was really very fond of her, and linked to that now was a feeling of gratitude, but he was never for an instant disloyal to the girl he had promised to marry. They were the closest of friends—that is, as close as a man and woman can be without being lovers—and he never dreamed of anything else until he went to say good by.

"They were dancing at the hotel when the clerk handed him a wire from his firm, to take the morning train home. Her name was down on his card for the next waltz, and he went in search of her. She consented to sit out the dance with him, and they went to one end of the long piazza, to catch the breeze, for the night was very warm. It was after twelve o'clock, and most of the older people had gone up stairs, and for a time the piazza was deserted. An angle of the house shut them off completely, and the music came to them softened and sweetened by distance. He told her he had been called home, and this was practically their good by, as he must take the early train. She took the news very quietly, and they fell to talking over the incidents that had cemented their friendship. She let him do most of the talking, only speaking now and then in a strangely subdued voice. He was a little piqued that she took the news of his departure so indifferently, and after a while he got up and held out his hand.

"Let's say good by out here under the stars," he said. "It will seem more sincere than in there with all that artificial life and light."

"Before he knew it she had her arms around his neck, and was sobbing, heart brokenly, on his shoulder. He was thoroughly startled and distressed. He had never dreamed that she cared for him like that, and he tried to soothe her as best he could. It was weak and cowardly, I suppose, but he couldn't tell her he was going to marry in the fall; that even the maid of

honor and best man had been chosen. He kissed her, and smoothed her hair, and petted her into composure again, and—well, he went off leaving her under the impression that he loved her. They exchanged a dozen or so letters, and then he ceased to write. It was all he could do. He couldn't be brutal enough to tell her the truth, when she had acted so."

The girl in the rocking chair had been listening with breathless interest. An odd, half frightened look had come into her eyes. When he paused, she drew in her breath sharply.

"Are you sure your friend is not a fiction? You told that as if it were a personal reminiscence," she said.

"No, I am not the hero of my own story, but I have heard the poor boy talk of it so often the incidents have grown upon me. He was terribly cut up over it."

"Did he ever tell you the girl's name?" she questioned.

"No; he didn't so far forget his honor."

"Do you blame her?"

"The girl? I don't know. I have never settled that question satisfactorily."

"But you wouldn't want her love?" she persisted.

"Oh, it's hard on a girl to have her indiscretions brought up against her in after life. That may have been the only time she let her impulse carry her so far, and we men, God knows, are not fit to sit in judgment on any woman. If I loved her as I love you, I could forgive her anything."

He took her hand between his palms and pressed it tenderly.

"Are you quite sure you don't know the girl's name?" she questioned again, with that odd, tense look still in her eyes.

"Yes, I am quite sure," he said, smiling indulgently at her persistence. "My friend never told me, although I asked him again and again. But why do you ask?"

"Because——" She caught her breath sharply. "Because—I was that girl!"

"You!" he echoed, letting her hand drop from his nerveless fingers.

"Oh, don't be angry," she pleaded brokenly. "You have just said a girl's indiscretions should not be brought up against her."

He had pushed the little stool back against the wall, and stood now at the edge of the porch. She followed him and put her hand on his shoulder.

"You said you could forgive me anything," she said softly.

"I had such confidence in you," he answered dully, without turning his head. "I never dreamed you had been as other girls."

"But I love you in spite of the entanglements you acknowledge have been in your

own life," she pleaded. "I am willing to forgive you seventy times seven, so you still love me; and you will not overlook one little indiscretion."

"It is such a shock to me," he said. "My faith is broken. I will have to get used to the idea that you have cared for another man. I know you well enough to understand how you must have loved him to forget yourself so."

"But it is all buried now with the dead past. We are in the living present, and the soul of that is our love."

She slipped her hand into his, and his fingers closed over it mechanically. There was no warmth in the action. It stung the girl and she drew back quickly.

"If you cannot forgive my one fault as freely and unreservedly as I forgive yours," she said, "it is best that everything should end now."

Before he could answer the hall door closed between them, and he stood staring blankly at the clematis vines. Half the light had died out of the landscape, and he picked up his hat viciously and started out across the fields. He was in no mood to meet the other guests, for time lags sometimes to people at a country house, and they are apt to take too much interest in things which do not concern them. For two hours he tramped miserably in any direction, and then, just as the sun dropped behind the distant hills, he turned sharply with a firmness of purpose in his face.

The supper bell rang as he reached the house, but she sent word her head ached, and did not come down. He made a pretense of eating, but it seemed hours before the wretched meal was over. Then he went to his room and hastily scrawled a note, saying, no matter what had been, he could not live without her, and praying her to forgive him for being so unjust. It was a penitent little note, full of love and contrition, and the housemaid opened her eyes at the piece of silver slipped into her hand with the envelope.

A half hour later, when he had finished dressing for the evening, and started down to the parlors, he found a folded paper under his door. It bore his name and he opened it with trembling eagerness.

"My dear boy," he read, "when a woman proves her point she is always ready to be magnanimous. I am not the girl. I only took her identity to try your love, and to convince you that a man wants to be the first and only one in the heart of the woman he has asked to marry him. Truly, I never heard of the circumstances until you told me, and it was on the impulse of the moment that I spoke. Can you forgive me? You were generous enough to overlook the

greater fault, and I know your heart will not be full of 'hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness' toward the lesser—especially as I am waiting down stairs to tell you that you are the first and only one."

Neva Lillian Williams.

A COUP OF THE KID'S.

It was September when Bill Saxton's younger brother, Gus, who had been sent out to cruise for cedar, came back to camp. He was thin and worn and ravenously hungry, having traveled two days with a pack heavy enough, but empty of food. After consuming unnumbered slabs of bacon, and otherwise refreshing the inner man, he lighted his pipe and prepared to relate his adventures. It was observed that he seemed strangely excited, that his eyes shone and his hand trembled, but this was accounted for when, after taking one long draw at his pipe, he said:

"It's no use, boys; I can't keep it. I went to find cedar and I found—gold."

So it happened that Saxton's logging camp, so well known in western Washington, dissolved business. The "S X" booms no longer floated down the Hoquiam, and the Saxton brothers, Sandy McDonald, Arch Simpson, and the rest were seen no more for a season in the barroom of the Great Northern in town or on the ballroom floor of the Rialto.

Far up the side of one of the unnamed mountain giants of the snow crowned Olympics they found the place Gus Saxton had chanced upon, and, with the instinct of lumbermen, built the two proverbial long log houses, the mess house and the bunk room. As the months went by, they were fairly successful, and each man was contentedly conscious of an individual canvas bag growing heavier with each day's addition of yellow dust.

Only two members had been added to the personnel of the camp, as it had been mutually agreed to keep out outsiders. Indeed, the motto of the hastily constructed company had been, "Stand close, and death to traitors." At Christmas time young Saxton disappeared, and when he returned he brought with him his wife and his five year old boy.

The woman was older than Saxton, and some of the earlier inhabitants of the harbor towns could recall, without stretching their memories, a time when she had dispensed liquid cheer over her father's bar at the clearing. She had been a pretty girl then, and had brought custom to the "Dewdrop Inn," but when young Saxton married her, her old acquaintances generously allowed the remembrance of unfragrant details to

slip out of their minds. They were sorry for Gus to be caught like that; that is, until after the advent of the Kid; from that time on, any of them would gladly have stepped into Gus' shoes, and shouldered the burden of a faded camp beauty, for the privilege of owning or, more correctly speaking, being owned by the Kid.

As a baby he was a thing of beauty in spite of the yellow flannel petticoats and indigo crocheted sacks with which his mother adorned him. As a toddler he was bewitching, albeit his gingham slip was often artificially stiffened with molasses and whatever other food remained on his active fingers after meals. As a five year old he was still cherubic in his diminutive trousers and all embracing "sweater."

In the first days of her motherhood Mrs. Saxton had spoken of the child as Simon Henry, explaining to visiting femininity that the first appellation was in honor of "poor pa" (commonly known as Drybone Si), and the second for a "dear brother who died young" (at Butte City of strangulation); but as the novelty of her position wore off, she followed the custom of the place and referred to her son as "the Kid."

A small house had been built some little distance down the trail for the accommodation of the new family, and though "the madam" kept pretty closely indoors (where it was suspected that she extracted more comfort from a certain flat bottle than from her family), Gus and the Kid ate and bunked as it happened, and the latter invariably spent the long days with the men at the "hole."

As a rule lumbermen are a decent lot, but even their conversation, taken verbatim, might not always look well in print, and since the Kid went and came as he chose, and might at any time attach himself to any particular group, it was agreed that only "dictionary" language should be used. Never but once had this unwritten law been violated, and that was when Jim Pendleton had flatly refused to "tack" when the Kid suddenly presented himself among them. Gus himself had warned him, but though he looked the latter straight in the eye, he finished the tale with a particularly offensive oath.

The others had looked up in surprise when, instead of resenting the insult, Gus led the child away, and though he was a general favorite, and the camp was a peaceable one, it was agreed almost unanimously that he ought to have made Jim "back water" or take the consequences.

Some days after this Sandy McDonald made an astounding discovery. His "pile" was missing from its corner in his bunk. It had not been hidden, to be sure, and

any one might have taken it, but just as easily might he have taken theirs, and as the one was impossible, so was the other. Sandy was silent and miserable. Then, a few days later, Hickshaw's bag was missing. Hickshaw also was miserable, and confided his misery to McDonald.

That afternoon the two observed the Kid putting small stones in a canvas bag on which the letters S. M. were boldly stenciled. When they questioned the boy he very cheerfully admitted that his mother had given him the bag, and that she had told him his father had given it to her.

That night Gus was detained in the bunk room and interviewed. He turned pale at the accusation and paler still when he was shown the bag and told the child's story, but he denied the charge.

Bill Saxton had gone to town for supplies, and Jim Pendleton had followed the next day, complaining of a toothache and declaring that he would overtake Bill in his haste to reach a dentist. There was a full quorum left, however, and "Stand close, and death to traitors," was their simple code.

Mrs. Saxton came in tears when summoned, with many protestations of her love for her husband, which she averred was second only to her love of honor. Gus refused to see her, and in revenge she would not allow him to see the boy.

He was given three days to confess, and then one night of grace. At daylight nine rifles would be aimed at his breast, three of them loaded. That last evening the rain fell in a steady downpour, which had lasted for hours and would last for many more. Its incessant fall produced a monotonous musical tone, which was supplemented by the deeper roar of the moisture laden wind as it swept inland from the ocean through the mighty tree tops in the valley. Occasionally a dull boom, boom, of a falling forest giant would reverberate above the orchestra of wind and rain like the death cry of a sinking ship at sea.

Gus lay silently in the bunk furthest from the stove, around which the men sat smoking. They hoped that he was asleep, and forbore to scrape their chair legs on the rough floor lest they should wake him.

Suddenly, in spite of the uproar outside, a slight sound was heard in the room—the lifting of the latch; once, and then again. This time those facing the door saw the clumsy latch rise, then fall again into place; again, and this time the door opened to admit the drenched and bedraggled figure of the Kid.

He slipped through the opening, and then with all his little strength banged the heavy door shut and set his back against it, brac-

ing his short legs wide apart to hold it so until the latch should fall into place. He was panting, but he had saved enough breath to give them his usual cheery salutation—

"Hello, fellers!"

The man in the bunk swung his feet quickly off the shelf and sat up gazing hungrily at the little visitor, while the men about the stove sat speechless in their amazement. Great pools of water spread about the sturdy little feet. The Kid resented this unprecedented reception.

"Why didn't you fellers have no light?" he began argumentatively. "Course I couldn't see the trail in the dark, and I fell down hundreds and hundreds of times. And the water in the creek came up so high, and the plank bended down, and"—with a little quaver in his voice—"the angels and things in the woods made such a noise! I 'most couldn't get here at all."

McDonald strode across the room and clasped the brave baby in his arms. The others gathered round him and helped clumsily to pull off the soaked shoes and stockings, the sodden sweater, and the tight trousers; but they all distrusted their voices, and it was some moments before some one asked huskily, "What brought you here at this time of night, Kiddie? Wasn't you afraid?"

"No; I wasn't afraid—much. I came to see if my pop had come back. Mamma put me to bed long before dark and told me if I'd go right to sleep, in the morning I could come an' see pop. But after a while I woke up, and it was dark and mamma wasn't there and nobody wasn't there, so I thought I'd come now. Will pop be here in the morning?"

The men looked at one another, and McDonald found voice to say, "Yes, your pop'll be here in the morning." Then he wrapped a warm blanket about the chubby, naked body and carried the bundle down the long room to where two trembling arms reached out from the shadow to receive it.

"I never did it, Sandy; you know that now. She's gone to meet Jim. They thought you wouldn't miss her till after I was gone. But I didn't think she'd go back on the Kid. Give him to me." And Sandy silently laid the baby in his father's arms.

When the squeak of his heavy boots subsided, the group around the stove heard a queer, choking sound from the bunk, and then a baby voice murmured, "It was awful dark, pop, and the angels in the woods—"

And Sandy added beneath his breath, "The angels in the woods kept guard over the motherless baby."

But the Kid was asleep.

Alice D. Bankhage.

CUBA THE PICTURESQUE.

BY HENRY M. STEGMAN.

LIFE IN SPAIN'S LOST COLONY BEFORE AND SINCE THE WAR—WHAT CUBA OFFERS TO AMERICANS WHO VISIT THE GREAT TROPICAL ISLAND FOR PLEASURE OR FOR BUSINESS.

ONE hundred and thirty miles of the shining waters of the Florida Strait separate Cuba from the United States; a distance less than that from New York to Albany. The journey from Key West to Havana takes only a single night. It must be preceded by the trip from the mainland; either Tampa on the west coast of Florida, or Miami, lower down on the Atlantic side of the peninsula, will serve as the point of departure.

To the traveler from the North, Florida is to some extent a foreshadowing of Cuba. He will see there the cactus, the pineapple, the royal palm, and other vegetation of the chief of the Antilles. They will not, however, dull his enjoyment of the beauties of the land further south. The Gulf Stream crossed, he will find richer verdure and larger growths, so that the sub tropical scenery of his own country will be merely a pleasing foretaste of the delights to come.

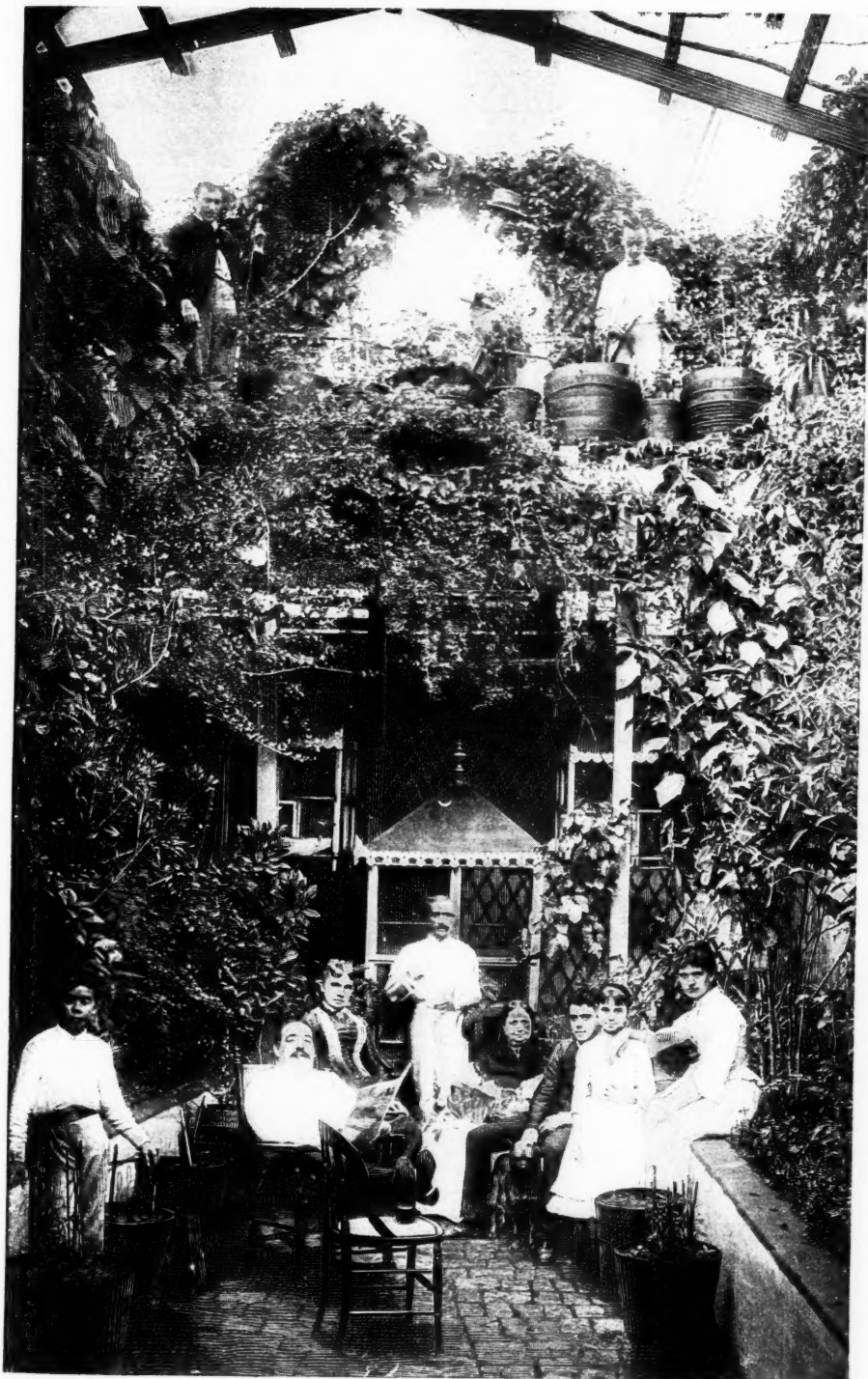
In the outward semblance of nature, the step from Florida to Cuba is no great one, but in all that concerns man and his works, the contrast is utter. On the island, everything is alien, the streets and houses, people and their modes of living, business methods and the cultivation of the land. If the voyager comes directly from New York by steamer, he lacks even the partial preparation of the Florida landscape for the new and strange surroundings of the Cuban capital.

Under the old order of things, sight seeing in Cuba meant a certain sacrifice

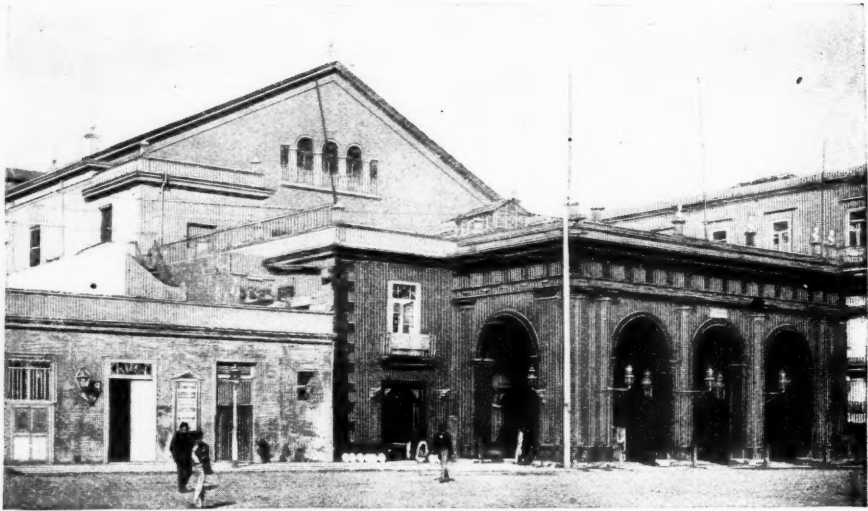
of personal convenience. If your mind was sufficiently intent on the picturesqueness of narrow streets and low, red tiled houses; on the slender grace of the palm and the gorgeousness of the royal poinciana, you might forget that the pavements were unconscionably rough, that the carriages were uncomfortable, that the food was not cooked to taste, and that filth and smells were everywhere. The luxury loving American, accustomed to the super civilized elegancies of big hotels and palace cars, found much to disgust him in Havana. However, such would ever do well to stick to the routes of personally conducted tourist parties, unless they have a stock of that travelers' contentment which makes hard beds soft, and discovers something edible in the most unpalatable repast.

If the visitor found the disagreeable features of Havana outweighing those which pleased him, he did well not to venture far into the interior. The railroads ran a certain distance, but they were of a primitive kind that would suffer comparison with a narrow gauge line in Arkansas. If the hotels in Havana tried his palate and his temper, he was sure to suffer far more in any of the smaller centers.

All this was true up to the time of the Spanish American War, and it remains so today. But a change is already in sight. The need has long been recognized of a hotel in Havana to meet the tastes of foreigners accustomed to the conveniences and luxuries of American and European places of en-



THE PATIO, OR OPEN CENTRAL COURT, OF A CUBAN HOUSE—"A NOOK WHICH IT IS A DELIGHT TO VISIT IN THE COOL OF THE AFTERNOON."



THE TACON THEATER, HAVANA'S LEADING PLAYHOUSE.

tainment. But under Spanish rule, investment of capital was attended by too many risks. Now, however, there is promise of one or more hotels that will meet the fastidious requirements of the wealthy tourist. Meanwhile, the big Inglaterra, with its memories of Consul General Lee and the exciting times after the blowing up of the Maine, will serve the purposes of

the not over sensitive traveler. Proper sanitation will also in time make Havana a far more desirable place to sojourn in than it now is.

In proportion, however, that a hotel is large and expensive, it is cosmopolitan and lacking in the characteristics of the land in which it is. To get an intimate knowledge of the Cubans, one should see them in their own

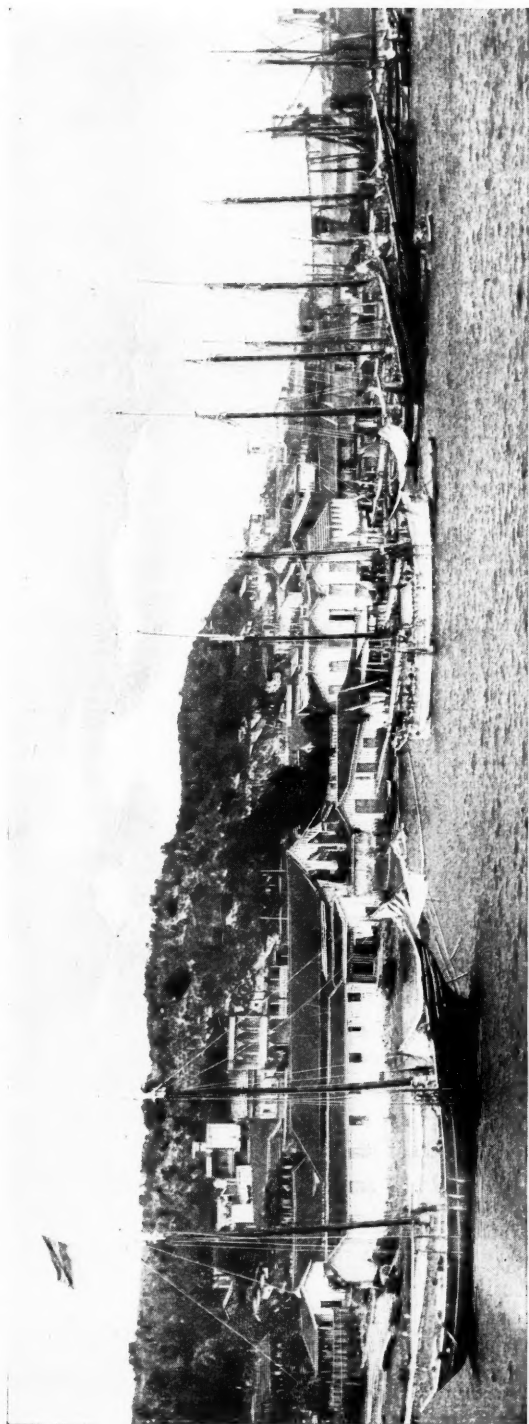


THE INGLATERRA HOTEL, HAVANA—"WITH ITS MEMORIES OF CONSUL GENERAL LEE AND THE EXCITING TIMES AFTER THE BLOWING UP OF THE MAINE."

homes. Meeting them under proper auspices, the visitor will invariably find them hospitable and generous. Poverty does not affect their nature, even if it limits their ability to be liberal.

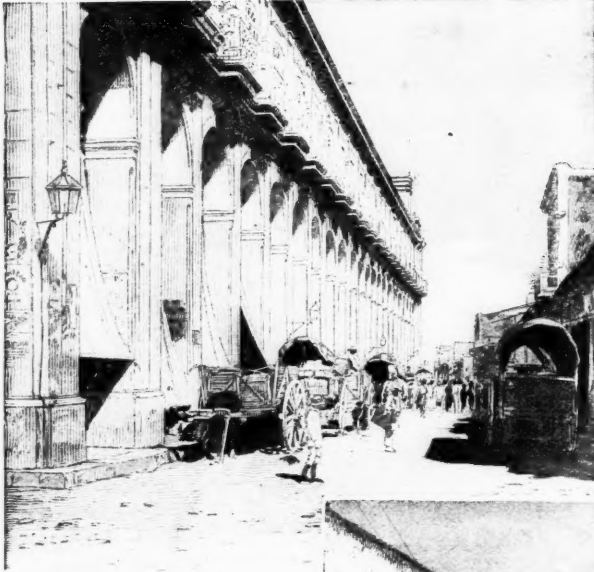
Far and away the most charming place to enjoy the graciousness of a Cuban host, and to get acquainted with his family, is the patio, or open court of his house. The dwelling may stand in a street narrow and dirty, and may itself show a sad lack of care, but once in the court, you forget the rest. This will be paved with stone and like as not, in the case of a man of wealth, display a fountain or a bit of sculpture. Vines ascend the side of the court and perhaps arch overhead. A tree or two and some shrubbery bearing brilliant flowers go to make up a nook which it is a delight to visit in the cool of the afternoon.

The patio is one of the devices whereby the Cuban seeks to live comfortably in spite of the weather. Another is his afternoon nap. With us, sleeping in the daytime is regarded as a more or less reprehensible custom, except in the very young or the very old. For a man in good health to yield to the lassitude following his midday meal is little short of a misdemeanor. But the Cuban, like many Europeans and the inhabitants of tropical countries



SHIPPING IN HAVANA HARBOR, WITH THE HEIGHTS OF CARANIAS IN THE BACKGROUND.

From a photograph by Henmann, New York.



THE TACON MARKET, HAVANA.

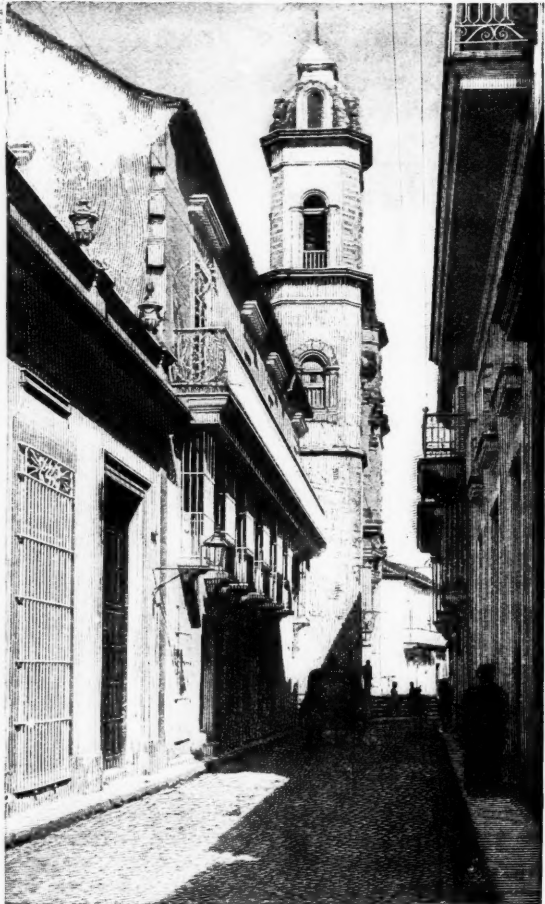
generally, refers to his siesta with no suggestion of shamefacedness. To him it is as much a matter of course as the meal that precedes it.

Sojourners from the north are likely to bring with them a prejudice against this afternoon slumber as savoring of laziness. It is well for them to overcome this idea, and to yield to the superior knowledge of the inhabitants. Affairs are ordered with reference to the universality of the siesta, and it may be indulged in without interference with business. "Who sleeps has dined," say the French, and heat as well as hunger may be forgotten in slumber.

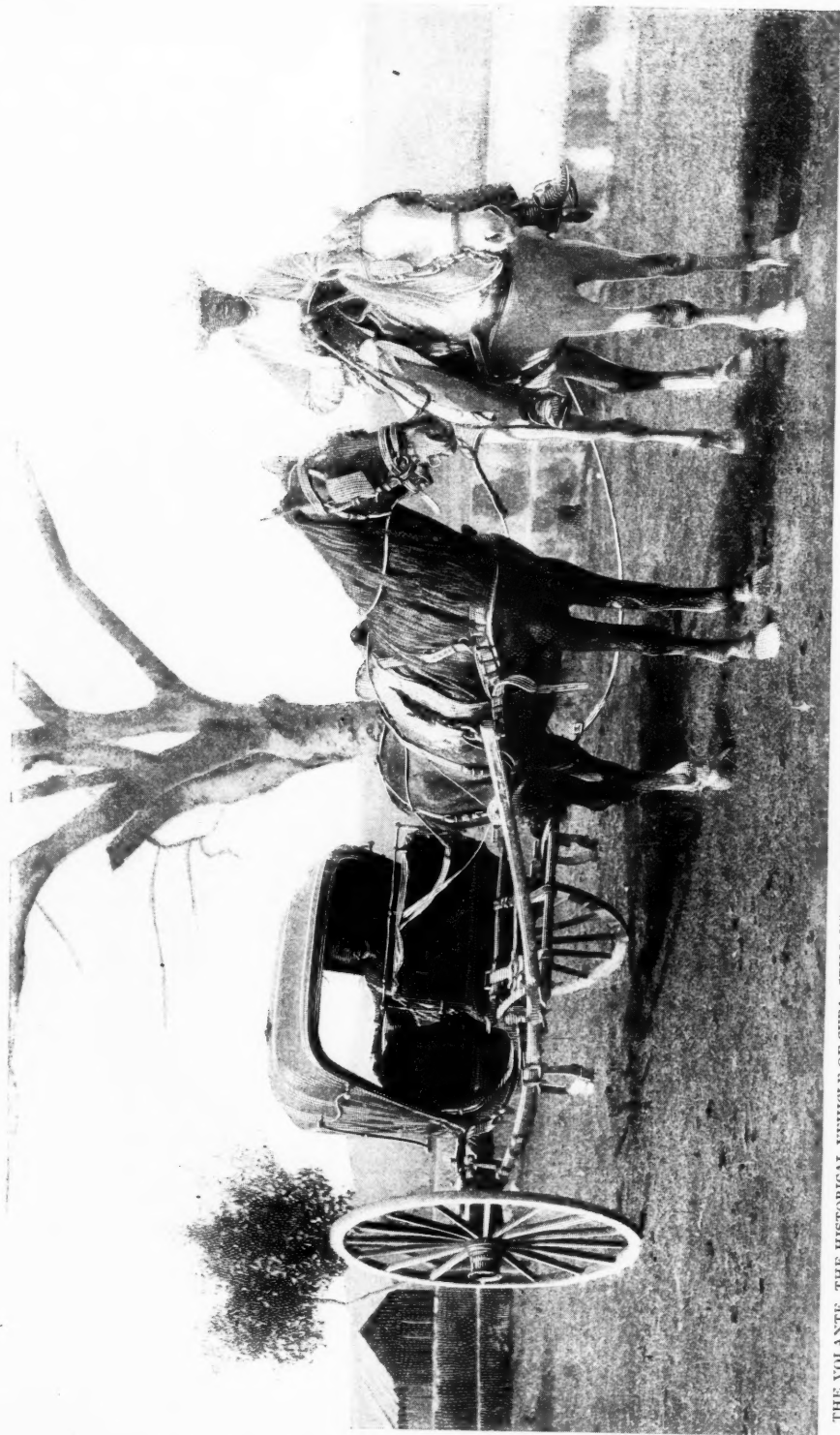
Even if the traveler from this country wishes to rise above this local custom, he will find circumstances combining against him. He can transact few affairs, for

the heads of firms are not to be seen. Even sight seeing is attended by other difficulties than mere heat, and the visitor, if he is wise, will cease railing at the sleepy headed race and join them in their favorite weakness.

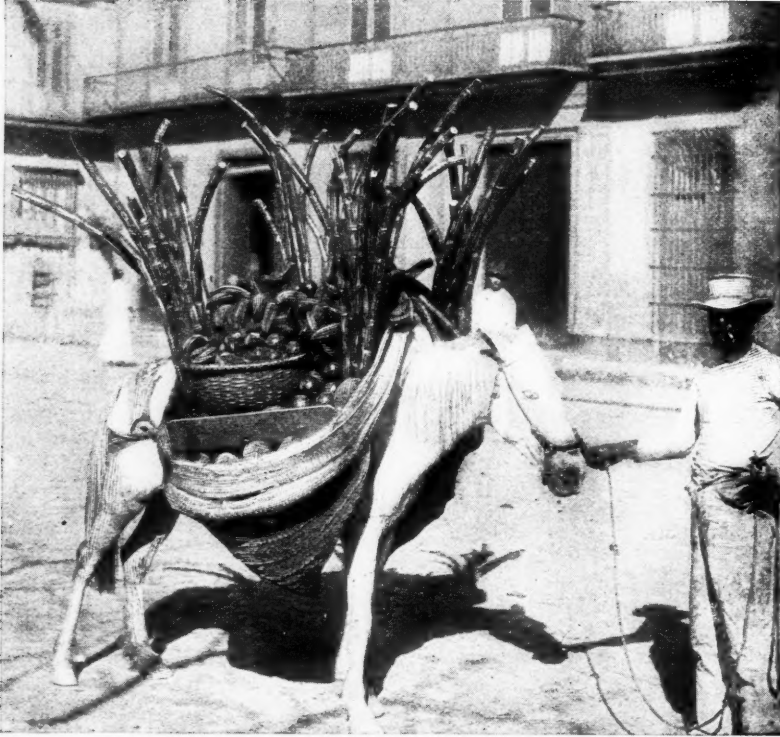
The matter of eating is another in which the habits of home must give way. Your early meal in Cuba will be, as in France and Germany, coffee and a roll.



THE CATHEDRAL OF HAVANA, WHICH LONG CLAIMED TO POSSESS THE BONES OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.



THE VOLANTE, THE HISTORICAL VEHICLE OF CUBA, STILL USED IN THE COUNTRY DISTRICTS. ITS HUGE WHEELS MINIMIZE THE JOLTING OF THE ROUGH CUBAN ROADS.



A CUBAN FRUIT PEDDLER, WITH A LOAD OF SUGAR CANE, BANANAS, MANGOES, AND COCOANUTS.

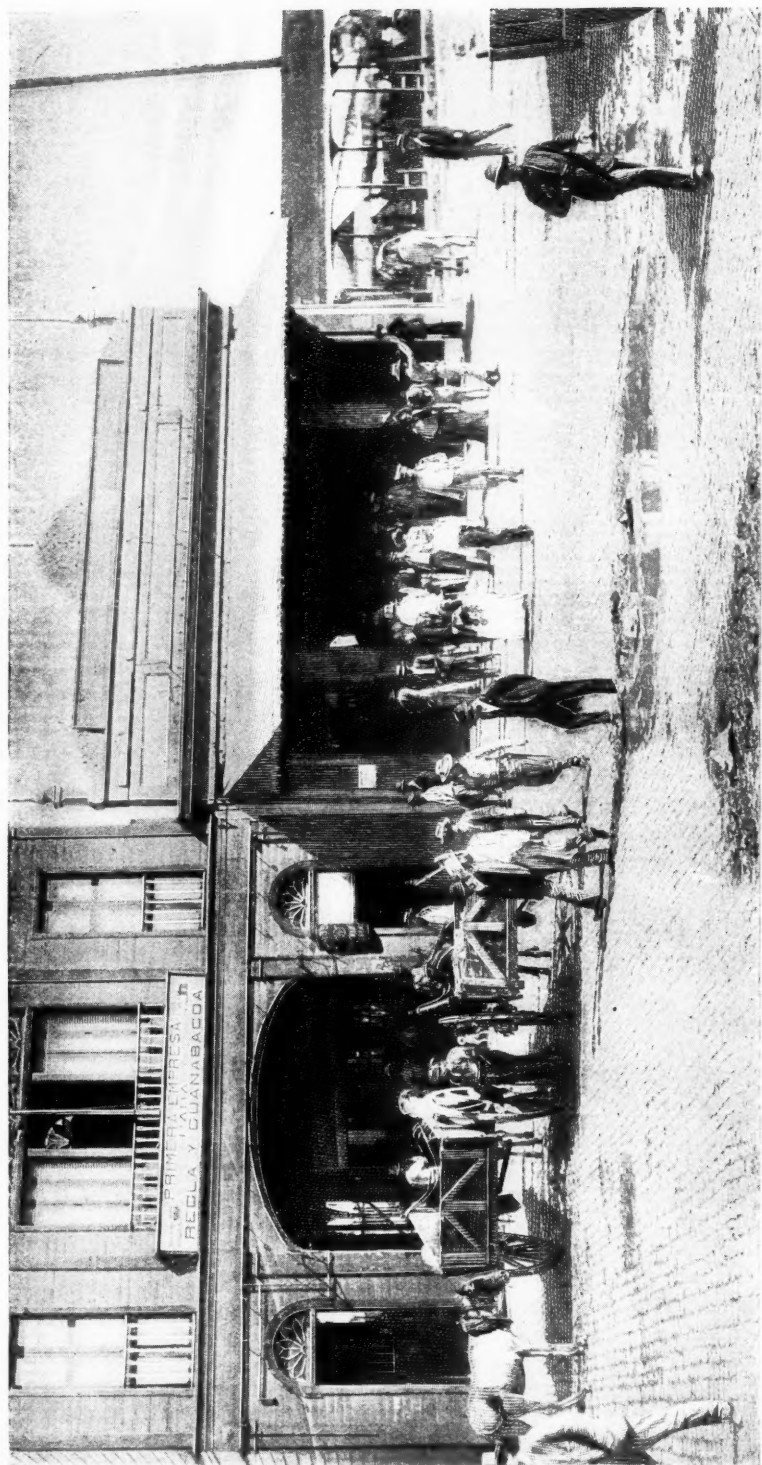
You can get eggs and bacon and beefsteak if you insist, but you will probably decide before many days that it is just as well to conform to the practice of your fellows. If you do this, when eleven or twelve o'clock comes you will be in readiness for your *almuerzo*, or breakfast. For the substantial nature of this, you will probably be grateful. Soup, fish, a roast, vegetables, and perhaps guava jelly, with cheese, will form this repast, together with the inevitable but ever welcome coffee. If you find this last especially delicious, you may on inquiry be told that the bean was roasted twice. After the ordinary grinding, the grains are again put in the oven until quite black, to be then crushed into powder. Above all, the Cuban cook knows the golden rule of coffee making, "Use plenty of coffee."

The habit of drinking a bottle of

wine both at breakfast and dinner strikes one as odd in a land where the sun is directly overhead part of the year. Yet a pint of heavy, sweetish Spanish claret is usual at these meals. If your appetite is duly catholic, you will enjoy a dinner in which Spanish cooking with Cuban modifications leads you into new and strange gustatory sensations.

If you are a smoker, you will lose no time on landing in possessing yourself of a supply of real Havanas. It is, however, as easy to buy poor cigars in Cuba as in New York. It is not uncommon for a man to smoke twenty big black fellows a day. So that they may be fresh enough to bend double without breaking, they are made to order daily.

The visitor who has letters to the owner of a big sugar estate and is so fortunate as to be his guest for a time,



THE PLAZA DE LUZ, HAVANA. ON THE LEFT IS THE FERRY HOUSE WHENCE BOATS RUN ACROSS THE HARBOR TO REGLA (WHERE THE BULL FIGHTS TAKE PLACE) AND GUANABACOA; TO THE RIGHT IS THE TERMINUS OF THE RAILWAY CONNECTING HAVANA WITH MATANZAS AND OTHER CITIES.

From a photograph by Hemment, New York.



THE BELEN COLLEGE, A JESUIT MONASTERY AND SCHOOL IN HAVANA.

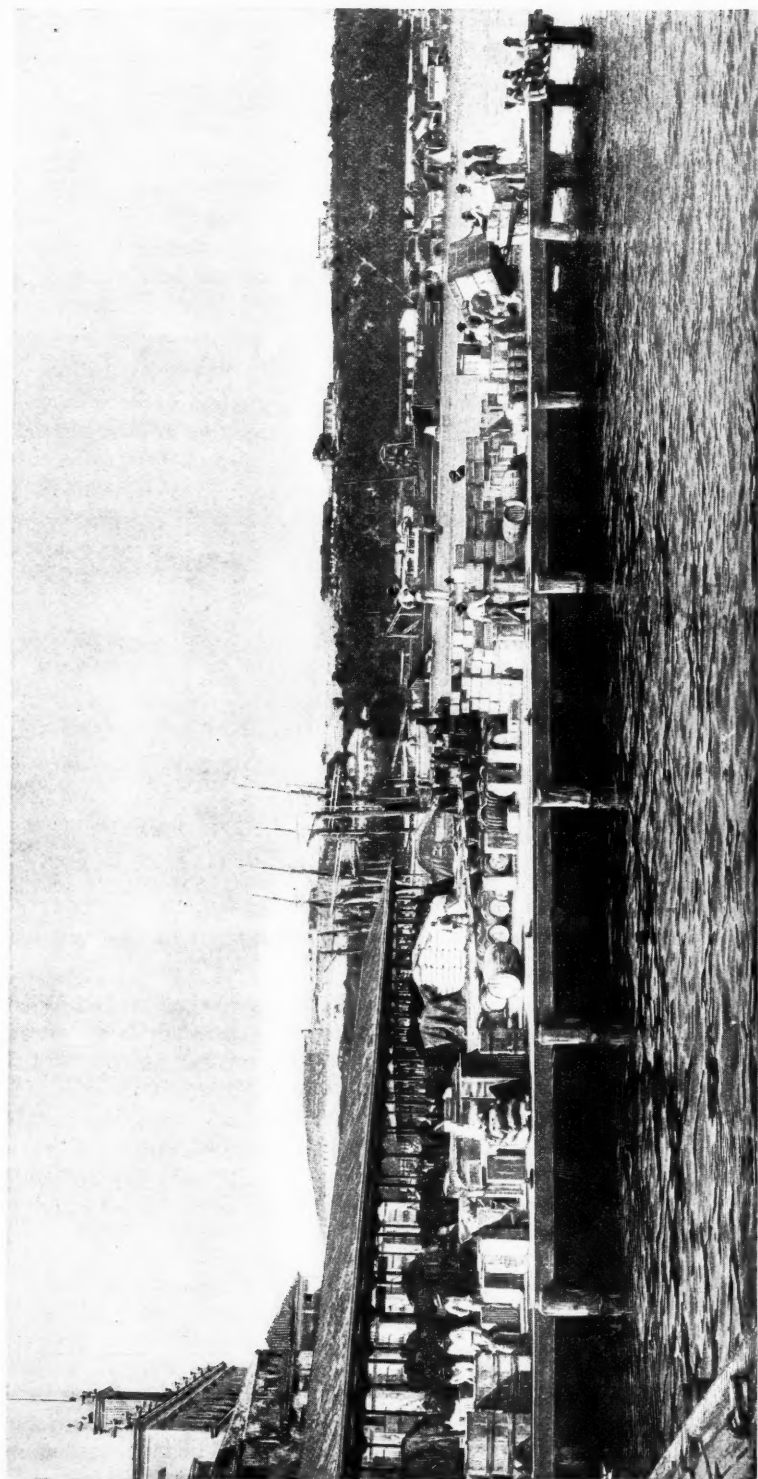
Drawn by C. H. Tate from a photograph.

enjoys the best life that Cuba affords. These plantations are often baronial possessions in which a community has its complete existence. The returns of the proprietor have been so rich that he could live in lordly style. He usually spent a part of the year in the United States or Europe. His children were educated abroad. In his manor house, hidden in a tropical jungle, were a billiard table and piano. To compensate in part for the loss of so many of the advantages of civilization, he sought to live in as luxurious a fashion as possible, and delicacies from Spain and France loaded his table. Trout streams yielded him sport, and in the woods he hunted quail and other game birds.

Electric light is common on these estates. It is used in the sugar mills, so that in the busy season darkness may not interrupt the grinding of the

cane. On one of the finest, south of Havana, the trees about the dwelling are strung with colored electric lamps. An illumination of them makes a fairy picture indeed in that country where nineteenth century invention seems so far away.

This is in times of peace. It would be difficult to say whether war or peace has been the normal condition of Cuba for the last generation. The sugar estates have suffered severely in the various struggles. First it was the Spaniards and then the insurgents levying special taxes and foraging, until in despair many places were deserted. In that country, ruin and desolation spread greedy and speedy hands. If the soldiers did not avenge an unfulfilled demand with the torch, nature at once set about doing what she could to wipe out the vestiges of man's domi-



A TYPICAL SCENE ALONG THE WATER FRONT IN HAVANA HARBOR, WHOSE DOCKS ARE THE BUSIEST SPOT IN CUBA, AND THE CENTER OF THE ISLAND'S COMMERCE.
From a photograph by Hemment, New York.

nation. Thick underbrush overgrew the cultivated fields and swallowed up the cleared spaces about house and mills. A year or two of this, and the deserted hacienda was in a tangle as thick as that surrounding the palace of the *Sleeping Beauty* when *Prince Charming* came upon the scene.

But the time has now come for rooting out weeds and thickets, for re-

A certain number of visitors to Cuba from the United States will wish to remain there to engage in business or to seek investment for their capital. The lavishness with which nature does things dazzles the eye and the understanding. Some officers of the Fifth Army Corps saw a striking example of this luxuriance before Santiago. In front of their tent their horses were fed



BATHING HORSES AT LA PUNTA, AT THE ENTRANCE OF HAVANA HARBOR. THE MORRO CASTLE IS SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND.

planting field and garden, and for starting the mills again. Under the protectorate of the United States, and later under the aegis of her institutions, agriculture and commerce will enter on a new era in Cuba.

There is doubt as to whether the conditions which have been so disastrous to sugar production in Jamaica and other islands of the Antilles group, will not similarly affect the industry in Cuba. The incomparable richness of her soil, however, gives her an advantage which bounties and the beet can hardly overcome. Under moderate taxation, and with improved machinery and methods, the old time prosperity should in a measure at least return.

with oats from time to time. When they were ready to break camp, after a stay of a week or ten days, some stray grains of oats had taken root and were several inches high. Contrasting this fertility with the sterility of his ancestral farm, it is small wonder that one of the officers exclaimed:

"If you planted dimes here, you could harvest silver dollars by fall."

In spite of this productiveness, however, the money maker will not find his task an easy one. In trade he will have to face the rivalry of Spaniards and other foreigners who know local conditions better than he. Agriculture is rude and could be made more profitable with northern implements and energy,



CUBAN PONIES LOADED WITH FODDER.



A CUBAN FARM WAGON, WHOSE LEAN OXEN DO NOT BESPEAK RICH PASTURE.



A CUBAN PLOWMAN AT WORK WITH HIS WOODEN PLOW.

PLANTATION LIFE IN CUBA, AND ITS LACK OF MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.



"THE BYWAYS OF THE POOR"—A TYPICAL STREET OF CUBAN HOVELS.

but that is not the calling that would naturally attract the fortune seeker.

Fruit raising should prove remunerative, but golden promises here should not be accepted at their face value. There is mining wealth, too, in Santiago province, but that is a field where experts should be consulted. Stories are enthusiastically repeated about mahogany and other costly woods which may be had for the chopping. It is true they may, but so far from means of transportation as to be worth considerably less than nothing. Shrewd business men have been making money in Cuba for centuries, and

the newcomer is likely to find that most of his schemes have been anticipated.

With a knowledge of Spanish, with health and moderation in living, with some capital and business experience, with a determined spirit and patience for a long campaign, the immigrant may win his prize. Sink or swim, however, fail or succeed, he will cast his lot in a land where the eye is filled with a richness of grass and flower, plant and tree, such as he has not known before; where nature shows herself with a new sensuousness, and where his life takes on an experience that home keeping youths forever lack.

THE HIGHEST JOY.

THOUGH far we sail on life's great tide
 In search, at any price,
 Of dear delights that but abide
 In ports of Paradise,
 He has not reached the Happy Isles
 Whose gladdened eyes and ears
 Know not the joy too deep for smiles,
 But manifest in tears.

Clarence Urmy.

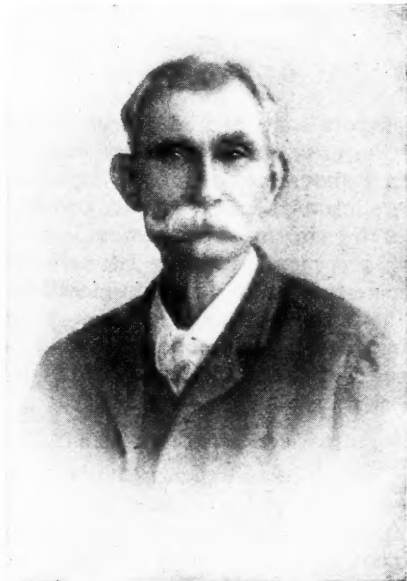
OUR WAR WITH SPAIN.

BY RICHARD H. TITHERINGTON.

THE STORY OF THE STRUGGLE IN WHICH THE UNITED STATES HAS WON SO REMARKABLE A TRIUMPH, OPENING A NEW ERA OF OUR NATIONAL EXPANSION—THE THIRD INSTALMENT SKETCHES THE MOVEMENT OF EVENTS UP TO THE STRIKING OF THE HOUR FOR INTERVENTION IN CUBA, AND THE FINAL DEFINITION OF THE ISSUES UPON WHICH THE SWORD WAS DRAWN.

THE destruction of the *Maine* in Havana harbor, on the night of February 15, 1898, was a tragedy as extraordinary as it was startling and momentous. The vessel, a battleship of 6,682 tons, lay at the buoy assigned her by the authorities of the port. Although her errand had been announced

as a friendly visit, and there had been no sign of a hostile demonstration, yet the situation was such that her commander had ordered an extra degree of watchfulness on the part of all those responsible for the care of the ship. There had been no alarm of any sort when, without a moment's warning,



GENERAL MAXIMO GOMEZ, COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF THE CUBAN INSURGENTS.



GENERAL CALIXTO GARCIA, COMMANDER OF THE INSURGENTS IN SANTIAGO PROVINCE.

from deep down in the bowels of the vessel, there came the shock and roar of a tremendous explosion—or rather of two explosions with a brief but distinct interval—instantly transforming the entire forward part of the Maine

the ship had been blown up. The captain ran on deck, and ordered the magazines to be flooded; but the magazines, partly exploded, were already filled by the water that rushed through the rent frame of the vessel.



Wreck of the Maine.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY AND HARBOR OF HAVANA—

into a shattered wreck, scattering débris over other vessels anchored in the harbor, and breaking windows and extinguishing lights along the water front of the city.

Captain Sigsbee was sitting in his cabin, writing a letter, when the upheaval came. Before he reached the door an orderly, from whom no explosion could shock the habit of discipline, marched in and formally reported that

The Maine was blazing fiercely and sinking fast. In a few minutes she had settled down in about thirty feet of water, her upper works, a mass of wreckage, remaining above the surface, and continuing to burn, with occasional explosions of ammunition, for four hours more. Three of her boats, which hung aft, were intact, and were launched before she sank; and in these, and in boats from two neighboring vessels—the Spanish cruiser Alfonso XII and the American steamer City of Washington, of the Ward line—the survivors were carried ashore. Most of the crew, whose quarters were directly above the seat of the explosion, were instantly killed, or were drowned with the sinking ship, the total loss being 260 men, including two officers, Lieutenant Jenkins and Engineer Merritt. A third officer, Lieutenant Blandin, died some months after from causes attributed to the shock of the disaster.

SORROW AND ANGER IN AMERICA.

To his brief announcement of the loss of his ship, cabled as soon as he went ashore, Captain Sigsbee added the sentence:

Public opinion should be suspended until further proof.



BARTOLOMEO MASSO, PRESIDENT OF THE CUBAN INSURGENT GOVERNMENT 1897-1898.

The circumstances were such that a suspension of the popular judgment was impossible. The case was one that decided itself. The simple fact that an American man of war had gone to a Spanish port, and there, moored in the

in time to prevent disaster, although some of the shells it contained had actually been charred by the heat. Among other cases cited was that of the British man of war *Dotterel*, destroyed in the Straits of Magellan, in



Morro Castle.

Cabanas Castle.

—AS SEEN FROM THE SUBURB OF REGLA, EAST OF THE HARBOR.

spot assigned by Spanish officials, had been destroyed by a nocturnal explosion, led inevitably to one conclusion.

At another time it might have been possible to consider, as was urged by a technical journal,* that "the combination of steam, electricity, high explosives, and coal that may become self igniting, is not a happy one, and the most exact precautions against accidents may fail at times, as they have in the case of other vessels." There had been narrow escapes from disastrous explosions on at least three others of our new steel war ships, due to the escape, in the coal bunkers, of the gas that causes "fire damp" explosions in mines—a gas which, innocuous in the open air, is a very dangerous explosive when it accumulates in a confined space. About two years before, while she was stationed at Key West, some of the *Cincinnati's* coal was fired by spontaneous combustion, and the steel bulkhead which—just as in the *Maine*—separated the bunker from a magazine full of projectiles and ammunition became red hot. The imminent peril was revealed only by a tiny curl of smoke, and the magazine was flooded

1873, by an explosion which remained a mystery until it was traced to the paint room, where a dangerous inflammable gas had generated.

SPANISH TREACHERY ARRAIGNED.

But no technical plea of the possibility of accident to the *Maine* could avail against the overwhelming sus-



SALVADOR CISNEROS BETANCOURT, MARQUIS OF SANTA LUCIA, PRESIDENT OF THE CUBAN INSURGENT GOVERNMENT 1895-1897.

* *The Army and Navy Journal*, February 19, 1898.



PRAXEDES MATEO SAGASTA, PREMIER OF SPAIN. BORN IN 1827, AND EDUCATED AS AN ENGINEER, SEÑOR SAGASTA ENTERED THE CORTES IN 1854, AND FOR TWENTY YEARS HAS BEEN THE LEADER OF THE SPANISH LIBERALS.

From a photograph by Debas, Madrid.

picion—nay, the practical certainty—engendered by the broad facts of the case. She had been destroyed, by deliberate and fiendish treachery, and her destroyers must be brought to account. That was the verdict rendered by a public opinion so strong, so unanimous, so earnest, that no official authority, however anxious to avoid a conflict so long as an honorable way of escaping it was to be found, could restrain the voice of national indignation.

10 M

The sinking of the *Maine* meant war between the United States and Spain. That soon became evident even to those who least desired hostilities. But war was not to be proclaimed without proper formalities, and these could not proceed with undignified haste. They might have moved faster had our armed forces been better prepared. The game was in our hands, but we were not ready to play the trump card that our vast and undoubted superiority of

strength gave us. Every day's delay enabled us to organize that strength for action, and much invaluable work was accomplished during those eight weeks of suspense, when impatient critics were denouncing the administra-

tain Chadwick, Lieutenant Commander Marix, and Lieutenant Commander Potter. Their sessions began in Havana harbor, on board the lighthouse tender Mangrove, which brought them from Key West, on the 21st of



CUSHMAN K. DAVIS, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM MINNESOTA. CHAIRMAN OF THE SENATE COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN AFFAIRS, AND AUTHOR OF THE REPORT OF APRIL 13, 1898, ON WHICH CONGRESS BASED ITS RESOLUTION FOR ARMED INTERVENTION.

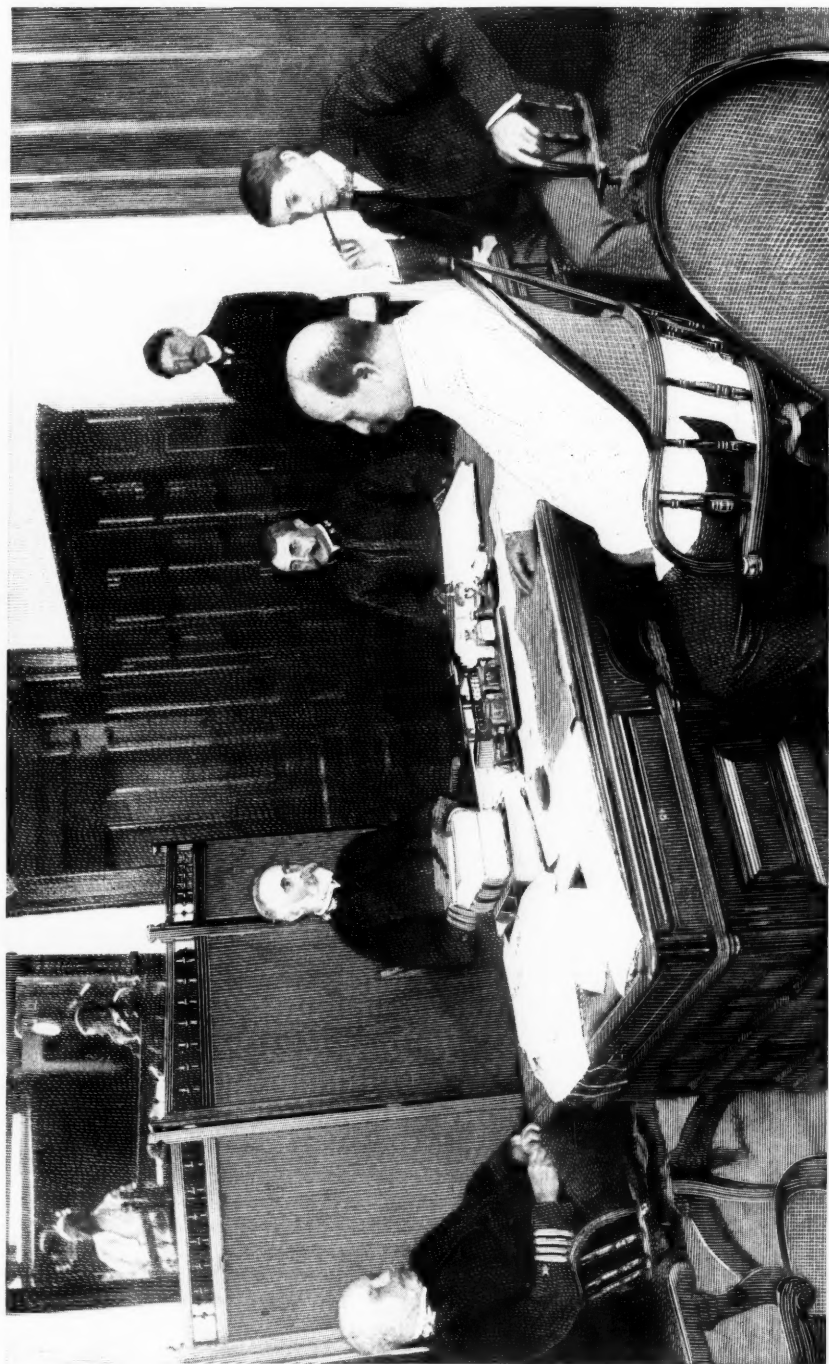
From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

tion for its supposedly timid and half hearted policy.

THE COMMISSION OF INQUIRY.

The President's first step was the natural and regular one of appointing a commission of inquiry to make a formal report on the disaster. Four naval officers of ability and experience were selected—Captain Sampson, Cap-

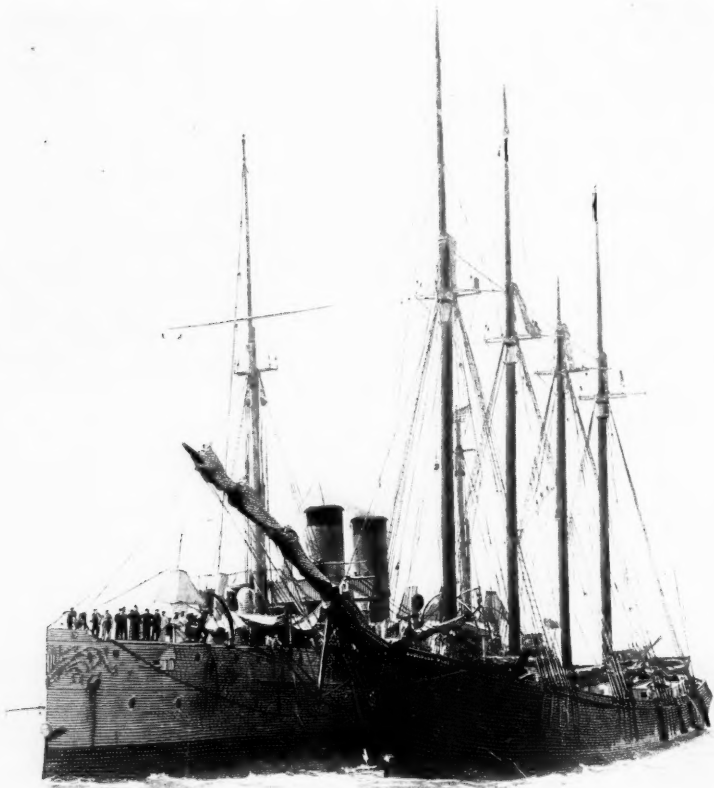
February. Divers and wrecking apparatus had already been sent from the United States, but it was soon determined that the Maine could not be raised. About a hundred of her dead were never recovered from the wreck; the rest were buried in the Cristobal Colon cemetery, the funeral of those first found being attended by a great demonstration of public sympathy.



Captain (now Admiral) Sampson. Lieutenant Commander Potter. Lieutenant Commander Marx.

THE MAINE BOARD OF INQUIRY IN SESSION AT KEY WEST.

Captain Chadwick.



HOW A WARSHIP COALS AT SEA—THE CRUISER CINCINNATI TAKING A SUPPLY OF FUEL FROM A COLLIER OFF THE CUBAN COAST, APRIL, 1898.

From a photograph by Byron, New York.

The commission of inquiry sat for twenty three days in Havana harbor and at Key West, closely following the work of the divers, and examining officers and men of the *Maine* and a few others who had been near the scene of the disaster. No Spanish witnesses were summoned, and suggestions for a joint inquiry were declined; but no objection was made to the inspection of the wreck by Havana divers, whose evidence was taken by a Spanish board appointed on the night of the explosion. During the inquiry the *Montgomery*, which had been ordered to Cuban waters with the *Maine*, arrived at

Havana from Matanzas (March 9). The Spanish cruiser *Vizcaya* entered the harbor a few days earlier. To keep up the polite fiction of the *Maine*'s "friendly visit" to Havana, the *Vizcaya* had been dispatched to New York, to return the courtesy. She had arrived there in time to hear of the destruction of the American vessel (February 18), and had spent a week in the port, watchfully guarded by the metropolitan police, before sailing for Havana, where she was joined on March 5 by her sister ship, the *Almirante Oquendo*—doomed to share her fate in Sampson's marine graveyard at Santiago.



THE ARRIVAL OF THE SPANISH CRUISER VIZCAYA IN HAVANA HARBOR, AFTER HER VISIT TO NEW YORK IN FEBRUARY, 1898. SHE WAS GREETED BY AN ENTHUSIASTIC CROWD ALONG THE WATER FRONT.

From a photograph by H. H. Mumford, New York.

Awaited with intense eagerness by Congress and the country at large, the commission's report—signed by Captain Sampson as president and Lieutenant Commander Marix as judge advocate—was delivered to the President on the 21st of March, but was not trans-

suggested by honor and the friendly relations of the two governments.

It will be the duty of the executive to advise Congress of the result, and in the mean time deliberate consideration is invoked.

PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.

This was highly unsatisfactory to



GENERAL STEWART L. WOODFORD, AMERICAN MINISTER TO SPAIN.

From a photograph by Anderson, New York.

mitted to Congress until the 28th. The message that accompanied it was brief, formal, and non committal, reciting the facts ascertained by the court, and concluding:

I have directed that the finding of the court of inquiry and the views of this government thereon be communicated to the government of her majesty the queen regent, and I do not permit myself to doubt that the sense of justice of the Spanish nation will dictate a course of action

that portion of the American public which retains its old time appetite for flamboyant oratory. Our lack of preparation for hostilities was not generally appreciated, even by those who should have understood it; and fiery spirits in Congress and in journalism continued to talk war with the "light heart" with which Émile Ollivier, in 1870, sent the unready legions of France against the

perfectly organized armies of Germany. "I do not think," declared a Senator, on the 28th of March—and his easy confidence was by no means exceptional—"that any war measure will be necessary, except to blockade two or three Cuban ports and compel their capitulation." The President's utterances and actions were in a different spirit. As befitted his vastly greater responsibilities as the official head of the government, he moved with a dignified deliberation; as commander in chief of the armed forces of the United States, he was preparing for the decisive moment with the whole energies and resources of the government. The army and navy departments—the latter, it would seem in the light of later revelations, working with the greater foresight and efficiency—were busily making ready for hostilities. Enlistments were hastened, the navy yards and arsenals worked day and night, guns and ammunition were hurried to strategic points, orders were placed for



SEÑOR AUNON, MINISTER OF MARINE IN SAGASTA'S CABINET.

From a photograph by Fernandez, Madrid.

all kinds of military material. As early as the 9th of March, a trusted agent (Commander Brownson) was sent to Europe to make purchases abroad. Had all this, which of course was done as quietly as possible, been more widely known at the time, it might have silenced the popular impatience.

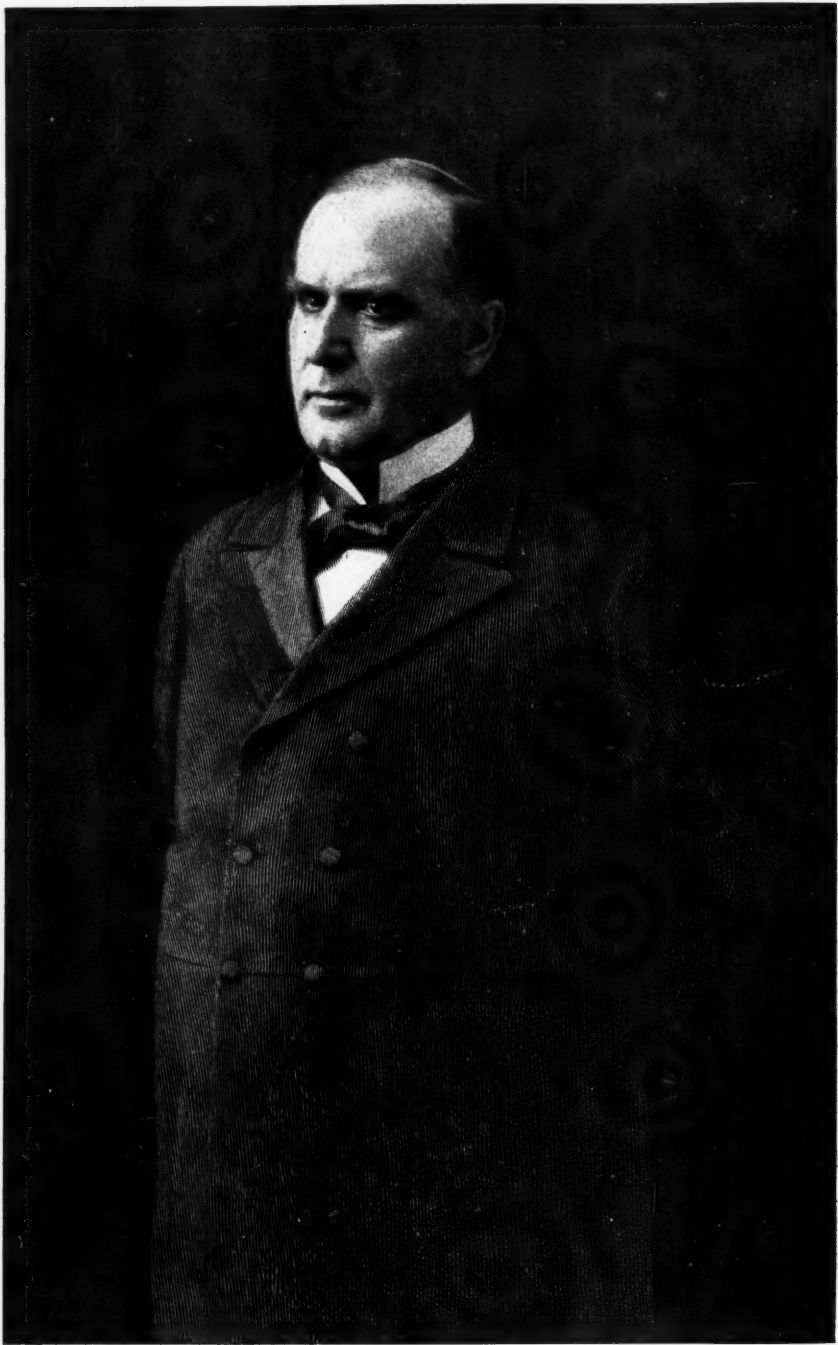
MILLIONS FOR DEFENSE.

Congress, as well as the administration, deserves a share of the credit for these wise and patriotic efforts. On the 7th of March, as the result of a conference at the White House—the most important participants being Secretaries Day and Long, Senator Hale, chairman of the Senate committee on naval affairs, and Representative Dingley, chairman of the House committee on ways and means—Representative Cannon introduced a briefly worded bill appropriating \$50,000,000 "for the national defense and for each and every purpose connected therewith, to be ex-



GENERAL LUIS MANUEL PANDO, CHIEF OF STAFF TO CAPTAIN GENERAL BLANCO.

From a photograph by Fernandez, Madrid.



WILLIAM MCKINLEY, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, AND COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY AND NAVY.

From a photograph—Copyrighted by Baker's Art Gallery, Columbus, Ohio.

"In the name of humanity, in the name of civilization, in behalf of endangered American interests which give us the right and the duty to speak and to act, the war in Cuba must stop."—President McKinley's message of April 11, 1898.

pended at the discretion of the President." The appropriation was passed by the House, on the 8th, by a vote of 311 to 0—a signal demonstration of the fact that all political parties were united in support of a firm policy—and by the Senate, on the 9th, without change or debate.

Another valuable preparatory measure was the Hawley bill, passed by the Senate on the 22nd of February, and approved by the House on the 7th of March, adding to the army two regiments of artillery, urgently needed to man our coast defenses.

THE FAILURE OF THE HULL BILL.

It is very greatly to be regretted that a bill providing for a much larger increase, reorganizing our regular forces and augmenting them to 104,600 men—four times their present numbers—failed of passage, meeting with an opposition that might seem unaccountable were it not of a piece with the historical policy of Congress. Ever since the ending of the Revolutionary War, when it reduced the Continental Army to eighty men, and refused to send garrisons to the frontier posts surrendered by the British,* our national legislature has shown an extraordinary jealousy of a standing force. The statesmen of 1784 may be excused for fearing that such a body might one day subvert their hardly won popular liberties, as it had done in ancient Rome; but in 1898 prudence seems to have degenerated into prejudice. In the debate upon the Hull bill—so named after the chairman of the committee on military affairs, who fathered it in the House—Representative Lewis, of Washington is reported as describing our regular army as consisting of "gilded military saps on the one hand and tasseled society saps on the other." Mr. Hepburn of Iowa voiced the traditional sentiment of Congress when he said, in the same debate (April 6):

If the country enters upon war, we want that war to be a popular one. To make it so, the patriots of the land must be invited to take part in it, as they have done in all previous wars.

Had the Hull bill been passed, we should have had, even at the eleventh hour, a regular army large enough to conquer the Spanish colonies, while our militia could have been relied on for service as a home guard. The sufferings of the volunteers in the field and in camp would have been minimized or entirely avoided, and we should have escaped most of the unpleasant developments that have tarnished the glory of our victory. If the lessons of the war with Spain are heeded, as those of previous wars have not been, we shall have an adequate force of trained regulars for the next emergency, instead of depending upon a hasty "invitation" to the "patriots of the land."

THE REPORT OF THE MAINE BOARD.

The proceedings of the Maine commission had been carefully kept from the public until the report was published on the 28th of March. It was another comparatively brief and formal document, giving a general description of the condition and discipline of the ship and crew previous to the explosion, a technical summary of the injuries she had received, and the following momentous verdict:

The court finds that the loss of the *Maine* was not in any respect due to fault or negligence on the part of any of the officers or members of the crew of said vessel.

In the opinion of the court the *Maine* was destroyed by the explosion of a submarine mine, which caused the partial explosion of two or more of her forward magazines.

The court has been unable to obtain evidence fixing the responsibility for the destruction of the *Maine* upon any person or persons.

The commission had been able to gather comparatively little definite and positive evidence; and no ray of light has since been thrown upon the subject. Only one of the Maine survivors was actually an eye witness of the explosion—Marine William Anthony, who testified that he saw "an immense

* McMaster's History of the People of the United States, Vol. I, p. 186.

shoot of flame" and "débris going up with it," but did not notice any column of water, such as might have been expected to be thrown into the air by a submarine mine. Captain Teasdale of the British bark *Deva*, anchored near the destroyed battleship, "saw no wave after the explosion"—another negative piece of testimony. On the other hand, the divers—whose work was accomplished under great difficulties, owing to the terribly shattered condition of the wreck and its rapid settling in the soft bottom of the harbor—testified positively to finding a hole in the mud under the *Maine's* bow, and some of her bottom plates bent inward and thrust upward; and this testimony, no doubt, was conclusive with the board of inquiry. One diver spoke of wires and pieces of plate, not belonging to the ship, lying near her in the mud—not a very suspicious circumstance in so frequented a harbor. A large piece of cement found on the deck of the *City of Washington* after the explosion, and at first supposed to have come from the *Maine's* bottom—which would have been striking evidence—was afterwards identified as part of the floor of a wash room on the berth deck.

The proceedings of the Spanish board of inquiry were belittled by the American correspondents in Havana, but they resulted in a voluminous report—it fills more than seventy pages as a Congressional document—which at least made a display of careful examination of such slight evidence as was procurable. The Spanish divers flatly contradicted the American divers. Witnesses from the *Alfonso XII*, moored only about a hundred and fifty yards from the *Maine*, and from the *Legazpi*, which lay at twice that distance, testified that there was no disturbance of the water, as from the explosion of a mine. One of these witnesses was Ensign Guillermo Faragut, said to be connected by blood with the famous American admiral, whose father was a Spaniard, a native

of the island of Minorca. There had been an official search of the harbor early in the morning after the disaster, and no dead fish had been found—a point on which the Spaniards laid much stress, but which was, at best, negative and inconclusive. Their conclusion, of course, was that the catastrophe was due to internal causes; and this was confirmed by the statement, officially made through the Spanish legation at Washington, that no mines had ever been placed in the harbor of Havana.

THE MYSTERY THAT REMAINS.

There is much about the destruction of the *Maine* that still remains unexplained. The Spaniards have only themselves to blame if their official reports are disbelieved and disregarded. The investigation by the American naval officers was to a certain extent an *ex parte* inquiry. Those who virtually stood before it as men accused of a frightful crime—the official authorities of Havana—were not, and could not be, represented by counsel. Had they been so represented, it is at least conceivable that the evidence on which the court based its findings might have been modified at material points. Those findings suggest interesting and important questions. A submarine mine powerful enough to destroy a warship is no ordinary article of commerce. It costs hundreds, or even thousands, of dollars; it weighs several hundred pounds; it is not likely to be possessed or operated except with official authority and by expert hands. Who set so mighty an engine of destruction under the keel of the *Maine*? Was it exploded there—exploded with such fatal precision, such a maximum of destructiveness—by some accident of criminal carelessness, or by the foulest act of deliberate treachery that ever blotted the name of Spain? How was it all accomplished without leaving behind any apparent trace of telltale evidence? If no later revelations answer these questions, the loss of the *Maine*

will go down in history as one of the most extraordinary and mysterious events ever recorded.

THE PLEA OF THE POWERS.

The last interlude in the drama, before the government at Washington took the decisive and irrevocable step for which it was preparing, came on the 7th of April, when the representatives of the six great powers of Europe, headed by the senior ambassador, Sir Julian Pauncefote, called at the White House to present a joint note urging further negotiations for the maintenance of peace. Whether undertaken at the request of Spain, or at the suggestion of one of the powers, the proceeding—which might have carried an unpleasant meaning as a hint of possible intervention in the coming struggle—was treated as simply a humane formality. The President's reply was perfectly courteous, but showed no sign of stirring on the policy upon which he had now fully determined, and which he was to announce to the country and to the world four days later:

The government of the United States recognizes the good will which has prompted the friendly communication of the representatives of Germany, Austria-Hungary, France, Great Britain, Italy, and Russia, as set forth in the address of your excellencies, and shares the hope therein expressed that the outcome of the situation in Cuba may be the maintenance of peace between the United States and Spain by affording the necessary guarantees for the re-establishment of order in the island, so terminating the chronic condition of disturbance there which so deeply injures the interests and menaces the tranquillity of the American nation by the character and consequences of the struggle thus kept up at our doors, besides shocking its sentiment of humanity.

The government of the United States appreciates the humanitarian and disinterested character of the communication now made on behalf of the powers named, and for its part is confident that equal appreciation will be shown for its own earnest and unselfish endeavors to fulfil a duty to humanity by ending a situation the indefinite prolongation of which has become insufferable.

THE PRESIDENT'S WAR MESSAGE.

The Spanish answer to the communication of the verdict of the Maine board was a proposal "that the facts be as-

certained by an impartial investigation by experts, whose decision Spain accepts in advance." To this no reply was made. On the 11th of April the President sent to Congress his message reviewing the whole situation, recapitulating the position of our government during Cuba's years of agony, and declaring that at last the hour for intervention had struck. It was an able and dignified state paper, and of such importance as defining the issues upon which America stood ready to draw the sword, that it deserves extended quotation. The opening paragraphs describe the intolerable conditions existing so close to our southern shores:

The present revolution is but the successor of other similar insurrections which have occurred in Cuba against the dominion of Spain, extending over a period of nearly half a century, each of which, during its progress, has subjected the United States to great effort and expense in enforcing its neutrality laws, caused enormous losses to American trade and commerce, caused irritation, annoyance, and disturbance among our citizens, and, by the exercise of cruel, barbarous, and uncivilized practices of warfare, shocked the sensibilities and offended the humane sympathies of our people.

Since the present revolution began, in February, 1895, this country has seen the fertile domain at our threshold ravaged by fire and sword in the course of a struggle unequaled in the history of the island and rarely paralleled as to the numbers of the combatants and the bitterness of the contest by any revolution of modern times where a dependent people struggling to be free have been opposed by the power of the sovereign state.

Our people have beheld a once prosperous community reduced to comparative want, its lucrative commerce virtually paralyzed, its exceptional productiveness diminished, its fields laid waste, its mills in ruins, and its people perishing by tens of thousands from hunger and destitution. We have found ourselves constrained, in the observance of that strict neutrality which our laws enjoin, and which the law of nations commands, to police our own waters and watch our own seaports in prevention of any unlawful act in aid of the Cubans. Our trade has suffered; the capital invested by our citizens in Cuba has been largely lost, and the temper and forbearance of our people have been so sorely tried as to beget a perilous unrest among our own citizens which has inevitably found its expression from time to time in the national legislature.

The war in Cuba is of such a nature that short of subjugation or extermination a final military victory for either side seems impracticable. The alternative lies in the physical exhaustion of the

one or the other party, or perhaps of both—a condition which in effect ended the Ten Years' War by the truce of Zanjon. The prospect of such a protraction and conclusion of the present strife is a contingency hardly to be contemplated with equanimity by the civilized world, and least of all by the United States, affected and injured as we are, deeply and intimately, by its very existence.

The President then recounted his offers of friendly mediation, which Spain had uniformly declined, and discussed an alternative course which had been so frequently urged in Congress—the recognition of the insurgents either as belligerents or as an independent power. He pointed out that in avoiding this step he had followed the precedents clearly established by Jackson and other chief magistrates, and had continued the policy consistently maintained by his more recent predecessors before whom the same question had come—Presidents Grant and Cleveland; and he added, in a passage whose foresight will now be admitted:

Such recognition is not necessary in order to enable the United States to intervene and pacify the island. To commit this country now to the recognition of any particular government in Cuba might subject us to embarrassing conditions of international obligation toward the organization so recognized. In case of intervention our conduct would be subject to the approval or disapproval of such government. We would be required to submit to its direction and to assume to it the mere relation of a friendly ally.

When it shall appear hereafter that there is within the island a government capable of performing the duties and discharging the functions of a separate nation, and having, as a matter of fact, the proper forms and attributes of nationality, such government can be promptly and readily recognized.

OUR DUTY TO INTERVENE.

Recognition of the insurgents being inadmissible and inexpedient, and mediation being declined, nothing but intervention remained. That the time would come for the United States to take action, Spain had long ago been warned. President Grant had declared that "the agency of others, either by mediation or by intervention, seems to be the only alternative which must sooner or later be invoked." President Cleveland had repeated the warning, in

a passage already quoted, and Mr. McKinley's earlier messages had reiterated it. And as to our moral right to intervene:

The forcible intervention of the United States as a neutral to stop the war, according to the large dictates of humanity, and following many historical precedents where neighboring states have interfered to check the hopeless sacrifices of life by internecine conflicts beyond their borders, is justifiable on rational grounds. It involves hostile constraint upon both the parties to the contest, as well to enforce a truce as to guide the eventual settlement.

The grounds for such intervention may be briefly summarized as follows:

First. In the cause of humanity and to put an end to the barbarities, bloodshed, starvation, and horrible miseries now existing there, and which the parties to the conflict are either unable or unwilling to stop or mitigate. It is no answer to say this is all in another country, belonging to another nation, and is therefore none of our business. It is specially our duty, for it is right at our door.

Second. We owe it to our citizens in Cuba to afford them that protection and indemnity for life and property which no government there can or will afford, and to that end to terminate the conditions that deprive them of legal protection.

Third. The right to intervene may be justified by the very serious injury to the commerce, trade, and business of our people, and by the wanton destruction of property and devastation of the island.

Fourth, and which is of the utmost importance. The present condition of affairs in Cuba is a constant menace to our peace, and entails upon this government an enormous expense. With such a conflict waged for years in an island so near us, and with which our people have such trade and business relations—where the lives and liberty of our citizens are in constant danger and their property destroyed and themselves ruined—where our trading vessels are liable to seizure and are seized at our very door by warships of a foreign nation; the expeditions of filibustering that we are powerless to prevent altogether, and the irritating questions and entanglements thus arising—all these and others that I need not mention, with the resulting strained relations, are a constant menace to our peace, and compel us to keep on a semi war footing with a nation with which we are at peace.

All these sinister conditions had been patiently endured until there came the crowning and intolerable outrage of the destruction of an American battleship, while "reposing in the fancied security of a friendly harbor."

The naval court of inquiry, which, it is needless to say, commands the unqualified confidence of the government, was unanimous in its con-

clusion that the destruction of the Maine was caused by an exterior explosion, that of a submarine mine. It did not assume to place the responsibility. That remains to be fixed.

In any event, the destruction of the Maine, by whatever exterior cause, is a patent and impressive proof of a state of things in Cuba that is intolerable. That condition is thus shown to be such that the Spanish government cannot assure safety and security to a vessel of the American navy in the harbor of Havana on a mission of peace, and rightfully there.

THE CALL TO ARMS.

On all these convincing and carefully stated premises the President based his concluding call for immediate and decisive action:

The only hope of relief and repose from a condition which can no longer be endured is the enforced pacification of Cuba. In the name of humanity, in the name of civilization, in behalf of endangered American interests which give us the right and the duty to speak and to act, the war in Cuba must stop.

. . . I ask the Congress to authorize and empower the President to take measures to secure a full and final termination of hostilities between the government of Spain and the people of Cuba, and to secure in the island the establishment of a stable government, capable of maintaining order and observing its international obligations, insuring peace and tranquillity and the security of its citizens as well as our own, and to use the military and naval forces of the United States as may be necessary for these purposes.

The issue is now with the Congress . . . Prepared to execute every obligation imposed upon me by the constitution and the law, I await your action.

The message was received with a marked and rather curious absence of enthusiasm. The impression it made in Congress was one of disappointment. In the House, where it was read to crowded galleries, it was greeted with only two faint outbursts of applause. It was not regarded as a call to arms, though it certainly seems such as we read it in the light of its consequences. Many in Washington had expected a direct and unqualified declaration of war with Spain; they were dissatisfied with a policy of intervention, seeing a possible loophole in the fact that no date for action was fixed. It is difficult to see how they expected Spain to regard the announcement of forcible interposition—"hostile constraint upon both the parties to the contest," the

message said—as anything else but a virtual declaration of hostilities.

SENATOR DAVIS' REPORT.

Two days later (April 13) the Senate committee on foreign affairs, to which the President's two messages had been referred, with several resolutions, most of them in favor of recognizing the Cuban insurgents, presented its report. This, written by the chairman of the committee, Senator Davis, was another document of such historical importance that its salient points must be cited here. It first dealt with the situation created by the destruction of the Maine, a catastrophe which

excited to an unprecedented degree the compassion and resentment of the American people.

The event itself, though in a certain sense a distinct occurrence, was linked with a series of precedent transactions which cannot in reason be disconnected from it. It was the catastrophe of a unity of events extending over more than three years of momentous history. Standing by itself it would be, perhaps, merely an ominous calamity; considered, as it must be, with the events with which reason and common sense must connect it, and with animus by Spain so plainly apparent that no one can even plausibly deny its existence, it is merely one reason for the conclusion to which the investigating mind must come in considering the entire subject of the relations of the United States with that government.

ANOTHER PLEA FOR RECOGNITION.

Coming, then, to the policy proper in these untoward circumstances, the report took issue with the President's opposition to any recognition of the insurgents, and defended the constant moves—all of them fruitless—that Congress had made in this direction:

The United States ought at once to recognize the independence of the people of Cuba. . . .

It is believed that recognition of the belligerency of the insurgents in Cuba, if it had been given seasonably, when it was suggested by concurrent resolutions to that effect passed by Congress, would have insured the speedy termination of the war without involving the United States in the contest.

The recognition of the independence of the people of Cuba is justified and demanded by the highest considerations of duty, right, and policy.

This very positive assertion was supported by a description of the "Cuban

republic" and its supposed established control of the eastern half of the island.

The insurgents hold the eastern portion of the island, to the practical exclusion of Spain. This possession extends over one body of territory comprising fully one half of the area of Cuba.

The insurgents comprise in the eastern half nearly one third of the population of the island. That third of the population pays taxes to them, serves in their armies, and in every way supports and is loyal to them.

The cause of Spain has continually grown weaker, and that of the insurgents has grown stronger. The former is making no substantial effort for the recovery of these lost provinces. Their people are secure from invasion and cruel administration. Spain has never been able to subject them to her unprecedented and murderous policy of concentration and extermination.

Her control over the western portion of the island is dominance over a desolation which she herself has created. Even there she controls only the territory occupied by her cantonments and camps.

This description accorded with the prevalent impression of the existing state of affairs in Cuba, but it was quite at variance with the facts given in the consular reports quoted on an earlier page,* and with the conditions which our forces found confronting them when the war began. The President's view was, as has been said before, the better informed one.

The plea for recognition of the insurgents was little more than a thrashing of old straw. The report touched a more vital point in its justification of intervention by sufficient precedents, and by the opinions of authorities on international law. It pointed out that the great political principles that guide national policies in the old world and in the new—the "balance of power" in Europe and the Monroe Doctrine in America—are distinct assertions of the right of intervention in certain contingencies. Under those principles, in 1878, united Europe intervened between Turkey and Russia—which lat-

ter power had itself forcibly intervened in Turkey to put a stop to flagrant misgovernment—and in 1867 the United States, "by threat and show of force" compelled France to evacuate Mexico. Egypt, Crete, and Greece have furnished further instances in point.

After a final summary of the injuries suffered by American interests, already stated in the President's message, Senator Davis' report concluded by submitting the following resolution:

Whereas, The abhorrent conditions which have existed for more than three years in the island of Cuba, so near our own borders, have shocked the moral sense of the people of the United States, have been a disgrace to Christian civilization, culminating, as they have, in the destruction of a United States battleship, with 266 of its officers and crew,* while on a friendly visit in the harbor of Havana, and cannot longer be endured, as has been set forth by the President of the United States in his message to Congress of April 11, 1898, upon which the action of Congress was invited;

Therefore, Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled:

First. That the people of the island of Cuba are, and of right ought to be, free and independent.

Second. That it is the duty of the United States to demand, and the government of the United States does hereby demand, that the government of Spain at once relinquish its authority and government in the island of Cuba and withdraw its land and naval forces from Cuba and Cuban waters.

Third. That the President of the United States be, and hereby is, directed and empowered to use the entire land and naval forces of the United States and to call into the actual service of the United States the militia of the several States to such an extent as may be necessary to carry these resolutions into effect.

A MEMORABLE WEEK IN CONGRESS.

A week of vehement debate followed in both branches of Congress. The House was the quicker to act, passing a resolution, framed by its foreign affairs committee, on the 13th of April, after a discussion in which the strained feelings of the hour found expression in passages of violent disorder. The lie was passed between the two sides of the House; there was much shouting and shaking of fists; one Southern member

* Page 222 of the November MUNSEY. It is strange that the committee's report should speak of the eastern provinces as having escaped the horrors of the war when our consular agents were giving such frightful pictures of their sufferings—sufferings far more severe than the distress of the western provinces, serious as that was. "I do not believe," Consul Hyatt wrote from Santiago, February 1, 1898, "that the western continent has ever witnessed death by starvation equal to that which now exists in eastern Cuba."

* This seems to have been a slight inaccuracy. The figures given by the Navy Department were 260.

hurled a heavy book at an opponent, and another ran along the top of a line of desks to plunge into the fray, which was finally quieted by the sergeant at arms.

The resolution adopted amid such scenes of excitement was couched in terms that were certainly sweeping and vigorous. It declared that for three years Spain had waged war upon the inhabitants of Cuba without making any substantial progress toward suppressing the revolution; that she had conducted her warfare in a manner contrary to the laws of nations, had caused the death by starvation of more than two hundred thousand non-combatants, and had destroyed the lives and property of many American citizens; that the long series of losses, injuries, and murders for which Spain was responsible had culminated in the destruction of the Maine. With all this as a preamble, it authorized the President to intervene at once to stop the war in Cuba, "with the purpose of establishing, by the free action of the people thereof, a stable and independent government of their own." It passed the House by 322 votes to 19, Representative Boutelle of Maine being the most prominent member of the minority.

The debate in the Senate was also marked by an excitement rare in that dignified body, and the lie was passed when one speaker alluded to another Senator's visit to Cuba as the "commissioner" of a sensational New York newspaper. It ended in the adoption of the resolution submitted by the Senate foreign affairs committee, and already quoted at the conclusion of Senator Davis' report, with two notable amendments. One was the addition—suggested by a minority of the committee, including Senators Foraker and Turpie—of the following words to the first paragraph:

And that the government of the United States hereby recognizes the republic of Cuba as the true and lawful government of that island.

This was in direct opposition to the

President's message and reaffirmed the Congressional antagonism to his policy of non recognition. As Mr. McKinley had very justly pointed out, it would have ended our freedom of action in Cuba. Having once acknowledged the authority of the insurgents, we could not have appeared in the island without their permission, nor have acted except at their direction.

OUR SELF DENYING ORDINANCE.

The other amendment, moved by Senator Davis, was the addition of a fourth paragraph to the resolution:

Fourth. That the United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction, or control over said island, except for the pacification thereof, and asserts its determination when that is accomplished to leave the government and control of the island to its people.

With these amendments the Senate passed the resolution by a vote of 67 to 21, on the night of April 16, after a continuous session of eleven hours.

The difference between the House and Senate resolutions necessitating a conference, the representatives of the former branch agreed to the fourth paragraph, but refused to accept the recognition of the insurgents. The refusal, in spite of the strong feeling in favor of recognition that had always existed in the House, was a fortunate and patriotic concession to the judgment of the President, as well as a remarkable tribute to the influence of Speaker Reed. It is to be regretted that the other Senate amendment could not also have been left off the record. Well intentioned as was the disclaimer of desire for aggrandizement, and correctly as it expressed the feeling in which the United States entered upon the war, it is easy to see now that its wisdom was doubtful. History moves rapidly in war time, and it is difficult to predict, before drawing the sword, what policy will best meet the problems that may have arisen when it is sheathed again. It would have been better to follow more strictly the lines laid down in the Presi-

dent's message, and avoid all the "embarrassing conditions" of which he spoke in warning.

THE ULTIMATUM TO SPAIN.

The final debate took place on the 18th, lasting beyond midnight and ending at half past one in the morning of the 19th, when the conference report was adopted by the House. The President held the resolution for a day, adding his signature on the 20th, at 11.24 A. M., in the presence of most of his cabinet. In accordance with its terms, instructions were immediately sent to General Woodford, United States minister at Madrid, to present to the Spanish government a formal demand that it should "at once relinquish its authority and government in the island of Cuba, and withdraw its land and naval forces from Cuba and Cuban waters." For a "full and satisfactory response," the American ultimatum continued, the President would wait till noon on April 23; in default of such reply, he would use the power of the nation to carry it into effect.

That Spain would comply with the demand was not to be expected. Although diplomatically she had admitted that the conduct of the United States during the Cuban civil war had been correct, she bitterly resented the fact that the insurrection had been to a great extent organized and directed from this country, and assisted by illegal expeditions recruited here. She had been the subject of constant abuse, both just and unjust, in our newspapers and in Congress. Her proud and sensitive people, ignorant of the real character and resources of the American republic, would not have suffered her statesmen to accept our terms even had they themselves desired to do so. Such a concession would have unseated Sagasta's ministry and upset little Alfonso's throne.

Señor Polo, the Spanish minister at Washington, was notified by a messenger from the State Department, on

the morning of the 20th, of the signing of the joint resolution, and of the instructions that had gone to General Woodford. He at once replied with a request for his passports. "The resolution," he wrote, "is of such a character that my permanence in Washington becomes impossible." At seven o'clock—after an interview with the ubiquitous newspaper correspondents, to whom he foretold victory for Spain in the coming struggle—he took a train for the north. Police guarded the station to prevent any hostile demonstration, but none was attempted. His destination was Niagara Falls, just over the Canadian frontier, whither Señor du Bosc, first secretary of the legation, followed him on the following day, leaving the affairs of the Spanish government in the hands of the French ambassador, M. Cambon, and the Austrian minister, Baron Hengelmüller.

SPAIN BREAKS OFF DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS.

Meanwhile, there was great excitement in Madrid. On the 19th Señor Sagasta addressed a meeting of his supporters in the Cortes—which had been summoned in special session—and called on "all sons of Spain" to "repel with the whole might of the nation a most odious outrage, the like of which has never been seen in history." On the following day the boy king and his mother, the queen regent, went in person to open the legislature, and their appearance was the signal for a great demonstration of enthusiasm. Maria Christina herself read the opening speech to the Cortes, which body, she declared, would "undoubtedly indorse the invincible resolution which inspires my government to defend our rights with whatever sacrifices may be required from us." It is impossible not to feel a touch of personal sympathy for this hapless princess, a pathetic figure amid the troubles of her adopted country, and never, perhaps, more pathetic than when, on the eve of a disastrous war

that was Spain's just punishment, she told the Cortes that "with the self devotion which always guided our ancestors in the great emergencies of our history, we will surmount the present crisis without loss of honor."

The American ultimatum was never officially presented, for on the morning of April 21, before General Woodford had handed it to the Spanish government, he received a note from Pio Gullon, the minister for foreign affairs, informing him that diplomatic relations were at an end. Congress, said Señor Gullon, had passed a resolution which "denies the legitimate sovereignty of Spain and threatens immediate armed intervention in Cuba—which is equivalent to a declaration of war." American newspapers saw in this another piece of Spanish treachery, and declared that the President's despatch to General Woodford must have been surreptitiously copied at the telegraph office in Madrid; but the supposition is unnecessary. As already stated, the ultimatum had been communicated to the Spanish legation in Washington twenty four hours before, and Señor Polo had no doubt promptly informed the home government of so momentous a piece of news.

On the afternoon of the 21st General Woodford left Madrid, leaving American interests there in the hands of the British ambassador, and instructing our consuls in the Spanish cities to take similar steps. He was escorted to the station by Señor Aguilera, the governor of Madrid, who preserved an attitude of grave Castilian courtesy till the train was moving away, when he led the bystanders in cheering for Spain. There was an unpleasant incident as the departing minister passed through Valladolid, where a mob yelled "Death to the Yankees!" and threw stones at the train, in spite of the efforts of the local police. In Madrid, that same evening, excited crowds thronged the streets, and there was some disorder, a gilded eagle being pulled down from

the office of an American life insurance company.

APRIL 21—WAR BEGINS.

Such were some of the incidents of the day that was to be memorable in history as the first of the war; but its great and decisive event was the flashing of a brief message along the wire from Washington to Key West, where the most powerful fleet of war ships that ever floated in American waters lay waiting with intense eagerness the word for action. Before entering upon the mighty battle drama that ensued, it may be well to give a brief review of the forces that the combatants had marshaled for the struggle thus signaled to begin.

Four hundred years ago Spain rose suddenly to the foremost place among the nations; but she fell almost as speedily, and in the present century she has not been reckoned as one of the great powers of Europe. At the beginning of 1898, her population was estimated at eighteen millions—about a quarter of that of the United States; and in other respects the disproportion of her resources to ours was still greater. Her one point of advantage—on paper, at least—lay in the fact that she had more trained soldiers than we had. The issue of the conflict depended on the command of the sea, and her navy was weaker than ours, though the tremendous inferiority it was to display under the guns of Dewey and Sampson did not appear in the navy lists. Almost overwhelmingly burdened with debt, her government had neither ready money nor credit—the sinews of modern war. Her financial condition, indeed, was in itself a handicap that predetermined the result of her struggle against her rich and powerful enemy from the day it began.

There is no boastfulness in saying that the American is a better fighter than the Spaniard. Napoleon stigmatized the British as a nation of shopkeepers, and in that historical epigram

he unintentionally phrased the strength of the peoples whom we classify by the oft abused term of Anglo Saxon. The qualities that win in the arts of peace will also win in the arts of war, and the greater energy, intelligence, and organizing power—in a word, the superior business ability—of the men who speak the English language is setting them further and further ahead of the Latin races in the struggle for world wide dominion.

Of all the Latin countries, Spain is probably the least advanced, the most medieval. Her people live primitively by agriculture; her manufactures are utterly insignificant in comparison to the vast industrial forces of the United States. In 1889, 68 per cent of her inhabitants were returned as illiterate. In such a soil good government does not thrive, and she has suffered sorely from misrule and civil disorder. Her lack of great men is sufficiently shown by the disastrous ineptitude with which her best soldiers and statesmen have met the military and political emergencies of the last three years.

THE ARMY OF SPAIN.

As in practically all the countries of continental Europe, Spain's army is raised by conscription, 80,000 recruits being levied annually. Their term of service is twelve years—three in the line, three in the first reserve, six in the second reserve. The full force of the army is nominally 1,083,595 men, but this is on paper only, as nothing like that number could be equipped for service. The standing army is stated at 128,183 on a peace footing, 183,972 on a war footing. The infantry is equipped with the Mauser, a good modern rifle that is also used by the German and other armies. It is of German make, a magazine rifle of small caliber and great range and power, using smokeless powder, and shooting five bullets without reloading.

Of the morale of the Spanish soldiers, their ill success in Cuba had created an

unfavorable—perhaps a too unfavorable—opinion in the United States. Americans who saw them there described them as not lacking in bravery, but undisciplined, undrilled, and badly officered—criticisms that agree with those made by Wellington during the Peninsular war. They were wretched marksmen, the correspondents said, never doing target practice, and so careless in action that they seldom raised their rifles to the shoulder, finding it easier to fire with the butt held under the arm. They spoiled their weapons by ignorant misuse, knocking off the sight, for instance, because they complained that it tore their clothes.

In the face of the American navy, Spain had little prospect of sending any further reinforcement to her army in Cuba. The strength of her garrison there, at the outbreak of the war, was not known with anything like exactitude. According to Mr. Springer, vice consul at Havana, official records showed that since February, 1895, she had despatched 237,000 men across the Atlantic; a few of these had been killed in action, many thousands had died of disease, many more thousands had been invalidated home. Consul General Lee testified before the Senate foreign affairs committee, on April 12, that there there were probably 97,000 or 98,000 Spanish troops then in the island, of whom only about 55,000 were capable of bearing arms. This was undoubtedly an underestimate; 120,000 men would probably have been nearer the mark, besides the volunteers and perhaps 10,000 guerrillas.

SPAIN'S NAVAL INFERIORITY.

It has been repeatedly stated that Spain's naval power, on paper, was quite equal to ours; but the navy lists do not bear this out. Her total number of vessels in service was given as 137, against our 86; but such figures mean nothing. Of first rate men of war—the ships that win sea fights—she had in commission six against our nine, and

hers were individually inferior to ours. In our second line we had eleven good modern steel cruisers—besides the *New Orleans*, bought just in time for the war; she had only five that could be classed as such. The rest of her navy consisted mainly of old iron and wooden vessels and of small gunboats used in patrolling the Cuban coast.

Of her six first rates, only one was a battleship—the *Pelayo*, a steel vessel of 9,900 tons, built at La Seyne (Toulon) eleven years ago and since fitted with new boilers. Another battleship, the *Emperador Carlos V*, launched at Cadiz in 1895, was at Havre, taking her armament aboard. Spain had no other ship of this class in service or building.

The fighting strength of the Spanish navy lay in its armored cruisers. Nine of these were listed, but two of the nine were unfinished, and two—the *Numancia* and the *Vittoria*—were iron ships more than thirty years old, very slow, and practically useless for distant work. The other five cruisers were fine modern vessels. Four—the *Almirante Oquendo*, the *Infanta Maria Teresa*, the *Princesa de Asturias*, and the *Vizcaya*—were sister ships, built in the Spanish yards during the last eight years. Each was of 7,000 tons, with a speed stated at twenty knots an hour, and costing three million dollars. The fifth was the *Cristobal Colon*, built at Sestri, Italy, as the *Giuseppe Garibaldi II*, the purchase of which was reported

by the American newspapers, in March last, as part of Spain's hostile preparations. As a matter of fact the *Colon* was bought in 1897, an order being placed with the same builders for a sister ship, which is still on the stocks.

At the Spanish yards—the most important are those at Cartagena, Cadiz, Ferrol, and Bilbao—some other ships were building. Two were the unfinished cruisers *Cardinal Cisneros* and *Cataluna*, similar to the *Vizcaya* class. Another, the *Isabel la Catolica*, a 3,000 ton cruiser, was to be paid for by a fund raised in Mexico; a third small cruiser, the *Rio de la Plata*, was building at Havre, as a gift from the Spaniards of South America. None of these could be made ready for service; but two swift torpedo cruisers had just been completed in Thomson's yard, at Glasgow. In bringing them south, their Spanish crews ran afoul of the Irish coast, and one was badly damaged.

Never, since the days of the Armada, has Spain's navy been famed for good seamanship. Her people do not possess the mechanical ability that is proverbially an American characteristic; and in handling so complicated a piece of machinery as the modern warship a lack of intelligent care is speedily ruinous to efficiency. During the last three years her vessels had suffered many mishaps, and four had actually been lost—one being the cruiser *Reina Regente*, which went down with all on board off Cape Trafalgar in 1895.

(To be continued.)



FIRELIGHT.

WHENE'ER at evening on the pictured wall
I watch the flickering firelight rise and fall,
From out the changing shadowry there come
The forms of those who marched to martyrdom—
Unflinching souls no agony could tame,
A martyr wraith for every tongue of flame!

Clinton Scollard.

LITERARY CHAT

HAROLD FREDERIC'S DEATH.

If Harold Frederic had died three years ago his chief fame would have rested on his work as London correspondent for the *New York Times*. The success of "The Damnation of Theron Ware," however, gave him a far wider reputation as a novelist. This success was partly owed to Mr. Gladstone, who did not write one of his customary postal cards praising the story, but sent a word of approval to the publisher through a member of his family. Even this indirect approval gave an immediate stimulus to the sales of the book and to the critics' interest in it.

Mr. Frederic was a man of strongly pronounced characteristics; he had stanch friends and warm enemies. No one, however, could deny his ability. The success of "The Damnation of Theron Ware" naturally pleased him, but it carried some bitterness with it. He could not understand why such favor had been extended to a work which he considered inferior to a previous novel of his that had been neglected, "In the Valley."

He was a tremendously hard worker, and if he had been spared a few years longer, he would unquestionably have written books that the world would have wished to read. As a man grows older, "life widens and deepens," to quote the words of Mr. W. D. Howells; and a writer cut off at so early an age as was Mr. Frederic is not likely to have done his best work.

THE MAGNET OF LONDON.

"Do you know," remarked a young New York writer to a brother of the pen the other day, "I think seriously of going to England to live."

"And give up all your connections here? Why abandon a pretty certain market for an uncertain one?"

"I shan't. If I live in England I can place my books here in America just as well as if I lived in New York. I give all my manuscripts to an agent now, and so far as the agent is concerned my being over there will simply mean a small extra cost for postage. On the other hand, I shall have a chance of gaining a second market, which will be even more profitable than the American market is. Haven't you noticed how many American writers who live in England get their books published over there? Some of them could never have done so if they hadn't been on the ground in Lon-

don. Think of the way Gertrude Atherton has advanced since she first lived abroad! She writes her American stories just the same, and turns them over to John Lane, who brings them out in both England and America."

"But why do you think that the English market is better than the American?"

"Because authors get a larger royalty on their books there than they do here—sometimes two or three times as much."

"Is that true also of the payment for serial rights?"

"No. Here the American market is much better than the English. The English periodicals pay wretchedly. But by being in England I could not only place my work serially in America through my New York agent, but I should have a fair chance, too, of placing it in some English publication through my own efforts."

"Yes, but would all these material advantages pay you for your exile from your literary associations here?"

The author burst out laughing.

"My literary associations? Why, I haven't any. Nearly all my friends have nothing whatever to do with literature. There is no literary society, as such, in New York. Of course, there are certain houses where literary people meet, but there is very little of the spirit of *camaraderie* among the writers as a class. In London, on the other hand, there is a very large and distinct literary society, where you meet scores of writers known wherever English is read. In fact, that is one of the strongest inducements to go there. So I think," he added, "that I shall soon join the band that poor Harold Frederic used to speak of as 'the paper stainers in exile.'"

ON THE DEGRADATION OF WORDS.

The American tendency to exaggerate, which is, after all, thoroughly characteristic of the age in which we live, has had a distinctly pernicious influence on the mother tongue. The demand for superlatives has been greater than the supply. In our mad eagerness to give verbal expression to the high tension of our thoughts we have reached out and dragged down to a commonplace level words that our forefathers regarded as too sacred to be applied to every day and vulgar things. Sometimes we have replaced honest Anglo-Saxon with inferior French, under the impression that we were getting something better, or at

least with more syllables in it; but it has happened more frequently that really good words, which had stood the test of centuries, have been held up and robbed of their true meaning and turned adrift naked to the ridicule of the world.

The poor man has a house or home, but his rich neighbor lives in a "residence," and in nine cases out of ten does not know that the poor man is his superior from a verbal standpoint. Years ago, when railroad cars containing more luxurious appointments than the old fashioned ones were introduced, they were called "parlor cars." Soon afterwards they became "drawingroom," and a little later "palace" cars. At this point the limitations of the English language called a halt.

It is in the same exuberant spirit that we have bestowed the word "palace" on so many hideously commonplace and flimsy brick houses with a brown stone veneer that the word no longer commands any attention. A few years ago the word "function," as applied to a social gathering, was brought to this country from England. It excited the cupidity of the society reporters before it had passed through the customhouse, was drafted into active service the next day, and now means anything from a ball at Newport to a country church sociable. The deplorable fate that has overtaken those admirable old words "lady" and "gentleman" is known to us all, and is a subject too sad to dwell upon.

Scarcely less pitiful is the present condition of a word which has fallen from a very high estate indeed, and is now in common use in some of the most lowly circles of society. Time was when it was something to be an "artist," but today we have "song and dance artists," "tonorial artists," and there is even a boot blacking establishment in New York which boasts of a sign with this legend: "Drop your money in the box, as the artist is not allowed to receive the coin."

The late war is responsible, among other things, for the complete degradation of that noble old word "hero." Originally the term applied only to a mortal possessed of certain divine attributes—one who was permitted, after a glorious death, to take his place among the gods. It signified all that was best and grandest in mortal man. It grew up with the English language, and has come down to us with stately tread and undimmed meaning through centuries of war and strife and progress and civilization. But now evil days have come upon it. It has fallen into the clutches of the newspaper writer, the hysterical woman, and the rest of the harpies who destroy the Anglo Saxon tongue with tooth and nail.

To such an extent has it been mauled and pulled about that it is impossible at this moment to define its exact status, or to predict with any degree of certainty its chances of recovery from what it has undergone. There seems to have been an unlimited issue of shiplaster "heroes," and the result has been a completely demoralized market, due to deterioration in our verbal currency. It is used with reckless indifference to indicate anybody and everybody who either fought in the war, or wrote articles about the war, or went into a camp, or lay sick in a hospital. Sutlers, war correspondents, photographers, teamsters, camp followers of all sorts, are all included in this grand army; all are heroes, except the regulars who did the fighting, as Mr. Gibson told us in an admirable picture recently published in *Life*.

HOW KIPLING WORKS.

A group of literary men were discussing Kipling's new book, "The Day's Work." "The most astonishing thing about it," said one, a short, dark man, well known in New York as a critic and story writer, "is the amount of all kinds of knowledge that it shows, knowledge about locomotives and ships and rare old gems and bridge building and other out of the way matters. How in the world did he ever pick up that information?"

"He didn't 'pick it up,'" said another, a fair complexioned young journalist whose name is never signed to the long political editorial that appears each morning in a widely read newspaper. "He deliberately set to work to acquire it. Kipling is one of the few writers we have who never rely on their 'barrel,' that is, on the helter skelter knowledge they gather as they go along from day to day. I haven't a doubt that before writing 'The Ship That Found Himself' he spent months in studying the mechanism of ships. In every story he touches he shows the same thoroughness. Another man of his genius would be tempted to rely on his genius alone. Kipling shows his common sense by never doing so."

"In that respect," said the third man, who writes book reviews for a popular weekly, "he has set a very bad example."

The other men looked astonished. "What do you mean?" said one of them.

"I mean that he has made some of his best stories a vehicle for conveying a great deal of useful information. Now people don't read stories to get information. They read them to be entertained. Consequently, they have a perfect right to feel aggrieved when they find a Kipling story full of scientific talk."

"But they never do feel aggrieved," re-

torted the short, dark man. "They're mighty glad to read whatever Kipling chooses to give them."

"You are right. But that only helps to establish the point I am trying to make. The genius of Kipling is so great that he makes even his scientific stuff seem human and interesting. But how many other men can do that?"

SLUM STORIES.

"Is the taste for slum stories declining?" a New York author asked a librarian the other day.

The librarian has charge of a public library where a great deal of light literature is in steady demand. "I can't say whether slum stories are read less at present than they used to be," he replied, "but I have observed of late that many readers who come here for books strongly object to that class of fiction."

The author expressed gratification, and the librarian remarked: "I myself am rather sorry that such a distaste exists. I believe that it is a good thing for readers to acquire a familiarity with slum life through literature. It broadens their sympathies."

The author shook his head. "It gives them sentimental notions about the slums," he said. "When our American writers, for example, write about the slums of New York, with their curious foreign populations, they are likely to go all astray and to give highly colored pictures of slum life, which are very different from the truth. What can we Americans know about the real lives of the Polish and the Russian Jews, the Bohemians, the Italians, and the other foreigners who live on the East Side of New York? Practically nothing. We'd better leave that to be written by the authors who are beginning to spring up among them. How, for example, can a man like Howells really get at those people? Surely not by taking a walk in their quarter, as they say he does very often. But he is clever enough not to write about them in fiction. He puts his observations into his essays, a much safer form. But even here he shows that he takes the sentimental view. For example, he writes as if the people of the East Side were unhappy in their poverty; but his sympathy is wasted, for, as a matter of fact, the average of happiness is probably higher among them than among well to do Americans.

"I predict that as soon as a strong, wholesome, and truthful story about the New York slums appears, written by a man who has lived in them, it will make a sensation, and will be read by all classes regardless of prejudice."

The librarian refused to be convinced, but he is now on the watch for the writers that are supposed to be rising out of Hester Street.

THE PUBLIC'S OPTIMISTIC TASTE.

There are two young story writers who live together in New York and who work side by side every morning. Both are clever fellows, and during the past year each has written more than twenty short stories. The one who is considered by far the cleverer of the two, however, has sold only three, while his friend has sold seventeen.

The other day they put their heads together to see if they could discover why the cleverer man's work was not successful, and they finally agreed that it was simply because nearly all of his stories ended pessimistically.

"The public wants stories to come out right, there's no doubt about it," the successful one remarked.

"But what am I to do?" his friend cried despairingly. "If my stories work themselves out sadly, I can't help it. I'm not to blame. I should be false to my art if I twisted the endings around to make them happy."

His friend was thoughtful for a moment; then he said: "It isn't that the public won't accept sad endings. As a matter of fact, it will accept any ending from a popular writer—from a man like Thomas Hardy, for instance. But before you become popular," he concluded with a smile, "you must write cheerful things."

The pessimist groaned. "If the editors won't take more of my stuff," he lamented, "I really don't see how I can ever become popular."

A BOMBSHELL FOR THE CONSERVATIVE.

A great many people are going to be very angry when they read the latest work of that restless, progressive, belligerent, unafraid, and iconoclastic spirit, Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

"Women and Economics" is a treatise on woman's relation to the world, written with a very cold steel pen. It is as deliberate and unemotional as the multiplication table, and as drily logical in its methods. When Mrs. Stetson opens the doors of the world's sanctuaries, she does not do it with an appealing "sentiment aside"; but quietly ignores that there is such a thing until she has applied her inexorable hammer to everything in sight. Then she looks up from the fragments to explain that she knows it hurts the world's feelings, but that the feelings themselves were mistaken ones. She has made a conscientious analysis of

woman's position in the world, and has found the root of all our worst social evils in the wife's economic dependence. She establishes this without hysteria, and without for a moment shirking any aspect of the question.

Mrs. Stetson has always been at war with our social establishment. This year she comes to the attack with a weapon in each hand, and those who escape the heavy blows of "Women and Economics" may succumb to the sharp prick of "In This Our World," a volume of verse most noteworthy for the keen sarcasm of its gibes against the conventions that hedge the woman question. The humor and adroitness of such attacks as "Similar Cases" makes the antagonism of the conservative melt in laughter, and sets the reformer crowing with triumphant delight.

Just what practical effect a work like "Women and Economics" has, it is impossible to tell. If its theories had been set in a vividly human novel, it might have had a wildfire career. As a treatise, it will be passed over by many, and disliked by more, yet it is not to be shrugged or smiled down. It must be met in fair and open fight.

A LECTURE THAT FAILED.

A Boston woman who had the pleasure of Louisa Alcott's friendship relates an amusing anecdote of Miss Alcott's love of the truth, which in one particular instance proved to be unfortunate.

It was the first call she had paid Miss Alcott since her own marriage. The authoress viewed her fine gown, which fitted like a glove, scornfully scanned her high heeled boots, and then burst forth a torrent of reproach.

"You ought to be ashamed to dress like that. Your gown fits too tight to be comfortable, your belt is too small for you, and those foolish boots are enough to cripple you. You are just like —, a girl I used to know. Her sister was sensible, and wore flat heels, and no belt, but she was just as silly as you are."

"And I suppose she died at twenty five, while her sensible sister lived to play with her grandchildren?"

"Well—no; as a matter of fact," replied Miss Alcott, "she had five fine, healthy sons, and danced in her eighteen inch belt, and her sister had only one baby, which was a sickly little thing."

"I don't quite see the moral," the visitor said, somewhat amused.

"No," Miss Alcott admitted, "I feared after I started that the moral might not be all that I could wish, but I said to myself,

'Tell the truth, Louisa, though the heavens should fall!'"

One of the most curious literary successes in recent years is that of Miss Lillian Whiting, of Boston, whose two collections of essays entitled "The World Beautiful," have had a remarkably large sale for works of that class. They have been called "Emerson simplified," and they appeal to readers for whom Emerson would be altogether too abstruse and unpractical. It is said that from the sales of the two volumes, during the past year, Miss Whiting has received four thousand dollars in royalties.

In Boston and in the West Miss Whiting is well known as a newspaper writer. For several years she has contributed articles on philosophical and religious subjects to the *Boston Budget*, from which her books have been compiled, and she has also written Boston letters for Western papers. When she first went to the New England metropolis from her home in Cleveland about fifteen years ago, she was entirely unknown, and the success she has made has been due wholly to her own pluck and ability.

* * * *

"Have you observed," a publisher remarked to a friend the other day, "how many novels have been published during the past few years that bear a striking resemblance to 'The Prisoner of Zenda'? I doubt if any other living author has been so extensively imitated as Anthony Hope. One American writer in particular—a young man who is popular as a novelist and perhaps somewhat less popular as a war correspondent—has imitated him so often and so closely that it is strange that he has never been charged with the plagiarism. Yet the public continues to read his variations of 'The Prisoner of Zenda.' As a matter of fact, I believe that the public likes to have a story that has once been popular served up over and over again, just as some people like to go to see the same play three or four times."

* * * *

Miss Mary E. Wilkins owes her first chance to Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, who may be said to have discovered her. A story is told of Miss Wilkins and of her friend, Miss Gertrude Smith, a writer of short stories, which illustrates how slight their literary training must have been. "I think I could do all right," Miss Smith remarked to Miss Wilkins one day, "if I only knew how to punctuate;" and Miss Wilkins replied, "Well, I just begin a sentence and go straight ahead till I somehow come to a stop. Then I make a period and start all over again."

GEORGE GREY BARNARD.

BY REGINA ARMSTRONG HILLIARD.

THE YOUNG AMERICAN SCULPTOR WHOSE WORK IS ATTRACTING THE ATTENTION OF THE WORLD OF ART BY ITS STRIKING POWER AND ORIGINALITY.

ONE of the most interesting figures in contemporary American art is Mr. George Grey Barnard, the sculptor, whose work—notably his statues exhibited at the Salon of the Champ de Mars in Paris—has received the unqualified praise of the world's greatest critics. Here is a man worthy to be ranked with Michelangelo, some of them have been enthusiastic enough to say; for not only is his work different from that of any other modern sculptor, but he has created a new interpretation of man and of nature, and in his conceptions are the virility and freshness of eternal youth, and, directing it, a wise and classical temperament.

Mr. Barnard was born in Pennsylvania, the son of an Indiana clergyman, but most of his childhood was spent in or near Chicago. When he was about five years of age, he made friends with a retired sea captain, whose geological collection, gathered from all parts of the world, first directed the childish impulse toward that knowledge of nature which was the beginning of his artistic life. He roamed the fields and woods for curious stones and shells, which he found more to be desired than toys, and more marvelous than story books.

The boy who found his chief interest in stones was father to the man who is today working out the epic of humanity in marble. Mr. Barnard is the essence of his work. He takes nature as his context, and man as a detail in the great unfolding plan.

Mr. Barnard's colossal group, "I Feel Two Natures Struggling Within:

Me," is well known. It shows the momentary triumph of the baser over the finer nature in man's self, and the energy and strength of the recumbent figure of the group are wonderful. The Metropolitan Museum of Art possesses this work, it being the gift of the Alfred Corning Clark estate, which also presented the bronze statue of the Great God Pan to Central Park. Into the latter figure, which has not yet been placed in position, Mr. Barnard has infused an effluence of adolescence and wild freshness that is the very ecstasy of the poet's dream of the wood god.

While Mr. Barnard has always broken away from tradition and conventionality in his character of design and expression, he has shown himself to be no less a master of the quieter methods. A figure for a mausoleum, recently exhibited by him, is characterized by a refinement of treatment and delicacy of modeling that are exquisitely simple and chaste in effect. The work is known as "The Maiden and Pedestal," but it is said that it is the portrait of the young girl whose tomb it is to adorn.

The design of this work takes its conception from the inscription on the pedestal, which was written by the young girl a few weeks previous to her death, and in which life is likened to the bloom and decay of roses. The base is a conventionalized arrangement of rose branches and buds, with the inscription wrought from the falling petals which have drifted downward from a mass of blossoms in the maiden's arms. The



"THE MAIDEN AND PEDESTAL," A PORTRAIT FIGURE FOR A MAUSOLEUM, RECENTLY DESIGNED BY GEORGE GREY BARNARD.



A PROFILE VIEW OF MR. BARNARD'S "MAIDEN AND PEDESTAL."



GEORGE GREY BARNARD AT WORK ON HIS FAMOUS STATUE, "I FEEL TWO NATURES STRUGGLING WITHIN ME."

From the portrait by Anna Bilinska.

figure is treated classically and is full of serene grace and thoughtful innocence.

In a conversation on art, recently, Mr. Barnard said that the artist must also be a seer—he puts down his material but as a medium for something that is beyond and intangible, and his art consists in making a living quality out of this. He deplors the lack of faith in the men of today. He concedes that godless men have been great, but he believes that art, as an expression of life, must have religion for its cornerstone.

Too often, today, the artist finds it necessary to go into the decorative, and thus sacrifices his principles of art. It is needless to say that Mr. Barnard has not done this. If there have been sacrifices, they have been to keep his art inviolate. An instance of this may be recalled in the fact that he refused a commission for ten colossal figures for the Congressional Library solely because he felt that in the ten months given him in which to execute the order, he could produce nothing that he would consider worthy.



ACROSS THE CENTURIES.

SWIFT messengers on silent wings were borne,
And sped the sages, toiling from afar,
Led by the silver finger of a star.
And oh, they sang together in the dawn!

But we who come with burning, new demands
To find a sovereign truth for our today,
Have neither star nor sign to show the way—
Only the passion of our groping hands.

Louise Cary Easton.

THE STAGE

"THE RIVALS" AND ELSIE LESLIE.

At the opening performance in New York this season of Joseph Jefferson in "The Rivals," Ffolliott Paget, as *Mrs. Malaprop*, was shaky in her lines, for the first few moments, through sheer nervousness over her own boldness in attempting to take the place of Mrs. John Drew. Noting the slight hitch in

the scene, a woman in an orchestra chair whispered something to her escort, drawing from him the reassuring reply: "Oh, no; it's quite an old play; used to be done in England."

An incident like this in a Broadway audience shows that the standard comedies may have the paradoxical element of novelty added to that of classic an-



ELSIE LESLIE AS "LYDIA LANGUISH" IN "THE RIVALS."

From a photograph—Copyrighted, 1898, by Falk, New York.



GERTRUDE BENNETT, WITH CHARLES COGHLAN
IN "THE ROYAL BOX."

*From a photograph—Copyrighted, 1898, by Schloss,
New York.*



BIJOU FERNANDEZ, NOW PLAYING IN GILLETTE'S
"BECAUSE SHE LOVED HIM SO."

From her latest photograph by Falk, New York.



JESSIE MILLWARD, THE NEW LEADING WOMAN
OF THE EMPIRE STOCK COMPANY.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.



ANNIE IRISH, WITH THE JOHN DREW COMPANY
IN "THE LIARS."

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York.

tiquity, and that Mr. Jefferson knows his public better than do the critics who persistently chide him for not offering something new.

peculiar interest to playgoers who care to recall things theatrical of ten years ago. It was then that "Little Lord Fauntleroy" entered in and took pos-



ETHEL JACKSON, WHO CREATED THE NAME PART IN "LITTLE MISS NOBODY."

From a photograph by Davis & Sanford, New York.

In addition to the two "stars," Otis Skinner and Wilton Lackaye, as *Captain Absolute* and *Sir Lucius O'Trigger* respectively, Mr. Jefferson's company contains this season a personage of

session of the country as no piece before it had done since "Pinafore," another decade previous, and Elsie Leslie, as *Fauntleroy*, enjoyed a remarkable popularity with the impressionable peo-

ple who worship juvenile prodigies. Then came her appearance in "The Prince and the Pauper," a terribly trying rôle, and one which the Gerry society should have interdicted, and after

boarding school entered a firm protest, and the project was dropped—very fortunately, too, as the play proved a "frost" of the most wintry description. It was thus reserved for the young girl



MILDRED HOLLAND, NOW STARRING AS "FAN FAN" IN "TWO LITTLE VAGRANTS."

From a photograph by Chickering, Boston.

that—school and oblivion for some eight years.

An effort was made to break into this retirement in March, 1897, when Daudet's "L'Arlésienne" was produced in New York. There was a character exactly suited to Elsie, it was declared. The mother's consent was obtained, and the girl herself was only too eager to see the footlights from the boards again; but the head of the

to make her reappearance under the auspices of the dean of the American stage and as a leading character in a masterpiece of classic comedy.

As *Lydia Languish* Elsie Leslie is as fair a sight as one might care to look upon, and the spirit with which she carries out the sauciness and self will of the character shows that her dramatic work as a child was not a mere flash in the pan. It is doubtless this

early training that causes her to be perfectly at home on the stage. Even during the ordeal of a first metropolitan appearance, and with the added trial of a *Mrs. Malaprop* whose bad quarter of an hour was calculated to "rattle" the oldest heads, it was she who calmly came to Miss Paget's rescue, and, behind her fan, supplied her with the forgotten lines.

The *Sir Anthony Absolute* of the present fine cast is Verner Clarges, who at one time supported Mrs. Potter. Joseph Warren, the *Falkland*, is the stage name of one of Mr. Jefferson's sons.

VIOLA ALLEN'S SUCCESSOR.

Jessie Millward, the English actress who succeeds Viola



SARAH COWELL LE MOYNE, NOW APPEARING WITH ANNIE RUSSELL IN "CATHERINE."

From a photograph by the Rose Studio, Providence.



WILLIAM J. LE MOYNE, NOW APPEARING WITH ANNIE RUSSELL IN "CATHERINE."

From his latest photograph by the Rose Studio, Providence.

Allen as leading woman of the Empire Stock Company, is by no means a newcomer to this country. On his American tour previous to the last one, she accompanied Henry Irving in the position later filled by Julia Arthur. Before that she was here with the late William Terriss, in "Roger La Honte." Of late years she was associated with Mr. Terriss at the London Adelphi, and was playing *Edith Varney* there last winter to the *Lewis Dumont* of Terriss in "Secret Service" when this well beloved player was struck by an assassin at the stage door of his theater. Miss Millward was with him when he breathed his last, a few minutes later, in the playhouse where he had won so much ap-

plause, and the shock to her nervous system was so great that for a time it was thought she must give up her stage career. Then came Charles Frohman's offer, and as it would take her far from the scene of the tragic occurrence, she

scientist exploring the depths of Africa; she supposes it is intended for her, and not until all the preparations for the wedding are completed, and the lover returns just in time for the ceremony, does she learn from him that she has



LILA CONVERE, AT PRESENT A MEMBER OF SOL SMITH RUSSELL'S COMPANY.

From her latest photograph by Schloss, New York.

accepted. Anthony Hope's "Phroso" will be the drama in which she will make her metropolitan reappearance during the present month.

The Kendals are now occupying the Empire of London—the St. James—with a new play, "The Elder Miss Blossom," which is said to give Mrs. Kendal an opportunity for one of the strongest scenes in her repertory. It is an unhackneyed one, too. A proposal of marriage comes by letter from a

made a mistake, the letter having been meant for another Miss Blossom, her niece.

HEREDITY IN STAGELAND.

In no other profession are the children so apt to follow in the parents' footsteps as in that of acting. The Booths, the Jeffersons, the Drews, are the notable examples that will instantly occur to the reader's mind, while in the rank and file of theater folk the ten-

dency to keep the business in the family is a constantly growing one. Ethel Jackson, whose portrait appears on page 463, is the daughter of Hart Jackson, who adapted "The Two Orphans"

for him. The master was so pleased by her rendering of his "Tarantella" that he said he would be glad to have her for a pupil in a few years—which meant much, as he did not teach for money,



LULU GLASER, LEADING WOMAN WITH FRANCIS WILSON, AND NOW APPEARING AS "JACQUELINE" IN "THE LITTLE CORPORAL."

From her latest photograph—Copyrighted, 1898, by Dupont, New York.

from the French, and her mother created the part of the American in George Alexander's production of "The Ambassador."

After her father's death the girl was sent abroad to be educated. She displayed marked talent for the piano, and when only twelve years old made a small sensation among her friends in Dresden by her playing. Rubinstein heard of her and invited her to play

but only to bring out real talent where he was certain it existed.

Her slight physique, however, caused a change in the plans for the young woman's career. The piano was put aside, and attention centered on the cultivation of her voice. In due course she became a member of the company at the London Savoy—the home of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas—and last summer was engaged to come to Amer-



JEAN DE RESZKE AS "TRISTAN" IN "TRISTAN AND ISOLDE."

From a copyrighted photograph by Dupont, New York.

ica and create the name part in "Little Miss Nobody." This she did, in Philadelphia, but the opera missed the bullseye, and was soon set aside. Miss Jackson is still under engagement to Charles Frohman, who will place her as soon as opportunity offers. For a brief period she appeared as *Cecile* in "Hotel Topsy Turvy."

It may interest theater goers to learn that in the English production of this piece, which lives up to its name in being of uneven merit, the hoydenish part

of the circus proprietor, *Flora*, impersonated here by Marie Dressler, is filled by Violet Lloyd, who made so pronounced a hit at Daly's two years ago as *Molly Scamore* in the first American performances of "The Geisha."

RISEN STARS AND A RISING ONE.

Julia Arthur's marriage last spring to Mr. Cheney, a Bostonian, has not been allowed to interfere with her stage career, as at one time seemed probable, although her seasons will be short ones.



WILLIAM M. ARMSTRONG, NOW APPEARING AS
"LIEUTENANT HARRY FIFE, R. N.," IN
"THE FRENCH MAID."

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.



WALTER THOMAS AS "WILFRED VARNEY" IN
"SECRET SERVICE," THE RÔLE HE CREATED
IN THE ORIGINAL NEW YORK PRO-
DUCTION.

From a photograph by Lewis, New Brighton, Connecticut.



H. S. NORTHRUP, LATELY WITH FRAWLEY, NOW
PLAYING FAVERSHAM'S RÔLE IN "SOWING
THE WIND."

From a photograph by Marceau, San Francisco.



CYRIL SCOTT AS "GUY STANLEY" IN "A RUN-
AWAY GIRL."

From a photograph by Saiza Ben Yusuf, New York.

But interference with her plans has come from another source. It was her intention to devote herself almost exclusively to a Shakspeare repertory, but at the very beginning of her tour in October the demand for "A Lady of

member. Beatrice Cameron's health not permitting her to undertake rehearsals, Miss Anglin came forward as *Roxane* on the opening night of "Cyrano" utterly unheralded, and the next day all the critics were singing her



MARGARET ANGLIN, LEADING WOMAN WITH RICHARD MANSFIELD IN "CYRANO DE BERGERAC."

From a photograph by Climo, St. John, New Brunswick.

Quality" was so overwhelming that she was fain to restore it to a prominent place in her list.

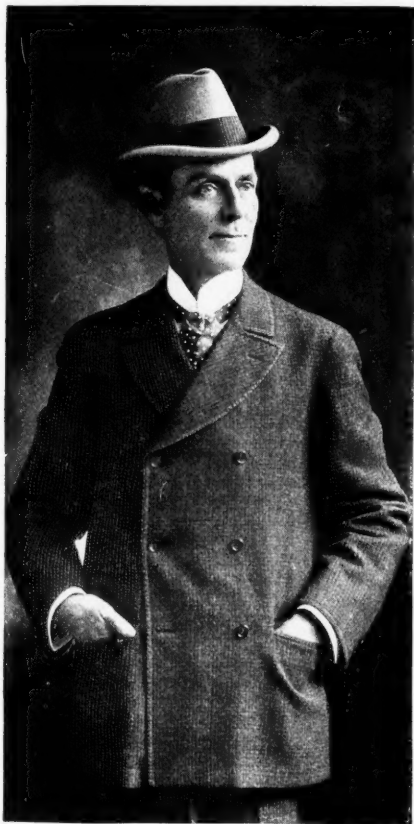
Miss Arthur's hit as a star, following close on the success of Maude Adams, and more lately that of Viola Allen, makes a trio of happy A's. It is possible that the trio will in time become a quartet, with Margaret Anglin, leading woman for Mansfield, as its fourth

praises. Like Miss Arthur, she is a Canadian. Born at Ottawa, she was educated in a convent, and began to study for the stage at the age of seventeen. She is now twenty-two. Her first engagement was in a small part with "Shenandoah" in 1894, and later she spent a season playing *Ophelia*, *Virginia*, and so on, with James O'Neill. Last autumn she joined Sothorn to do *Meg* in

"Lord Chumley." Think of it—a year ago the "angel of the attic"; today *Roxane* in "Cyrano"!

THE OPERA.

As if the omission of a season had given it an added zest, this winter's presentation of grand opera under Maurice Grau promises—according to the prospectus, at least—to outshine all previous series, in whatever country they may have been held. We shall have our old favorites, stars of the mightiest magnitude, Calvé, Eames, Melba, Nordica, Sembrich, and the de Reszkes; while Suzanne Adams, Van Dyck, and Seidl's successor in the leader's chair, Schalk, will either prove brilliant additions to the galaxy or else belie the



SOL SMITH RUSSELL.

From his latest photograph by Cobb, Bi-gramton, New York.



FLORENCE ROCKWELL, WITH SOL SMITH RUSSELL.

From her latest photograph by Rockwood, New York.

oversea reputations that have preceded them.

Suzanne Adams is the American who proved the sensation of the Grau season at Covent Garden last summer. A French critic said of her that she possessed two notable characteristics—youth, and a clear, beautiful voice, in certain tones strikingly like Melba's.

Franz Schalk, who will conduct the German performances, including the two Wagner cycles, is a Viennese, and has once before succeeded Seidl—at the Landestheater in Prague, where Mozart led the first performance of "Don Juan." He has been engaged as leader for the court opera in Berlin, beginning in September next.

Our portrait of Jean de Reszke shows him as *Tristan*, in which rôle he played opposite to Nordica in London last



JULIA ARTHUR AS "ROSALIND" IN "AS YOU LIKE IT."

From a photograph by Pach, New York.

May, signaling their complete reconciliation. Previous to his departure from America in the spring of 1897, de Reszke made a statement of some personal facts in the *New York Herald*, which he acknowledged over his signature to be correctly set forth, and which may be of interest at the threshold of his present visit.

His salary was put down at twelve hundred and fifty dollars a night, together with a quarter of the gross receipts over five thousand five hundred dollars. It was rather refreshing to read his further statement that personally he and his brother preferred to remain in Europe rather than come so far as the United States, where the variable climate subjects him to the danger of constant colds, and the repeated changes of bill involve an unending strain of study. Abroad, M. de Reszke went on to say, he could make as much money as here, reckoning his receipts from his special engagements in London.

Hence, unless further financial inducements have been held out to the great tenor, it would seem that we owe his appearance among us again to his high regard for Mr. Grau and the stockholders of the Metropolitan Opera House. In the interview in question he remarked, with an apology for what might seem like egotism, "The directors have told me again and again that I am needed next season, and I feel that under the circumstances it would be ungenerous on my part to say 'No' to those who have been such good friends to me."

LEADING WOMAN OF "THE LITTLE CORPORAL."

Lulu Glaser has never sung in any other company than Francis Wilson's. She was barely sixteen when a friend of her father took her behind the scenes, one night, to meet Mr. Wilson when he was playing in Pittsburg. Then and there she was fired with the ambition to become a member of the organization, and how she carried this resolve into effect has already been told in this place.

"The Lion Tamer" was the opera running at the Broadway Theater, New York, when the young recruit from Pennsylvania was added to the roster. Marie Jansen, now in vaudeville, was playing the lion tamer's wife, *Angelina*, a circus rider. The distance between her, the prima donna, and this new member of the chorus seemed immeasurably great, and only to be spanned by years of striving. But quick eyes and trained ears, backed by keen judgment, had noted the neophyte's capabilities, she was soon made understudy to Miss Jansen, and very quickly thereafter came the chance to appear in

her rôle. She made a success, opening the way to the realization of hopes she had scarcely dared whisper to herself.

Miss Jansen left the company the next season, and Lulu Glaser has been leading woman ever since, singing in "The Merry Monarch" (a great favorite with her), "Erminie," "The Devil's Deputy," "The Chieftain," "Half a King," and "The Little Corporal." Each year her work shows more power, takes on a higher polish. *Jacqueline*, her rôle in "The Little Corporal," is an exacting one, and calls into play a versatility which constant study has wisely developed.

The portrait of Miss Glaser presented herewith shows the woman herself, not the actress.

MRS. LE MOYNE'S CONQUEST.

One of the most interesting theatrical events the season has thus far offered was the stellar début of Miss Annie Russell in "Catherine." Of course Miss Russell has been seen before in a great many star rôles, and from the moment when she first dawned upon us about eighteen years ago as *Esmeralda* she has held an honored place in the public esteem. She has always, however, been identified in our minds with sunbonnets and the innocence of lachrymose girlhood. Now it was promised that we should see her in a real French play that should afford her such opportunities for emotional acting as she had never enjoyed before.

Miss Russell was not a disappointment—she is never that—but her part was by no means what the public had been led to expect and the play was unsatisfactory. Miss Russell certainly scored, but the real hit of the piece was made by Mrs. Sarah Cowell Le Moyne in the part of an aristocratic French duchess. Mrs. Le Moyne's triumph was such as to entitle her to the highest praise, but the example that she has set to other members of her profession is worthy of even greater commendation.

It will be remembered that toward the close of last season this accomplished woman returned to the stage after an absence of many years spent in the usually deteriorating practice of public reading. She was honest enough frankly to recognize the flight of time, and her entrée was effected in a rôle that became her years as well as her mimetic gifts. That is to say, she played the part of a woman in the prime of mature life and did not try to win us with long blond curls, white muslin, and Kendalesque coyness. That was in Clyde Fitch's "The Moth and the Flame," and she made the hit of the piece, for she seems to have little regard for the claims of stars on the popular plau-

dits. Her next appearance was in "Catherine," and here her success was even greater, for the competition was much fiercer and the audience more critical. She played the *Duchess* as a woman and made us forget the coronet. Her performance was marked by exquisite simplicity, dignity, and tenderness.

For some strange reason those players who are compelled to impersonate an aristocrat are generally so oppressed with the atmosphere of good society that they entirely forget the humanity which can be found even under a crown. Mrs. Le Moyne's *Duchess* was as genuine and womanly as if it had stepped from one of Thackeray's pages.

CLEVER MILDRED HOLLAND.

"What shall I do with my hands?" This is the ceaseless query of the inexperienced actor, especially if he be cast for a "straight" or simply "walking" part. Should he be fortunate enough to be a member of the "Two Little Vagrants" company his question would be answered by Mildred Holland, who is not only featured as *Fan Fan*, one of the little vagabonds, but is stage manager of the production as well. Details in the stage picture, such as the position of hands and feet, receive special attention at rehearsals, and result in well knit performances that demonstrate the value of a woman's eye in a department of the drama hitherto practically monopolized by men.

Miss Holland studied at the Chicago Conservatory, where she obtained such excellent training, together with the practice acquired by appearing in the casts of companies visiting the city and needing recruits for the occasion, that her first professional engagement was for leading woman, with the Hanlons in "Superba." Later she was with "Paul Kauvar" and at Daly's. She is an indefatigable student, and knows not only how a thing should be done, but why it should be done in a particular way. Her cleverness as *Fan Fan* has been proclaimed by the critics, who declare that her work is artistic as well as charming. She sinks her own identity so completely that spectators who are not careful to consult the bill of the play remain under the impression that it is really a boy who plays the part.

Sol Smith Russell may lack versatility, but the note he does strike vibrates with human nature as every man and woman knows it. Like John Drew, he prefers plays in which he can be a good angel to the erring one, but while Drew ministers to the folly of society in epigram and evening dress, Russell finds his patients in the great middle class, and accomplishes his task

with a sack coat and an irresistible Yankee chuckle of inward satisfaction.

* * * *

Mr. Russell's first play for the present season, "Uncle Dick," although its dénouement is entirely too Utopian for these matter of fact times, contains some capital situations, and is enlivened with dialogue that serves to punctuate its performance with laughter. John Drew's nephew, Lionel Barrymore, plays leading juvenile, opposite to Lila Convere, the clever Southern girl, who was lately with Augustin Daly. The leading woman is Florence Rockwell, who acted *Juliet* at Juliet's own age, fourteen, and last season played the principal feminine rôle in "Cumberland, '61."

* * * *

Walter Thomas is content to be boyish even in his assumption of manliness, hence he is the best actor the part of *Wilfred Varney* in "Secret Service" could have. He began his career at the age of sixteen, in the company of Edwin Booth, with a rôle of two or three lines in "Richelieu." Mr. Booth took a fancy to the boy and promoted him to *François*, the page, personally coaching him for the character. Later he was selected for *Sebastian* to the *Viola* of Julia Marlowe because of a fancied resemblance to Miss Marlowe. The last part he played before *Wilfred Varney* was *Little Billee* to the *Trilby* of Edith Crane, who has just become leading woman for Sothorn.

* * * *

Gertrude Bennett, now playing *Lady Robert* with Charles Coghlan in "The Royal Box," paved her way to the stage by reciting in London drawingrooms. Her only engagement previous to her present one was with the Daly company. It is reported, by the by, that Mr. Coghlan's next new production is to be a fresh dramatization of Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities." With Mrs. Fiske as *Becky Sharp* in "Vanity Fair" playing at the same time, the older novelists would be making a team of it in competition with the big stage vogue enjoyed by the tale tellers of today.

* * * *

It speaks well for the musical taste of a community when it is to be noted that the biggest houses drawn to the American Theater by the Castle Square Company are for grand rather than light opera. "Aida" ran two weeks, and "Trovatore" would seem to be good for a hundred night record were it not that the large subscription list called for consideration. The slight increase in price this season—the highest rate is now \$1—has enabled the directors to provide a really excellent mounting for each production. That for "Trovatore," for ex-

ample, put the Metropolitan's makeshift outfitting to shame.

* * * *

The first of the musketeers to reach New York—and the theater world of London has almost come to blows over the Dumas article—is "The Jolly Musketeer" in the person of Jefferson de Angelis, than whom none of our singing comedians is more deserving of prosperity. This new opera of his is the work of Stanislaus Stange and Julian Edwards, makers of "Madeleine," "Brian Boru," and "The Wedding Day." Mr. De Angelis has been a strong favorite since he used to play second fiddle to De Wolf Hopper, and later, as leading comedian with Della Fox, he carried off the lion's share of the applause. All he needs is the proper vehicle, and just now "The Jolly Musketeer" ought to carry straight to the metropolitan bullseye.

* * * *

Daly's "Runaway Girl," transferred to the Fifth Avenue to make room for the legitimate at the home theater, threatens to run the season out. It has already downed its rival, "The Greek Slave," in London, and seems disinclined to give its scheduled successor here any show whatsoever.

This successor is "Three Little Lambs," the new name for R. A. Barnet's "Queen of the Ballet," purchased by Mr. Daly in Boston last spring. Cyril Scott, who aids, abets, and accompanies the *Runaway Girl*, gives it as his opinion that no other piece of the sort has contained so large a number of "favorite" songs—airs that find lodgment in the memory. Two or three, at most, is the usual average; in "A Runaway Girl" there are eight at least.

* * * *

Sothern's oft named new play—it was first called "A Shilling's Worth," then "The Old Love and the New," next "A Colonial Lady," and finally "A Colonial Girl"—is of just the caliber to set the critics' teeth on edge and at the same time tickle the fancy of the public when acted at its best. Its logic is loose, or, more properly speaking, lacking, but it is continuously picturesque, and its authors have caught the trick of holding the interest in suspense till the very end, if the cards do tumble into a heap of chaos when this is reached. But at this writing Mr. Sothern has not yet played his trump card for the season, "The King's Musketeer," a new version of the Dumas novel.

* * * *

A fugitive newspaper paragraph some time since described uproarious conditions in a French theater during a performance of "Les Huguenots." The audience objected

to one of the singers, and made riotous demonstrations until assured that the offending individual would be dismissed from the company.

Such proceedings are reprehensible and in no wise to be countenanced, but contrasted with the long suffering meekness of American playgoers they are in a certain sense refreshing. Once within a theater, our audiences are as wax in the hands of the claque and the actors. On first nights the worst plays are always received with enthusiasm and the public is lucky if it escapes without a speech from the author or the manager.

This sort of thing may let a failure down easy, but it is neither honest nor politic. It robs applause of its value and the theater of the people's confidence.

* * * *

Applause over the mere grouping for a situation is a compliment seldom vouchsafed the playwright, yet it is what Alexandre Bisson receives close to the finish of the last act of his farce "On and Off." The device employed recalls the one used in "My Friend from India," where several people combine to make a perfectly sober individual think he is intoxicated, but in this case it is worked on entirely different and much more effective lines. The piece as a whole is sprightly, but needs pruning in its dialogue, for the sake of both brevity and propriety.

The wholly irrelevant incident of the girl with the nervous affection of the head and eyes finds an excuse for the time it occupies in the manner of its setting forth by May Lambert, lately the model in "Never Again."

* * * *

During the long run of "The Little Minister" in New York and London last season, Barrie was said to draw two thousand dollars a week as royalties. Herein is the advantage enjoyed by the successful playwright over the successful player. Mr. Barrie might live where he chose, make social engagements without limit, and, in short, be in all things his own master, and still continue to receive his princely income. Maude Adams, on the other hand, must be tied down to hours, and be ready to go through with her part with undiminished vivacity no matter how dull and spiritless she may now and then chance to feel. And she has no option in the matter of a place of residence. With the provinces clamoring for "The Little Minister," she must put aside any personal inclination to remain in the metropolis, or else deliberately cut a large slice off her income. The actor, no matter to what heights he may attain, is never independent.

ADVERTISING IN SOME OF ITS PHASES.

BY FRANK A. MUNSEY.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE SPHINX CLUB AT THE WALDORF-ASTORIA,
NEW YORK, ON THE 12TH OF OCTOBER, 1898.

Mr. President and Gentlemen:

THERE is nothing easier in the world than to pay a bill with a note. It costs no effort. Falling off a log is genuinely difficult in comparison. The promise to pay is one thing; the paying at the other end is quite a different thing. I know of nothing more subtle, more alluring, nothing on earth that can get a man into more trouble, and do it so smoothly, as "I promise." It was this very thing, this "I promise," that brought me here tonight.

In an evil moment I yielded to the persuasion of the clever secretary of this club and promised to say something on advertising. That was four months ago. I wonder if there is not some fatality about "four months" and "I promise"? Between you and me, gentlemen, I don't know of anything that can close up so quickly, the middle drop out of it, and the two ends come together with such a bang, as "I promise" and "four months."

I don't see why bankers ever made four months a limit for promissory notes. It is the most inconvenient point possible. I think the secretary of this club must have been brought up a banker, otherwise he would never have fixed upon this unearthly time of four months for this talk. If he had only made it a year it would have been a heap more comfortable for me. It would have given me time to put the Atlantic Ocean between myself and this wretched promise. He didn't do it; he made it four months, and like all four month promises I have got to meet it.

So much by way of apology, gentlemen, for presuming to stand up here and discuss advertising before you. I feel as if almost any other subject would suit me better, and would be better suited to me. Some one has said that the safe thing for a novelist is to locate his story where the pioneer's foot has never trod; then no one can presume to criticise his statements. I can see a lot of safety in this idea myself. If I had only had the selecting of my topic

for tonight I should have named theology, in which case I should, I am sure, have been quite as safe as the novelist.

You all know that I am not an advertising man. My life work is in another field. I have given but a fraction of my time and thought to advertising, while many of you have given your lives to it. You know it scientifically, statistically, artistically.

Nevertheless, I am a firm believer in advertising, a believer in it from the business man's point of view. It is the selling agency of a business, and the selling agency is as much an integral part of the business as the manufacturing side or the purchasing side. Advertising is the drummer's advance agent.

The last ten years have brought about marvelous changes in the business world. The whole tendency has been towards concentration, and the bringing closer together of the producer and the consumer. I will not discuss the concentration idea tonight, but must touch upon the bringing together of the producer and the consumer—the passing of the middleman. It bears directly upon the theme under consideration.

Fifty years ago the manufacturer marketed his product through the jobber; the jobber in turn sold to the wholesaler, the wholesaler to the retailer, and the retailer to the consumer. The producer was as completely cut off from the consumer as if each lived on a different planet. The producer was absolutely at the mercy of the jobber. The latter could make him or break him. It was a helpless, hopeless position for the manufacturer to be in. There was no help for him. The octopus had him fast and sure, and struggle ever so hard he could not free himself.

All this is changed today, and the change has been brought about chiefly by talking to the people through what is known as the advertisement. It is the advertisement, more than anything else, more than everything else, that is responsible, and to which the credit belongs, for bringing the producer and the consumer closer

together. It has driven the jobber out of the field. The wholesaler is still with us, but not by a large majority does he control the manufacturer. He can no longer dictate to him; can no longer command excessive profits. Concentration, too, has played a part, and an important part, in the passing of the jobber and the wholesaler. The Standard Oil Company, for example, sells almost everywhere to the retailer, and there are other large trusts that do the same. The trusts and the advertisement combined have crushed out the jobber and have broken the grasp of the wholesaler, thus saving to the people the jobber's profit, and in many cases the wholesaler's profit, and in not a few cases even the retailer's profit, as certain lines of goods today are being marketed direct to the people from the manufacturer. A notable example of this is found in the shoe trade. The means of reaching the consumer by the manufacturer, of doing business direct with him, is the advertisement. It puts him in touch with the people everywhere.

This new idea in business does not find favor with the old timer, or with the man doing business on the old timer's theories. He sighs for the good old times, when big profits and small business were in vogue. Hard days those for the consumer, when the legitimate cost of an article was weighted down and buried beneath layer after layer and layer after layer of greedy profits. But the new theory, gentlemen, is here. It is the dominant, vitalizing, energizing force in business today.

I want to emphasize the fact that there was never anything deadlier in this world than the old idea of big profits and small volume. Small profits and big volume have driven this antiquated theory to the wall, and it were well for the people had they driven it to the wall hundreds of years ago.

They would perchance have done so if the dawn of the advertisement, as we know it today, had been in the fifteenth century instead of the nineteenth. But that could not have been. It was not possible. The printing press alone has made it possible—the printing press in its present development, without which there could be no dailies, no weeklies, no magazines; and lacking these the manufacturer and merchant would have practically no means of putting themselves in communication with the people. It was just this absence of communication with the people that made the old system with the jobber, the wholesaler, and the retailer possible. It could never have obtained its grip had printing presses and newspapers and magazines preceded it.

The man who does not take advantage of

the products of the printing press—take advantage of all that science and invention and thought have evolved—cannot meet the competition of the man who does take advantage of these. I don't believe there is a man anywhere who is manufacturing for the people, merchandising for the people, who can afford not to talk to the people about what he has for them—to put himself in touch with them, to make them know him and have confidence in him. The best equipped establishment, whether it be that of the manufacturer or merchant, everything else being equal, will crush out the competition of the inferior equipment. This is a great big vital fact. The cost of maintaining such an equipment—the fixed charges covering the proprietor's living expenses, rents, taxes, insurance, interest, salaries, counting room expenses, and a thousand and one other expenses, all these are so great and so inexorably certain that one must reach out and out and always out to a wider market. And this can be done best by talking to the people.

I wish I had the time to dwell upon the importance of this idea of talking to the people. It is the very bedrock, the substratum, of modern business. *Talking to the people*; that's the idea. A simple, straightforward talk as a man would talk to his neighbor. It is the very essence of good advertising.

It sometimes seems to me in looking over an advertisement that the writer felt he must get it up on set lines, must follow some stereotyped formula, must be conventional, stiff, unnatural. Such advertisements always suggest to me these familiar lines:

"Now I take my pen in hand to inform you that I am well and hope these few lines will find you the same."

Imagine such an asinine beginning to a letter from a mother to a child, a sister to a brother, a lover to his sweetheart; and yet there have been thousands and hundreds of thousands of just such beginnings. The feeling that prompts this conventionality, this wretched unnaturalness in letter writing, is the same feeling that impels the man to be unnatural in writing an advertisement. It takes the heart and blood all out of it.

When I was a boy in Maine there was an old fellow named Solon Chase, who lived at the crossroads of a farming district. He himself was a farmer, and during the long, cold winters he had ample time for reading and reflection. Money came very hard with him on his sterile, rocky farm. He felt the need of it. He knew it meant luxuries that had been denied to him—travel, a fine estate, horses, and the fat of the land generally. The greenback theory was sprung upon the country from the West, that section whence all cyclonic things spring. It was the very

thing that Solon Chase had yearned for—money, money, money, a world full of money. He turned his oxen loose, let his farm grow up to weeds, put in a printing press, and started a newspaper. He named it *Chase's Chronicle* and gave it this subheading: "Good Easy Reading."

That, gentlemen, was great. I have never known anything in journalism greater than that simple idea of that horny handed old farmer—"Good Easy Reading." That is the key to successful journalism, and that is the key to successful advertising writing—good easy reading, plain, homely, straightforward talks with the people.

I am not quite sure that this will meet the approval of the professional advertising writer—the man who practically thinks of nothing else—but I am not talking to the gallery; I am not talking for applause. If what I say has any value and gives me the right to occupy your attention, it must be honest, straightforward, and sincere. With no thought to offend any one, to differ with any one, I must say that I have little faith in frills and art and strained effects and all that sort of thing in advertising writing. I don't believe in it at all. What do the people—the great big people, I mean—know or care about lines of beauty and angles and curves and circles technically, scientifically?

Without any study they know intuitively the thing that pleases them. They know the horse is a handsomer animal than the camel. They don't have to reason why; they simply know it, and that is all there is of it. It goes without saying that the thing most attractive to the eye pleases the people better than the unattractive thing. The more attractive, then, an advertisement can be in a rational sense, and without sacrificing the advertisement itself to art, the surer it is to bring results. But as for higher art, and the incongruity of art as applied to advertising today, I haven't a little bit of faith in it. I think, in a word, that advertisers have gone crazy on art. The argument, the talk to the people, is sacrificed for art.

I can understand how the picture of a pretty woman with pretty teeth can add to the merits of an advertisement for a preparation for the teeth, but just how the picture of an actress can give particular value to an advertisement of a horse rake or a steam pump I cannot understand. The value of an illustration, as I see it, is to call attention to the argument, the talk, with the people. It has no other value, and this result may often be obtained more satisfactorily by the use of display type and a generous proportion of blank space.

The advent of the half tone marked the beginning of the craze for art advertising. It is so easy to reproduce a pretty photo-

graph in half tone and insert it in an advertisement, making an attractive effect in the proof, that advertisers have fallen into the habit of getting up their advertising in this way. This is a mistake. It takes all the individuality out of advertising. It takes all the force and expression out of it. There is no individuality in the work of the camera—no characteristic slant to it. Advertising above everything else should have individuality, character. Half tone work is colorless, weak, insipid. The wood cut well done is preëminently the thing for the advertiser. It is full of force. It stands out clean cut, with blood and beef and brawn in it. Englishmen, and we can learn a good deal from them, will have nothing but the wood cut—the best and boldest advertisers, I mean. The half tone cannot be printed satisfactorily except on coated paper, and no advertiser should pay the price to have it so printed. To study economy in the getting up of advertising on which thousands of dollars are to be spent is the rankest kind of folly. And yet there are advertisers—broad, strong men in many ways—who seem to think that any old thing is good enough for an advertisement so long as it costs next to nothing.

There is one kind of art in advertising, however, that appeals to me, and that, as a matter of fact, isn't art at all. It is just plain horse sense—the picture of the thing talked about. If you want to talk to the people about a horse, use the cut of a horse; about a cook stove, use the cut of a cook stove; about a mowing machine, use the cut of a mowing machine, and so on to the end of the chapter. The people know pretty nearly what they want. An illustration of the thing advertised serves to call their attention to it. With no illustration and no ingenious use of display type and blank space, the reader may pass over the very thing he is looking for.

There are just two things to be kept in mind in the preparation of an advertisement—first, something to fix the reader's attention upon your particular advertisement, and second, the talk to the reader. What you say, your argument, your talk to the reader, should be attractively set, plain, neat, simple—short sentences and short paragraphs, and large, clear type, well leaded. Cramped space does not give scope for well set advertisements containing any considerable argument. Fine type closely packed together is unattractive, forbidding, and suggestive of hard work. The reader does not want hard work, he wants good easy reading—reading so easy, so attractive, so alluring, that he slides down a page without having intended to read it at all; but once having read it, it matters not what his in-

tion was, the advertiser has got in his deadly work. He has begun to make himself known to that particular reader, has laid the foundation for future intercourse.

More light has been thrown on the theory and science of advertising in the last half dozen years than in all the years that preceded them. And as advertisers are beginning to understand the theme better, they constantly use larger space, and with better results. When I came into the magazine field a large percentage of the advertising ran anywhere from two lines to a quarter of a page; today there isn't enough advertising in the magazines below a quarter of a page to speak about. Thoroughly convinced as I was of the fallacy of using small space, I began about three years ago to try to persuade advertisers to use larger space. I began in a way that persuaded. I changed the standard of measurement from nonpareil to agate, which meant fourteen lines to the inch, instead of twelve. At that time the standard of measurement with every magazine in the country was nonpareil; today the standard with practically every magazine is agate.

It will perhaps be interesting for you to know that not an advertiser in the country ever raised a word of protest at the change. The only protest came from the agencies, and they were based on the difficulties that they foresaw in figuring one measurement for *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE* and a different measurement for all other magazines. But this difficulty was obviated by the changing of all other magazines to the standard adopted by *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE*.

As a further means of persuasion towards the use of larger spaces I made one inch instead of one line the minimum space we would carry, and fixed the rate at three dollars a line. This meant that the smallest advertisement in *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE* would cost \$42, while four inches—a quarter of a page—would cost only \$100.

This was followed by an immediate change in the appearance of our advertising columns. As one advertiser uses larger space, another is compelled to do likewise, or his advertising, everything else being equal, is relatively less important and suggests a less important house. I believe that readers form their impression of the importance or unimportance, the bigness or the smallness, of a house, and of its general character, from its advertising, whether generous in space, tastefully arranged, or impressive in argument. Advertising can be done in a way that will magnify the standing and importance of a house in the mind of the reader, or in a way that will depreciate its value so much that it were perhaps better not to have advertised at all.

My own theory is that a magazine must be better this year than it was last year to be as good as it was last year. Everything in all lines is getting to be better and better. Every year shows an improvement. The people expect more, demand more, and will have a right to demand more, as long as the world moves. A publication cannot stand still. It either goes backward or forward. I must do a bigger business this year to do as big a business as I did last year. Everything in business, as everything in life, is relative. If I stand just where I stood last year, the fellow behind me will, at the end of the twelvemonth, have closed up a good deal of the gap between us, and the fellow ahead of me will have widened the gap between us. I must move on and on and eternally on, or, with the pace we set in these days, it is only a question of a very little time when I shall find myself out of the race.

What is true of my business is true of all business, it seems to me. We must reach out and out and out for wider fields. The advertisement is the natural and most effective way of reaching out. The reorganizing period is upon us. It throbs with vitality and life and interest. It is solving new problems, opening up new theories, establishing new lines. It means that the big houses will get bigger, and that the small ones will disappear. Centralization, concentration, is the thought and soul of the business world today. Regrets, lamentations, protestations, are unavailing. The new order of things is here, and it has come to stay. It means ruin to those who oppose it; it means riches and power to those who espouse it. It means cheaper goods for the people, the greatest good to the greatest number.

As the proverbial saying has it, "all whiskey is good—some kinds better than others;" so, too, all advertising mediums are good—some better than others. One medium is good for one class of advertising; another for a different class. The daily paper is preëminently the medium for the local advertiser; the magazine for the general advertiser. The daily paper is also the medium for the general advertiser who has great big money to spend. In the magazines alone, appearing as they do but twelve times a year, only a small amount of money at most can be spent intelligently, whereas in the daily, appearing 365 times a year, the money that can be spent is absolutely limitless.

There are, moreover, only a few magazines whose circulation entitles them to the recognition of the advertiser. On the other hand, there are perhaps thousands of dailies, little and big, all of which can be persuaded

to serve as a medium through which the advertiser can talk to the people. And to talk to the people through all these mediums every day or every other day means an annual outlay of hundreds of thousands of dollars.

To be sure, one can reach a much wider audience through the daily than through the magazine. But the magazine, now it is, so certainly within the reach of all, covers a pretty wide field. The field has been widened a good deal within a comparatively recent date. Five years ago there were not more than a quarter of a million regular magazine buyers in the United States and Canada; today there are three quarters of a million. There were many more than 250,000 magazines sold, all combined, but there were not over 250,000 regular buyers.

So, too, today the total number of magazines sold of one kind and another is greatly in excess of the number of buyers. The excess is relatively greater now than three or four magazines can be had for the price of one five years ago. I should say that the monthly sale of all the American magazines combined would reach well nigh to two million copies, and they are purchased by not over 750,000 people. This means an average of nearly three different magazines to a buyer.

Such an expansion in magazine reading in so short a time is purely and wholly the result of the ten cent magazine. If the prices of magazines had remained as they were before *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE* came into the field and made the ten cent price possible (I trust, gentlemen, you will pardon me for this allusion), there is no good ground for believing that there would have been any considerable expansion in magazine reading during these five years; if, in fact, any at all. 500,000 buyers, then, 3,000,000 readers, have been educated up to magazine reading within the last five years. This is a fact that means something to the advertiser. It has opened up to him a way to reach the best people—the wide awake, money spending people—at the least cost. It has made it possible for him to make himself known throughout the entire country at a comparatively little cost—a mere fraction of the cost of doing the same thing by the use of the daily. A magazine is before the people thirty days; a daily thirty minutes.

The relative value of the magazine and the daily is not a theme that I like to discuss, and for the reason that my interests lie with the magazine. I have touched upon the matter, however, simply in response to a request from the secretary of this club that I should do so. I told him that it would perhaps hardly be in good taste. He did not think that I should hesitate on this

ground, and urged that it was a vital question with the advertiser. I would not wish to give the impression that I do not believe in the daily paper for the general advertiser. I believe in it most emphatically if a man has large money to spend. He can, as I have already said, reach a much wider audience and reach that audience much more frequently.

But as to the man whose advertising appropriation is comparatively small, I am satisfied that he can accomplish through the use of the magazine far more than through the daily. My advice, then, to the man who would become a general advertiser, is first to take the magazines and then add the dailies if his appropriation will warrant it. There are doubtless many men who will differ with me in this view, and they may be right and I wrong. My opinion rests on the experience and views of a good many very keen advertisers, on the present tendency of advertisers towards a generous use of the magazine, on my own experience and my own reasoning.

Advertising is a thing to be regarded seriously, no less seriously than stocks and bonds. Far too often men make a bluff at it, but I tell you, gentlemen, it is not a thing to bluff at. It must be handled on true business lines, or it were better not to touch it at all.

It is a vast deal easier to lose money in advertising than to make it, and the novice is pretty sure to lose it unless he employs the services of experienced men in the business. I think that a man who knows nothing of advertising would get his experience at less cost at the gaming table or the race course than he would by gambling on advertising, relying solely on his own fancies as his guide.

To the new advertiser the value of the advertising agent can scarcely be overestimated. He would better pay fifty per cent for advice on general lines, and for the placing of his business, than lay out his own scheme and place his own business. He could hardly hope to make any money at this excessive cost for the agent's services, but he would most likely lose less than by following his own judgment. The advertising broker is as necessary to the advertiser as the broker in Wall Street is necessary to the speculator and the investor; and with the growth of advertising, its vast expansion, covering as it does today nearly every line of business, he has become an important factor in the commercial world.

Believing in the advertising agent as I do, and urging his importance to the advertiser as I do, I, nevertheless, do not believe he is doing business on right lines today. He started wrong. His position is

illogical, untrue, and unlike that of the broker in any other line of business. He is a double ender. His policy is a contradiction of the Scriptural statement which says, "No man can serve two masters." The advertising agent assumes to serve two masters—the advertiser and the publisher. But does he serve the two? Is it possible for him to serve the two? Can he serve the advertiser loyally and at the same time work for the interest of the publisher? If not, for which does he work, the publisher or the advertiser? If for the advertiser, and the advertiser only, as the advertiser has a right to assume, then why should the publisher pay him a commission? For what does the publisher pay him a commission? Is it not, in fact, to bring advertising to his publication?

I am glad to have the present opportunity, gentlemen, to discuss this question. It is a very important question, and one to which I have given a great deal of thought. And I am satisfied beyond every shadow of doubt that the theory on which the advertising agent is doing business today is not the theory best suited to serve the advertiser, and is not the theory best suited to serve the legitimate publisher.

I don't want to be misunderstood in this matter. I am not aiming at any particular agent or agency. I am aiming solely at the theory on which the advertising agent's business is based. I am not discrediting the agent, mind you, but the theory. I have many friends and acquaintances in the advertising field. There could be nothing further from my wish than to say anything that would have a tendency to injure their business or to reflect on their business methods.

A subject of this kind cannot be discussed intelligently and seriously without speaking plainly, and plain words compel me to say that the entire advertising agency system, as it is conducted today, tends towards bribery and dishonesty. These words mean too much to be passed over lightly. They challenge an explanation, and here is the explanation.

The advertising broker, in the very nature of the case, is the representative of the advertiser. The advertiser puts his appropriation in the broker's hands, relying upon his integrity and intelligence and experience to spend the money wisely, honestly. The broker, then, is in the employ of the advertiser—is his trusted agent, and as such is entitled to a proper remuneration for his services. There is not an advertiser anywhere, a right minded, sound business man, who doesn't recognize this fact, and who is not ready and willing to pay the agent for his services. It is not the province of

the publisher to pay this bill for the advertiser any more than it is to pay for the shoes he wears and the food he eats. Let us hold fast to the fact that the advertising agent is solely the representative of the advertiser, and then, from a few other facts, draw the logical deduction.

A commission—money paid by the publisher to the broker—is paid for a purpose, and that purpose is nothing more nor less in very truth, than bribery. The word sounds harsh, horrible, but there is no getting away from it—just plain bribery, that is what it is—a bribe to influence the advertiser's trusted agent to place advertising with the publisher.

If this be not so, what does it mean when one publisher pays an advertising agent ten per cent commission, another, fifteen per cent, another, twenty per cent, another, twenty five per cent, another, thirty per cent, and still another, forty per cent? And what does it mean, too, when in addition to the commission he arranges secretly with the advertising agent to allow him a special "rakeoff," a rebate, on some particular business, or perhaps on the entire volume of business covering a year or any portion thereof. If there is no purpose of bribery in all this—no thought to influence the agent, if ever so little, why in all conscience and in all common sense should these commissions vary so widely, and why all this wretched business of rakeoffs, rebates, and roundups? If this means bribery—and it means nothing else, gentlemen—then the agent who accepts this money becomes a party to bribery.

We sometimes do things in this world without realizing just what they are in fact. Few publishers and few advertising agents—possibly none—have ever taken the view of this question that I do. Men run on and on and on with what is. They are too busy to dissect problems; too busy to reason out the logic of a thing until somebody has called their attention to it. In saying, then, that publishers are bribing the agent of the advertiser, and that this same agent is accepting the bribe, I don't intend to reflect, and am not in fact reflecting, on the integrity and business honor of the publishers and advertising brokers of the country. The advertising business started on wrong lines and has been on wrong lines ever since. It is, however, the accepted system, and publishers and advertising agents alike have followed it, as men are wont to follow any other system until an overturning comes.

There is no publisher, I am sure, who has felt that in paying a legitimate commission to the advertising agent he was bribing him, and, therefore, in the spirit of the thing he was absolutely free from doing so. If publishers were at heart guilty of so dishonor-

able an act I should myself be one of the guilty ones, for I, like others, have paid commissions to advertising agents and am still doing so.

But I want to say right here, and I say it with a pretty clear sense of the meaning of my words—I want to say that the publisher who secretly arranges with this agent and that and the other for special rebates, rakeoffs, and roundups, is in every sense, morally and actually, a bribe giver, and that the agent who accepts these bribes is a bribe taker. He is a dishonest man—a man in whose hands the advertiser cannot hope for fair treatment. I feel very deeply in this matter. I have weighed it and measured it many times. I have viewed it from every possible standpoint, and believe that I speak with a conviction, and with a knowledge of the subject, that entitles what I say to serious consideration on the part of publishers, advertisers, and advertising agents.

My life in the magazine field, gentlemen, has not been any sinecure. It has been one eternal round of warfare. First, the American News Company; then the almost insurmountable difficulty of persuading newsdealers to handle a ten cent magazine. When these two positions had been carried, I was confronted with the universal feeling on the part of everybody—readers, advertisers, and advertising agents—that a ten cent magazine couldn't possibly live, and that even if it did, it couldn't possibly be good for anything.

It was not until MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE had reached a circulation of well nigh four hundred thousand—400,000! Think of it!—that advertisers and advertising agents began to recognize that it had become a factor in the magazine world. Every conceivable prejudice had been brought up against it. When these had finally been clubbed down and driven to the wall, and when advertising was beginning to come our way hot and fast, then other ten cent magazines came into the field, again complicating the situation.

In the matter of circulation we have had no trouble; in the matter of advertising we have had nothing but trouble. And it is on this point that I come back to the advertising agent and the whole wretched system of bribery—a system which in its very nature tends to weaken the highest sense of business honor on the part of publishers and advertising agents. I want to make this plain, very plain. There are many men so far above temptation that no phase of bribery could possibly reach them, but there are others who are not above it.

I think I have pretty good reasons for saying that there are those who are not above it. Here are some of them. In the early days of my magazine, when we were

beginning to get a foothold, the strongest possible pressure was brought to bear upon me for special rates, special rebates, special rakeoffs, and special roundups.

I have had it said to me, "We don't care what your rate is so long as you make it an object for us to work for you. Do this and we will fill your magazine with advertising."

I have had it said to me, in answer to my question asking if we were not to have certain contracts, "What is there in it for us? We are not working for our health."

I have had it said to me—and by agents of the advertiser, mind you—said to me with brazen effrontery, "We put nothing into your magazine, Mr. Munsey, that we are not compelled to put into it. This is not because we have any feeling against you, but simply because we can make more money by placing business where there is a margin in it for us. Your commission isn't a living commission."

I have had it said to me, "Where we give you a quarter of a page, we give this magazine and that and the other half pages—perhaps pages."

I have had it said to me, "Wherever we can find a combination of smaller magazines that will aggregate your circulation, and it is left to us to place business at our discretion, we do not give the business to you. We have got to live, and the competition is so sharp now that we have to average up on publications that give us a big commission, or we should have nothing for our work."

I have had it said to me, "Your magazine runs up into so much money that there isn't anything left, of a small appropriation, for us to get 'hunk' on, when we give you large space."

I have had it said to me, "We must make our commission up to at least fifteen per cent, and when you allow but ten per cent we must make up the average on other publications."

I might multiply these quotations, but I have given enough already to throw at least a side light on the advertising situation, and to show also something of the competition we have had to meet. During these five years* of hot magazine work there has not been one break in our advertising rates, and there has not been so much as one special arrangement of any kind whatsoever

* This statement, I find, by an examination of our records, is not strictly accurate. I should have said three years instead of five. There was a period of about a year previous to November, 1895, when we divided advertising agents into two classes, even as we are doing now in the matter of credits. To the class doing a large and special magazine business we allowed ten per cent and an additional five per cent; while to the class doing little magazine business and making no speciality of it, we allowed only ten per cent. But in November, 1895, we issued a new card of rates and adopted our present policy.

made with any agent. The rate to all agents is and has been absolutely, positively, the same, and there have been no rakeoffs and roundups of any kind—no “inducements” of any kind. We have depended upon the merits of our publication alone for business, and have always said that if we were not entitled to business on the ground that we give as much or more, quantity and quality considered, for a given sum of money as could be had in other publications, then there was no reason why we should have business.

Our commission to agents is ten per cent—ten per cent straight to agents of absolute financial responsibility, and five per cent, with an additional five per cent for cash, to the agent whose financial strength is not an established fact. We have had to meet, then, the competition of commissions running as high as forty per cent with a commission of merely ten per cent.

This is not all we have had to meet, either. We have had to meet the men who sought to fill their own advertising columns by the contemptible method of trying systematically and persistently to discredit our circulation and the general character of our business. As they have told it, we have had car loads, ship loads, of returns—unsold copies coming back from newsdealers all the while. As they have told it, our circulation has never been half what we claimed it to be. As they have told it, we have not had the machinery with which to print the editions we have printed. I will tell you about these editions in a minute, but first let me say that were any other magazine than *MUNSEY'S* in the leading place, *it*, not *MUNSEY'S*, would be the target. But being the target, and having to meet all these excessive and uncertain commissions with our simple ten per cent—to meet all this miserable bribery in its various and ingenious phases that tend to commercial dishonor—has been a very trying thing. It has from first to last been an unfair competition—a competition that has lost to us perhaps \$100,000 in advertising. But if it were to lose to us ten times \$100,000, we would not become a party to the bribing system, further than we already are and have been in giving a straight ten per cent.

Now as to the matter of our circulation and circulations in general. Assuming that our December edition will be 640,000, and it will be more rather than less, as our first edition for November is 620,000, we shall have printed for the years 1896, 1897, and 1898, 21,965,000 copies of *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE*. This means an average for three consecutive years, winter and summer alike, and the summer months always show a considerable loss, of 610,139 copies per month,

or 7,321,667 copies a year. So much for the editions themselves.

Now as to the car loads and ship loads of returns. The returns—the unsold copies of *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE* that have come back from dealers—represent, for the entire five years we have been doing business direct with the news trade, less than three per cent of our total editions. The percentage that has come back from that portion of our editions handled by the news trade, exclusive of the direct subscriptions, has averaged for these same five years not over four per cent. And for the last six months the returns on the news trade portion of our editions have not exceeded three per cent.

With these facts before you, gentlemen, you can easily, I am sure, figure out the dimensions of the ships that bring in our ship loads of returns.

In connection with this statement I want to say a word about returns on other publications. It is something I have in part said before, but it will bear repeating. It is this: If all the weeklies, little and big, and all the monthlies, little and big, handled by the American News Company were added together—publications with the unlimited return privilege—the returns that come back from newsdealers would not fall short of forty per cent. This statement is based on my own knowledge of the general facts bearing on the matter, and on the assurance of an official of the American News Company that these figures represent as close an estimate as he could himself make.

Now, this does not by any means argue that the publication with a big circulation has anything like this percentage of returns. The bigger the circulation the smaller the percentage of returns, always. But big or little, there isn't a magazine—not one—handled through the American News Company and its branches, with the unlimited return privilege, that can show so small an annual percentage of returns on that portion of its circulation handled by the news trade as fifteen per cent. I will go further and say that there are not half a dozen magazines combined—the biggest half dozen that can be found—handled through the American News Company with the unlimited return privilege, that can show an average annual percentage of returns on that portion of their circulation handled by the news trade of less than twenty per cent. The percentage would be larger rather than smaller.

The reason that returns on *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE* are so much smaller is due to the following facts: First, that its circulation is much larger than that of any other magazine, and, as I have already said, the larger the circulation the smaller the percentage

of returns. Second, MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE comes back, if it comes back at all, from dealers at their expense, and each copy returned by mail costs them four cents, as the second class mail privilege does not apply to return publications sent direct to a publisher, while it does apply to publications sent to a news company. The cost, therefore, to the dealer of sending back copies of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE is so great that he prefers to run short rather than to over order. This is not always the case, but it is the case with the majority of dealers. Third, we deal direct with the trade, and are therefore in a position to watch every account; and whenever we find any dealer returning a considerable percentage, we at once cut his order down. On a magazine so big as MUNSEY'S, with 160 reading pages, all wastes must be reduced to a minimum.

Beyond what I know in a general way of this circulation business, I know a good deal in a specific way. I have given a good deal of study to it, and I have had opportunities to know circulations as perhaps few men have had. It is a very quiet week when one or more publications are not offered to me for sale, publications located not alone in New York, but all over the country. I have bought in, at one time and another, about half a dozen. Here are facts and figures bearing on the last two purchases—facts and figures that will, I fancy, be interesting alike to the advertiser and the advertising agent.

Peterson's Magazine had an advertising rate of \$60 a page, with a circulation of 100,000. Its commission to agents was nominally fifteen per cent, but this was modified by rakeoffs, rebates, etc. One agent had a flat rate of \$35, a pretty good percentage of \$60, and whether he was in for any rebates and rakeoffs I cannot say. The 100,000 circulation consisted of a total edition of 40,000. Of this 15,000 went to direct subscribers, people who had been bribed to subscribe by an alluring array of prizes in connection with some sort of word contest. The balance, 25,000, was turned over to the news company and sent out broadcast to news-dealers. About fifty per cent of this found its way back to the publisher, leaving the total net circulation—the only circulation of any value to the advertiser—in round numbers 25,000. But this was a better showing than most publications of this sort make, and for the reason that the number of direct subscriptions was unusually large in proportion to the news stand sale. A publication with a net circulation of 25,000 would not naturally have more than two or three thousand direct subscriptions. The reason for the excess of subscriptions in this particular case was

due solely to the bribery plan of getting them in.

The *Godey*, my last purchase, while conducted on slightly better business lines, still revealed a state of things that could hardly be pleasant to the advertiser, and must be a surprise to the advertising agent. It, too, was a publication of 100,000 circulation or thereabouts. The actual edition it was printing was 60,000. Ten thousand of these went to direct subscribers, to whom, like the *Peterson* subscribers, there had been more or less extraneous inducements held out. The balance went to the news company, and after disporting itself for a time on the various news stands of the country came back to the publisher to the extent of fifty per cent or more.

I want to mention another fact that has a bearing on this circulation problem. I will not give the name of the publication, as I did not purchase it. The owner came to me to sell it. It had a circulation of 40,000. This is what the newspaper directories gave it. He claimed that the actual edition of the publication at that time was 7,500. The claim, as claims sometimes are, might have been exaggerated. About half of this edition went to the news company, the balance to direct subscribers. So large a percentage of the number that went to the news company came back to the publisher that the net circulation could not have exceeded 5,000, and the probability is that it was even much less. I am simply giving you his figures as he gave them to me. I said, "My dear man, of what value can such a publication be to me?" He answered, "Why, the advertising patronage, to be sure. We are credited with 40,000 by the advertising directories, you see, and get advertising on this basis."

Here is another interesting fact: A large advertiser, with whose name you are all perfectly familiar, sent personal letters to a list of publishers, asking them certain facts regarding circulation. This was something like a year ago. One of the publishers to whom a letter of this nature was addressed refused point blank, after a good deal of fencing, to answer the questions. He preferred to lose a large contract—business that he had had from year to year—rather than to reveal the actual circulation of his publication. This particular publisher issues a periodical that stands first, or among the very first, in its line—stands for everything that suggests highest business honor. He was a truthful man, and would not under any circumstances lie about his circulation.

But, mark you, this same man was taking business and hustling for business on a supposedly large circulation. It was generally thought that his circulation was large, and

his advertising rates magnificently sustained this belief. But, as a matter of fact, his circulation was vastly smaller than the circulation bluffs and top notch advertising rates would lead one to conclude.

Was this man honest? I fancy you will say no—emphatically no. But think again. Wasn't he honest relatively—relatively, mind you? Couldn't he square himself with his conscience by the assurance that he was doing just what others were doing, and that so long as they practised this deception, he was compelled by the law of self preservation to do the same thing? I am not indorsing this theory. I am submitting it to you.

The concrete deduction to be had from all these facts, gentlemen, is that the advertiser is regarded as legitimate prey for any one and every one. Men of the highest sense of business honor on other lines will allow themselves to become parties to deception and underhand dealing in the matter of getting advertising that they would not countenance for a minute in any other transaction whatever. And the reason, gentlemen, for this lies in the fact that men feel there is no other way but to fight fire with fire—feel that so long as the circulation of other publications are padded they cannot without cruel injustice to themselves make public the clean, unvarnished facts regarding their own circulation.

The statement I have just made about my own circulation, even, though in the letter it is strictly accurate, is nevertheless misleading. I told you how many copies we have printed; I did not tell you how many copies we sent out. I did not tell you the percentage of loss between the press room and the finished product from the bindery—a loss that has at times run up to as much as five per cent with us. It is now about one and a quarter per cent. Our new special machinery has made this big saving. It is not possible to estimate accurately as to the exact edition that will be required for any one number. We have overissued a good many times within the last five years, but we have more times underissued. We have underissued now for four consecutive months. It is an easy matter to pad a circulation by overissuing, but as to whether we have done this or not I am quite willing to let our balance sheet answer.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE is not published by the advertiser or for the advertiser. It is published for the reader and is supported by the reader—so royally supported that I should need no other income if we carried not a line of advertising.

With all I have said against the lines on which the advertising agent is today working, I have, nevertheless, tried to make it plain that I am a thorough believer in the

advertising agent as the representative of the advertiser. Imperfect as his system is, he can give the advertiser much better service than the advertiser can give himself. But I want to see him get on right lines, on lines that will enable him to be of vastly more service to the advertiser, and on lines which will make his own position vastly more secure.

There is not today—I will make no exception whatever—there is not today an advertising agent in the United States, if there is one in the entire world, who knows circulations—knows them as he should know them to assume to spend the advertiser's money intelligently. There is only one way to know them, and that is to know them absolutely. Nothing short of this counts. When the advertising agent reaches this point, he will have cleared the atmosphere of a world of misrepresentation and dishonesty. He will have made it possible for the publisher to be honest and straightforward about his circulation without the absolute certainty of ruining his business because of dishonest competition. When he has done this, there will be honest competition between publishers. When he has done this, advertising values will be known to him as accurately as stocks and bonds are known to the broker in Wall Street. When he has done this, he will be indispensable to the advertiser, and no single advertiser, it matters not how big his business, will be able to afford to run his own advertising agency, as is the case with many today. When he has done this—has spent the money, the great big money, necessary to have absolute bedrock information about circulations, his position will then be secure. He will be beyond the competition of the little fellow, beyond the competition of all houses whose equipment is inferior to his own.

The advertising broker of the future is the man who will be beyond all this present system of bribery in its various phases, even down to the accepting of an advertisement for his rate book. He must be first, last, and all the time the agent of the advertiser, and as such beyond every suspicion of influence on the part of the publisher, however small and of whatever nature or kind.*

Following up the reasoning of this address, I hereby square myself with it. On December 31, 1898, all commissions on our publications to advertising agents will cease. This is the only consistent course open to me, viewing the matter as I do. It is, moreover, preëminently the course that will best serve the advertiser, the advertising agent, and the publisher. It will be the opening wedge in breaking down a system

*The following has been added to the address since its delivery before the Sphinx Club.

that has outlived its proper span of life—a system that should be superseded by one amply adequate to meet the demands of the advertiser of today, who is no longer an insignificant factor in the business world.

In every other business old lines are being abandoned and new ones are being adopted. Why not in the advertising and publishing business as well? All the way from the dark ages to our present state of civilization advancement has been stubbornly, literally, fought step by step. The conflict that resulted in making the blacks of America free men was the last great dramatic fight in the battle for human freedom. But the fight is still going on in the business world, even as it was waged between the stage coach and the locomotive, the steamboat and the twomaster.

Any attempt to break away from the present system in the advertising business will without doubt be met with this same spirit of opposition. No one knows this better than I; but, opposition or no opposition, I shall break away from it, let it cost me what it will. I break away from it because the whole commission idea on the part of publishers is fundamentally wrong, and a thing fundamentally wrong can never work out as it should. I break away from it because some one has got to lead in the fight, if the advertising and publishing business as a whole is ever to be put on a basis of first rate commercial honor—on as frank and

open and fair a basis as banking and merchandising and manufacturing.

This overturning, and then the security of the advertising agent against competition lies just where Joseph H. Choate's security against competition lies, namely, in the superior service he can give his clients. And this service to the advertiser will mean the giving to him of bedrock facts about circulation—facts that will cover not only the actual quantity of net circulation a publication has, but its quality, its geographical position, and the methods used in getting it. All these are vitally important facts for the advertiser. The cost of obtaining them from publishing houses all over the country—of going after them with an expert accountant, if necessary—will be so great that the individual advertiser cannot afford to do it for himself; nor can he afford to place his advertising without these facts.

With this knowledge of circulations, in his private circulation book, the advertising agent at once becomes indispensable to the advertiser—indispensable in this respect as well as of greatest value as an adviser and handler of his business.

My argument in the Sphinx Club address was from first to last in favor of the advertising agent, as against the advertiser placing his own business. The foregoing is a further argument in favor of the advertising agent. It means in the very logic of the matter nothing else.

THE HOURS.

NUN faced, with velvet footed steps, and shy,
Linked hand in hand the ghostly hours go by;
Silent, as from the sky breaks forth a star
Above the sunset's rift of cinnabar,
And emerald hued and topaz tinted rays:
Children of the illimitable days.

The gray procession moves through mists profound,
No mortal knowing on what journey bound,
Nor whence they issue (oh, could we but tell!)
They and their purposes invisible—
Primed with life—seeming for gladness born,
But leaving life, sometimes, and hope forlorn.

Armfuls of gifts, and deeds to do, they bring—
What rare abundance right and left they fling:
Rich crowns and kingdoms they for some prepare,
For some soul withering pain and carking care;
Here the sweet child voice, there cold death finds place,
And there the rapture of the bride's glad face.

Stoled sisters, absent never, day or night,
Hastening the swift year's unremitting flight;
Bringing us songs and sorrow and sharp regret,
Along whose path hope's sirens linger yet;
Apostles to fulfil Heaven's highest powers—
Gloomy and glad, irrevocable hours.

Joel Benton.

THE PUBLISHER'S DESK

A PERSONAL CHAT WITH OUR READERS BY MR. MUNSEY

THE PASSING OF A YEAR.

THE month of December for five consecutive years, 1894 to 1898 inclusive, has ended a more prosperous year in this business than the one immediately preceding it. This means, in other words, that there has been no year from 1894 in which we have not shown growth, and the growth, as a matter of fact, has been a very substantial one in the broadest and fullest sense of the term. It has been substantial not only in the widening and strengthening of the business itself, but in its profits as well.

It may seem just a little bit odd to make such a statement as this in my own magazine. It is not conventional, I will grant, but it isn't quite clear to me why conventionality should sit on its mighty throne and compel all men to be puppets, mere automata. One of the best things men can do, it seems to me, is to think, reason—to reason independently of what is. If an idea has merit in it, good, sound, logical merit in it, stand by the idea regardless of whether conventionality has put its seal of approval upon it or not.

I have a reason for telling you about this business. It is simply that I want you to know what we are doing, what progress we are making—want you to feel a personal interest in the business, to feel that you know the personnel of this business. With such knowledge of it, on such intimate terms with it, you can read *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE* with a heap more interest than you could if you knew nothing more of us than you do of one of the late Julius Caesar's tenth rate slaves. I have been acting on this theory for a good while. I have been trying for a good while to put the publisher and readers of *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE* in closer touch—on intimate terms with each other. I haven't succeeded to the extent that I wish I might have; I have succeeded to a much greater extent than I could at first have reasonably hoped. It takes time to work out so big a problem. It is not easy. If it were easy it would doubtless not be worth doing; if it were easy it would not interest me.

The end of a year is the time when publishers usually make a lot of good promises for the coming year. This is both conventional and reasonable. It does sometimes

happen that conventionality is reasonable. We have ourselves each year made promises of a better magazine, and we have kept them. To promise a better magazine and to keep the promise is good work. It is possible that a better magazine would not follow but for the promise. We are going to indulge in a little promising right here for the coming year. As a mere pastime it is a pleasant thing to do, but it isn't a mere pastime with us. We are very much in earnest when we say in a word that *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE* for the year 1899 will be a decidedly better magazine than it has ever been. We have been broadening it, enlarging it, pruning it, and polishing it from its very inception.

From a tiny magazine of 96 pages it has grown in five years to 160. One hundred and sixty pages made it the size of *Harper's* and *The Century*, 35 cent magazines; 160 pages made it 32 pages larger than *Scribner's* at 25 cents; 160 pages made it 64 pages larger than *McClure's* at 10 cents. This month we have enlarged it to 168 pages, and the first issue of the new year will be 176 pages. We don't know that we shall maintain 176 pages throughout 1899. We may make it larger; we may make it smaller on particular issues, but the average for the coming twelve months will be in excess of 160 pages; some issues, possibly, a good deal in excess. Of course I am talking about reading pages. I am not talking about advertising pages. When I speak of the size of *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE*, or any of our other publications, as to that matter, I speak of reading pages—that portion of the magazine for which the reader pays his money.

This statement plainly foreshadows growth in point of size, but it is not the only growth we wish to foreshadow. There has been no year in the history of the magazine in which we have spent so much money for fiction, articles, and other matter as we shall spend during the next twelve months. There has been no year in which we have spent so much on illustrations as we shall spend during the next twelve months. There has been no year in which we have been so well equipped to produce a magazine of highest grade as we are now. There has been no year when we have been so fully alive to the purpose of making a

magazine to eclipse all others as we are today.

* * * *

Magazine publishing with us is a question of both art and business—the ideal magazine, and at the lowest possible price. An ideal magazine, the magazine that gratifies and satisfies the widest circle of intelligent readers, is the art side of our work. A magazine so preëminently strong, so big, so rich, that it is beyond the competition of any house whose equipment is less strong than our own, is the business side of our work.

* * * *

Now, what I have told you I should be glad if you would tell in substance to your friends and acquaintances who are not now readers of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE. I have no way of reaching them, no way of communicating with them. You can do for me, therefore, what I cannot do for myself. I can make a better magazine for you from year to year, give you a bigger value from year to year, but I cannot talk through this magazine to the people who do not read it. I assume, and the steadiness of our circulation for a period of five or six years warrants the assumption, that you will continue to make MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE a part of your home life. On this point, then, I am resting content, but it is the other fellow, the man who has not yet made the magazine a part of his home life, I wish to reach, and through you, better than any other way in the world, I can reach him.

* * * *

I am tremendously in earnest in this matter of widening the circle of magazine readers. As I have said before, there are not over 750,000 regular magazine buyers in the United States and Canada today. There is no reason whatever why there should not be 2,000,000 regular magazine buyers—possibly 10,000,000—when magazines of such intrinsic merit, such great big magazines, can be had at ten cents a month, or by the year at essentially eight cents a copy. I tell you, and I say it with a good deal of emphasis, that there isn't a family anywhere—I don't care how much money means to it—there isn't a family anywhere that can afford not to exchange ten cents a month for the superb magazine it will buy today—if not MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, some other magazine.

I want to see the time come, and come speedily, when every family everywhere will make the magazine a part of its home life. It will mean more culture, broader information, better citizenship, and happier lives. And I say this not with regard to my own publications, but as a matter of national interest to every one to whom richer, fuller, sweeter living is dear.

Viewing it in this light, then, it is the

duty of every one who has learned the pleasure and profit to be derived from the magazine of today, any first rate magazine, personally to aid in widening the circle of magazine readers. It is a very little thing to do and costs very little effort, but its results may be more far reaching for good than can possibly be estimated.

MY SPHINX CLUB ADDRESS.

In another part of this number will be found an address which I recently delivered before the Sphinx Club of New York. It treats of a technical subject, and one in which the average reader of this magazine would not naturally be interested. My chief reason for publishing it is that you may all know the stand we have taken. Whatever concerns the welfare of this magazine should naturally interest you.

This address has created very wide discussion in publishing and advertising circles. The discussion in some cases is rather bitter than otherwise. Advertising agents generally are firmly arrayed against us, and they have warm support on the part of many publishers. There are some publishers, however, who endorse our action heartily, though, as they say it themselves, they do not feel strong enough to take a similar stand. It would be easy, it seems to me, for other publications to follow us; as easy as playing marbles, as compared with leading in the fight.

It seems to be the impression among a good many men that we cannot maintain the ground we have taken, and that we must eventually recede from it. I wish to say right here to all these skeptics, and wish to state to you, the readers of this magazine, that we have taken this stand to stay, and stay forever. It was said five years ago that we could not win out against The American News Company. Apparently we did win out. If we had not won out you would not be reading a ten cent magazine today, because no ten cent magazine was possible until we made it possible. This same "impossible" is urged today against our latest move, but we like to do the "impossible" now and again.

The readers of this magazine—you individually—can bring to me a support in this contest that in a single month will settle the question forever. A great big circulation will do it, and do it to a dead certainty. I am, therefore, going to ask every reader of this magazine to see personally that he or she be the means of securing to MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE at least one additional reader. We want this great big circulation, and we want it right away. And there never was a time when MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE so thoroughly merited the million circulation as it does today.